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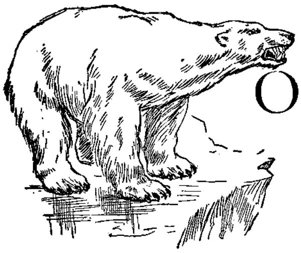
THE FARTHEST NORTH.

AN ACCOUNT OF DR. NANSEN'S ADVENTURES AND ACHIEVEMENTS.

BY CYRUS C. ADAMS.

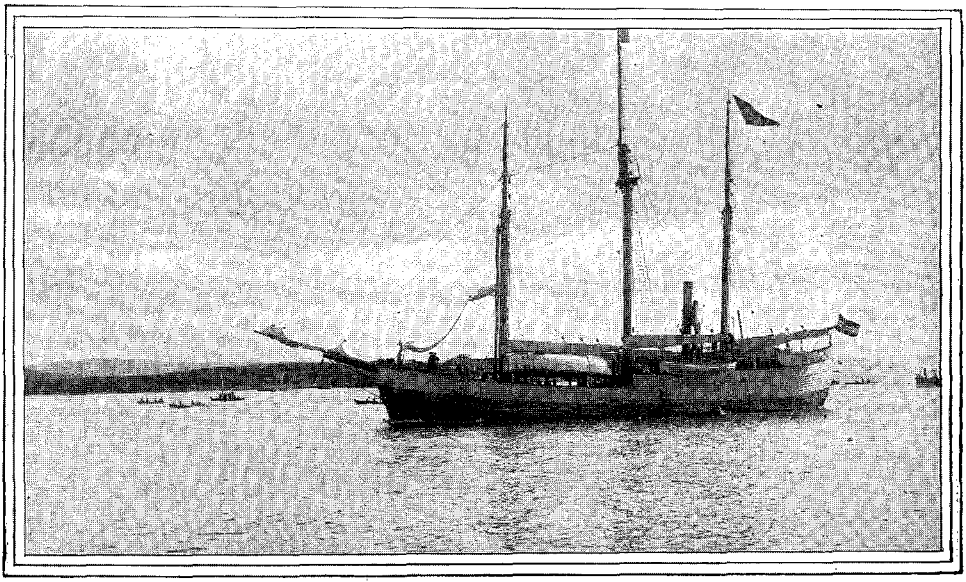


ON April 7th, last year, Dr. Fridtjof Nansen stood among the ice hummocks of the Arctic Ocean at a point about 195 miles nearer the North Pole than any man had ever been before. He could see nothing from the top of the highest ice hill save these hummocks and ridges, stretching away to the horizon like frozen waves. The scene had the one condition needed to crown it as the most utterly desolate waste that can be conceived. It was wholly void of all forms of life. No Polar explorer had ever before entered an area where the air, the ice, the land or the sea depths support no living thing; but for the last 150 miles of his journey north, by ship or sledge, Nansen had not found the slightest trace of life in the air, on the ice, or in the ocean depths. Somewhere near the eighty-fourth parallel, he seems to have passed beyond the pale of the life zones into an area around the Pole where nature is wholly inorganic and inert.

At the point he had reached, Nansen was within 261 statute miles of the North Pole. He was nearer this long-sought goal of many explorers than New York city is to Mount Washington. It was almost within his reach, and yet it was the same elusive object that had mocked so many Arctic wayfarers. He had set out from his vessel, twenty-four days earlier, with only one hundred days' provisions for himself and his comrade, and a month's supply for the dogs, all he could carry over those rugged ice floes. At the rate he had advanced it would take him two months more to reach the Pole; and there could be little satisfaction in standing on the apex of the northern hemisphere with all his dogs gone, only two weeks' supply of food left, and no game within hundreds of miles. If Nansen were not prudent as well as daring, the world would never have known his fate. He turned back in time, traversed the ter-

DR. AND MRS. NANSEN.

From a photograph by L. Szacinski, Christiania.



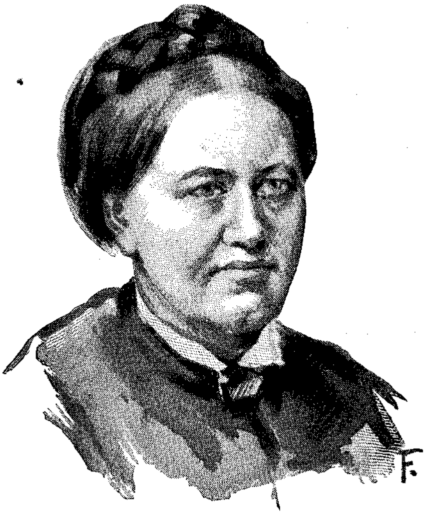
THE "FRAM" IN THE HARBOR OF CHRISTIANIA AFTER HER RETURN FROM THE ARCTIC.

From a photograph by L. Szacinski, Christiania.

rible ice to Franz Josef Land, and brought home a story of great achievements, marred by no accident, the result of splendid effort and unsurpassed good luck, never before combined in such large measure by an Arctic enterprise.

Almost exactly three years elapsed after Dr. Nansen, with his staunch ship and ten comrades, passed out of view into the Arctic ice, before they came back to the civilized world. Not a man had been ill, not a timber had been injured in the "Fram's" giant frame, and full supplies for three years were still on board. They had traversed an area of 50,000 square miles of unknown waters. They had discovered a wide sea of oceanic depth, overthrowing the theory of the prevailing shallowness of the Arctic. They had traced this wide sea for hundreds of miles, and found it to be over two miles deep. They had made other discoveries of much interest to the world; and when they divided forces on the ice, the sledges to go north for any fate in store for them, the ship to drift whither the wind listed, impelled for seventeen months by a kindly destiny over widely diverse routes, they arrived, at last, within a period of seven days, on the coast of Norway, their work completed and their triumph secure. Did Arctic explorers ever have better fortune or more richly deserve it than Dr. Nansen and his brave men?

But "God helps them that help themselves." As far as man can do, Nansen made even pitiless Arctic conditions serve his purposes. He owes his brilliant success largely to years of minute and careful preparation. Last year many famous Arctic experts were at the Geographical Congress in London. It was interesting to see their faith in Nansen. They criticised the theory he had gone north to test. They doubted the existence of the Arctic current which he thought would waft the "Fram" across the Polar sea. They feared that his vessel would be crushed like an eggshell among the grinding floes. But they had met the man; and his sound sense, scientific attainments, practical ideas, thorough Arctic stud-



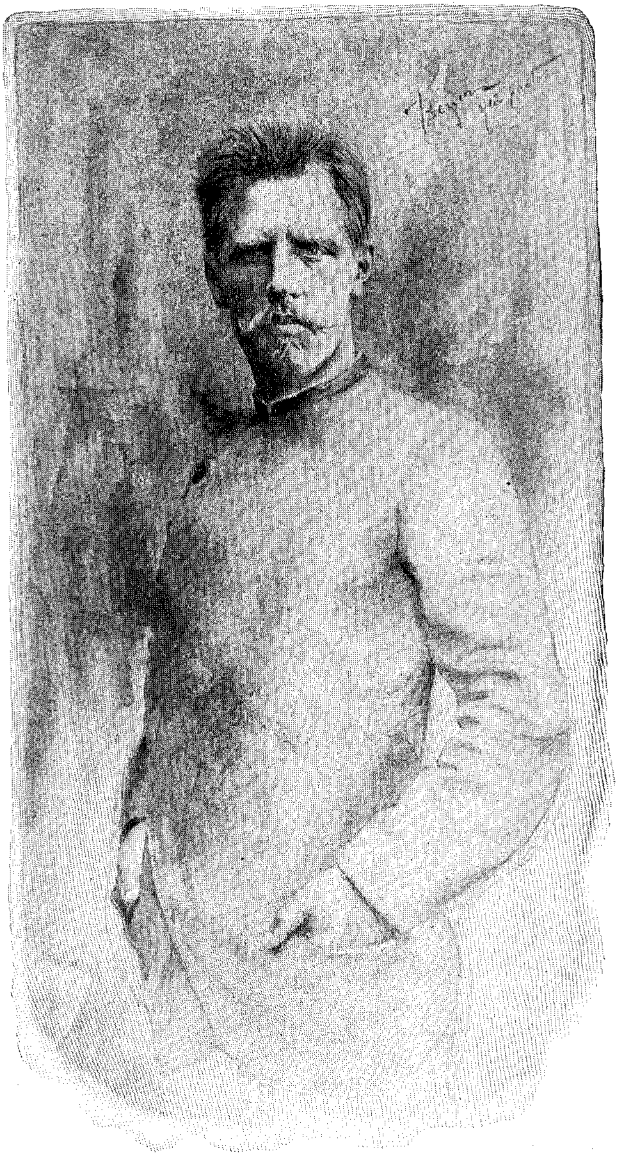
DR. NANSEN'S MOTHER.

ies, physical stamina, and enthusiasm had won their confidence and admiration. Somehow or other, they believed Nansen was coming back with a story of splendid work done.

How few who achieve great things win recognition at his early age! Nansen is only thirty-five years old. He was born near Christiania, Norway, educated in its university, trained as a zoölogist, and the year he was twenty-one was marked by the completion of his school life, a trip in East Greenland seas for zoölogical specimens, and his appointment as Curator in the Natural History Museum at Bergen. At twenty-seven the scientific papers he had written won him the degree of Ph.D.; and a year later all the world knew him as the first man to cross Greenland, which he described in two volumes, writing another on the Eskimos. Since then his time has been almost wholly absorbed by his polar project.

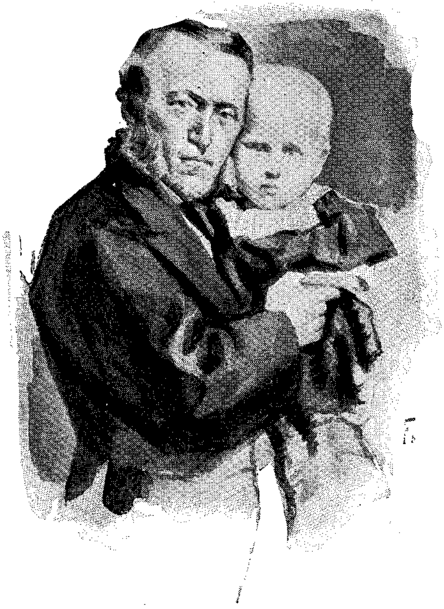
Nansen began to plan this voyage when he was twenty-three years old, nine years before he started. Many a hint for his great undertaking came to him while cruising in East Greenland waters, and during his memorable crossing of Greenland on the ice cap in 1888. He spent that winter among the west coast natives, and what he learned of Eskimo ways of living was invaluable to him later. He mastered the difficult art of managing the kayak, or Eskimo skin boat, which he said was "the best one-man vessel in the world;" and when he and Johansen set out for Spitzbergen, last spring, from the little island in Franz Josef Land where they had wintered, two kayaks, weighing twenty pounds each, carried them and their meagre outfit across all bits of open water. They were larger than the little Greenland skin boat, but were modelled after and propelled like it.

During his Greenland winter, too, Nansen lived much with the Eskimos, sleeping in their rude huts of stone and turf in spite of the dirt, discomforts, and offensiveness; joining their Nimrods in the hunt on land and sea, and taking lessons from them in the art of handling dog teams. He believed that an Arctic explorer should be able to live, if need be, as the natives do, depending for everything upon the country he lives in. He found his theory true, and he is alive to-day because he was able to live just like the Eskimos. When the two men landed on their little island in August, last year, they had no dogs, no food, no shelter, and no clothing except the ragged woollen garments they were wearing; but they did have guns and ammunition. Bear and sea game were in abundance. They became Eskimos for

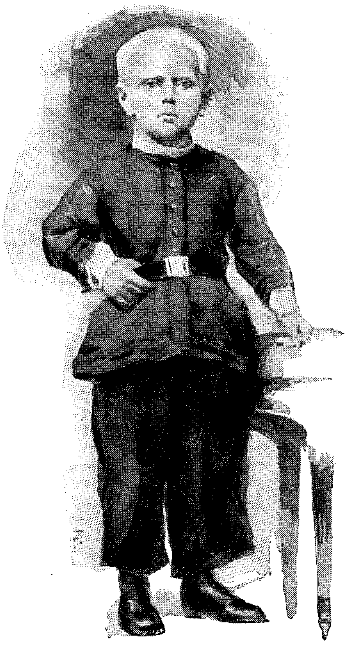


DR. NANSEN.

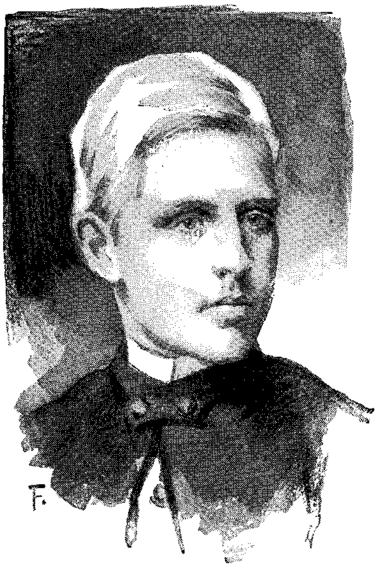
Drawn by W. M. Burgher after a photograph by W. C. Frabritius & Son, Christiania.



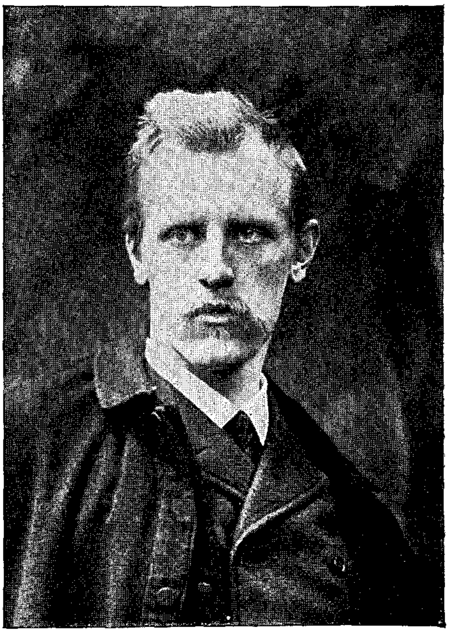
B. F. NANSEN AND HIS INFANT SON FRIDTJOF.



NANSEN AT 4 YEARS OF AGE.

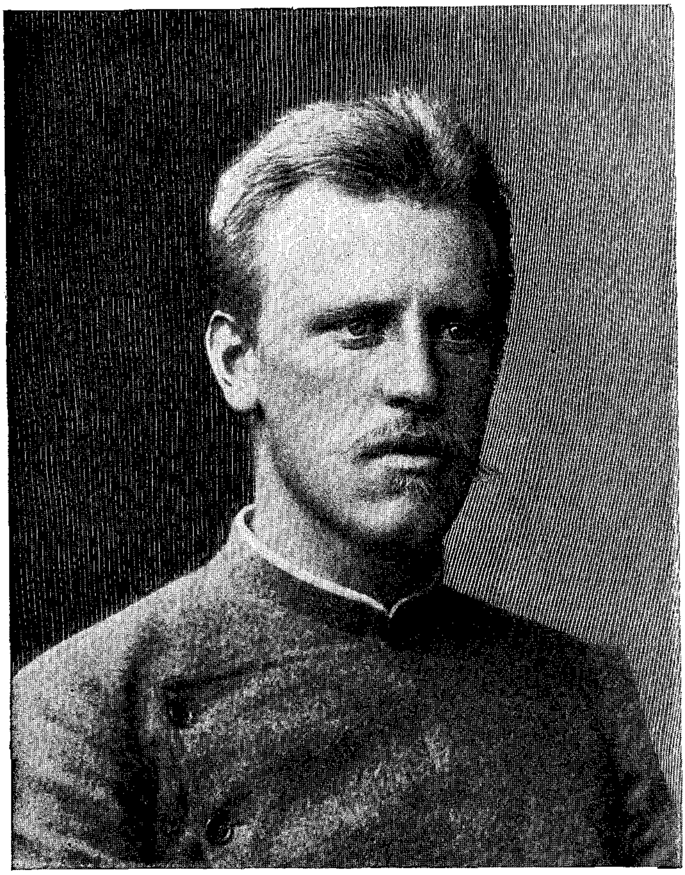


NANSEN AT 12 YEARS OF AGE.



NANSEN ABOUT 1893. AGE 31.

From a photograph by J. Thomson, London.

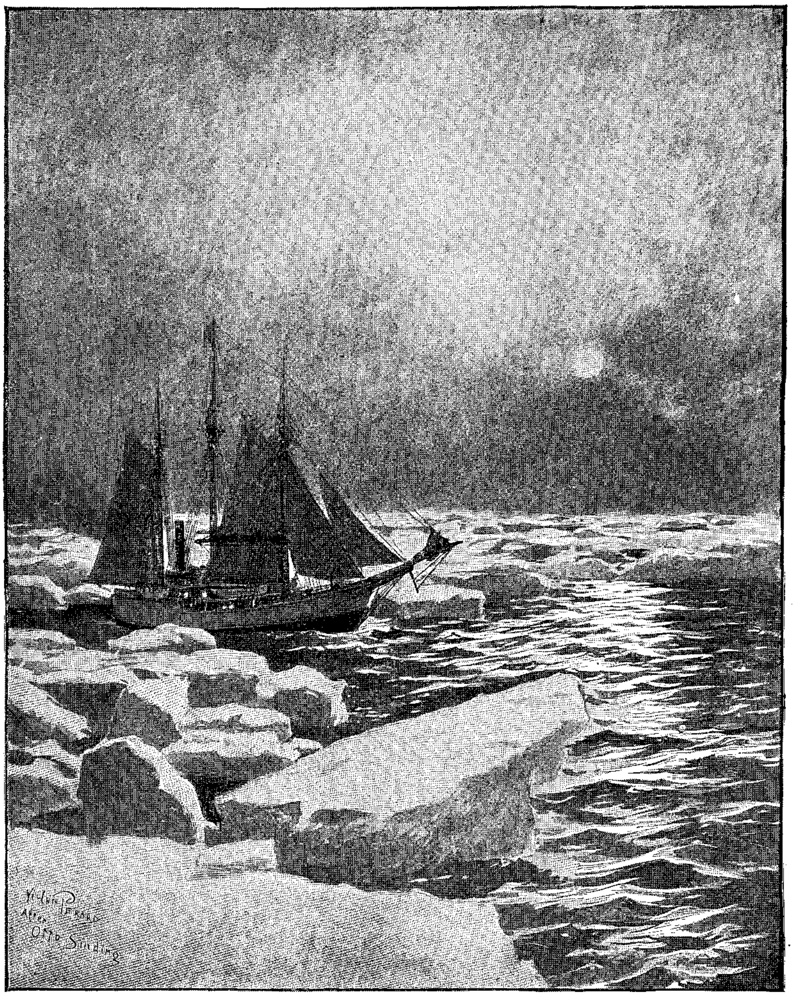


NANSEN JUST BEFORE HE STARTED ON HIS ARCTIC EXPEDITION IN 1893.

the time, and had no more fear of suffering from hunger and cold than they would have had at home. They killed walrus and bear. They built a hut of stone and turf, roofed it with walrus hides, and made a door of bear skin. Their larder, lacking variety to be sure, was always well filled. Bear meat was the staff of life. Oil and fat were their fuel and lights, and furs carpeted their floor and supplied their winter clothing and sleeping bags. It was not an ideal existence, but after nine months of it the explorers were as hardy and strong as men could be.

From his childhood Dr. Nansen has been an athlete, a hunter, and an expert skiboler, or snow-shoe traveller. He is more than six feet tall, with muscles like iron, and the medals he won made him known, long ago, as a champion of sport in Norway. These qualities, with the courage and endurance they imply, besides skill in kayak and ski travel, and ability to live as the Eskimos do, have had no small part in making his success. He has the grip of a giant, as a misguided pickpocket learned to his sorrow when he toyed with the Norseman's watch-chain. Nansen had just arrived in London to tell the geographers there about his polar project. He saw a great crowd at Buckingham Palace, and pushed to the front rank just as the Princess of Wales arrived to hold a drawing-room. As he waved his hat with the crowd, he felt a twitch at his chain, and grasped the wrist of the too familiar person. He cheered and waved until enthusiasm subsided, meanwhile holding an umbrella firmly under the arm to which the thief was attached, and then handed his prisoner over to a policeman. Nansen said he merely held the man tightly; but the fellow was howling with pain, and declared he would rather go to prison than have his bones crushed.

But, first of all, Nansen is a man of science. He had mastered all that had been done by Arctic explorers; and when, with unsurpassed practical sense, he made such arrangements for his journey as to be able to advance hundreds of miles into the wholly unknown regions around the North Pole, it was his penetrating scientific genius that gained an insight into the unknown.

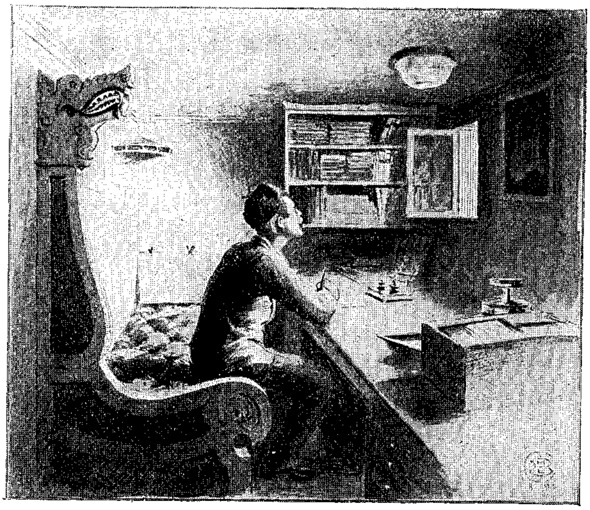


THE "FRAM" IN THE ICE-PACK.

Drawn by Victor S. Perard after a drawing by Otto Sinding.

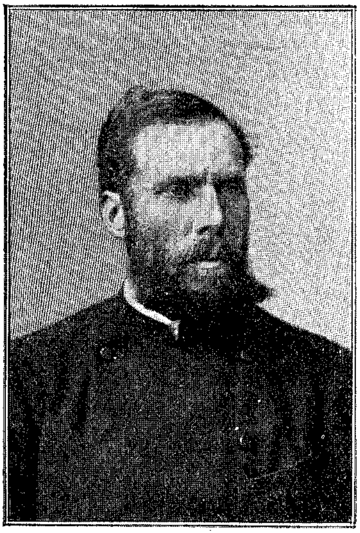
That is the reason he has brought back such a harvest of valuable facts, many of which relate to pure science. We shall refer to some of the most striking facts. It is now known of his work as a whole, that he has made most significant and interesting discoveries and studies in Arctic geography, geology, marine hydrology, meteorology, terrestrial magnetism, and biology; but of course some time will elapse before his results can be published in detail for the study of experts.

Nearly everything Nansen predicted about his journey has come true. He said he expected to cross the unknown polar area, and he has done it. He foretold exactly the general direction in which his ship would drift while fast in the ice, but it is not certain that he correctly assigned the cause of this drift. He believed he would enter a marine current that would carry his ice-imbedded vessel to the northwest. The most that can now be said of this theory is that he has discovered nothing to disprove it; but he has found that the polar ice cap, once thought to be a fast ice sheet, is in continuous drift under the influence of the prevailing winds, and as the most persistent winds are from the southeast, the mean direction of the "Fram's" drift was northwest. Nansen invented the model of the "Fram," making her hull round and slippery like an eel, with no corners or sharp edges for the ice to seize upon. She is the strongest vessel ever used in Arctic exploration. He said that pressure would simply lift her on the ice, and so her bottom, near the keel, was made almost flat in order that she might not capsize while on the ice surface; and her screw and rudder were also ingeniously protected. The many experts who said her design would not save the "Fram" from instant destruction were mistaken; for she met these resistless ice pressures, and they merely lifted her out of her cradle, and she rested safely on the surface.



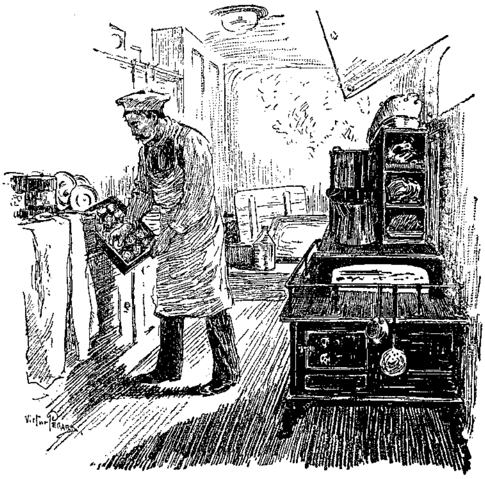
NANSEN IN HIS STUDY ON THE "FRAM."

Nansen said that, owing to the probable predominance of water in the far north, he expected to find there higher temperatures than along the north coast of Asia. This remarkable prediction has been fulfilled. The lowest temperature observed on the "Fram" was sixty-one and one-half degrees below zero, Fahrenheit, while farther south, in the Kara Sea, sixty-three degrees below zero, and at the mouth of the Lena River ninety-four degrees below zero have been registered.



O. N. SVERDRUP, NAVIGATOR OF THE "FRAM."
From a photograph by L. Szacinski, Christiania.

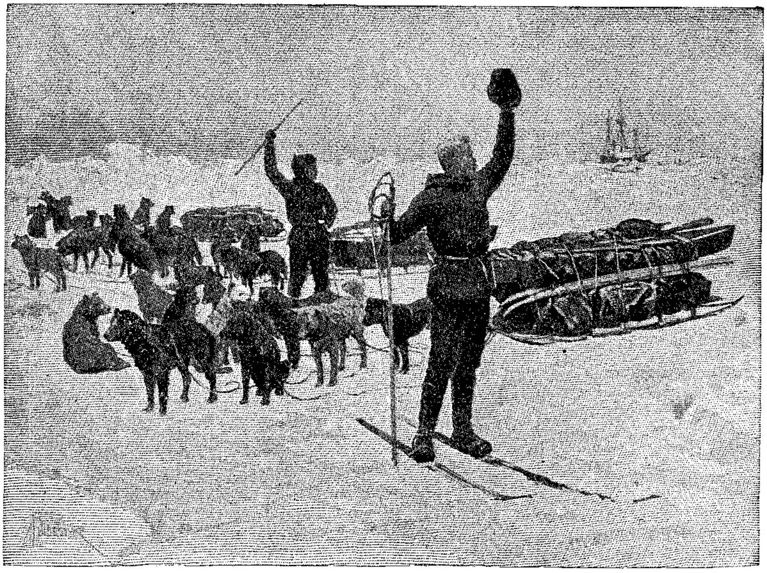
The explorer, of course, was not expecting to find a great sea two miles deep, and his sounding apparatus was wholly inadequate for measuring such depths; but Nansen, like the late A. M. Mackay, on whose shoulders Livingstone's mantle fell in Africa, is a man to make means where none exists. Mackay made houses and boats without tools or nails save those he fashioned in the heart of Africa; and so Nansen made a sounding apparatus of the most modern sort, procuring his iron wire from a cable. Dr. Nansen's greatest discovery on this voyage, like his greatest discovery in Greenland, was made in spite of inadequate appliances. He proved, in 1888, that inner Greenland contains one of the poles of cold of the earth, although none of his thermometers was able to show the lowest degrees of cold he experienced.



THE KITCHEN OF THE "FRAM."

Arctic explorers love to name the land features they discover after eminent personages or the friends and supporters of their enterprises. Dr. Nansen cannot have this pleasure, for in all his long journey he discovered no land except a few little islands near the Asian coast. Nansen has proved, in connection with the "Jeannette" expedition, that no large land masses thickly stud the Asian Arctic ocean as they do the North American polar area.

Where is the North polar continent that once figured on the maps? It is not so long ago that the renowned geographer Petermann believed he had good reason for faith in its existence. The Pole was probably in this continent, and he thought that towering rocks near Be-



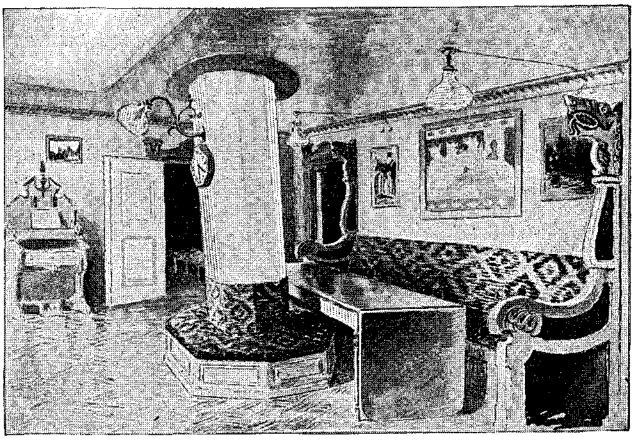
DR. NANSEN AND LIEUTENANT JOHANSEN LEAVING THE "FRAM."

On March 14, 1895, Dr. Nansen, with a single companion, Lieutenant Johansen, left his ship behind him and pushed toward the Pole on foot. It was then that he got farther north than any man before him. He was unable to return to the "Fram," and he and Johansen made their way to Franz Josef Land, where they fell in with the Jackson-Harmsworth Polar Expedition, found comfortable lodging and a ship to bring them home.

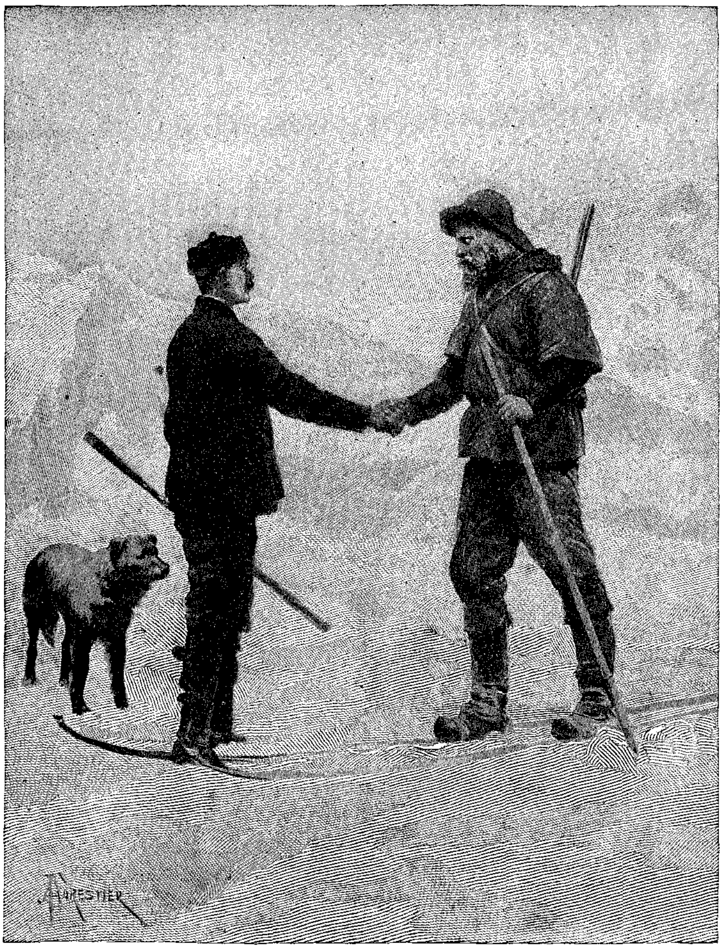
ring Strait, now known to be an island, might be one of the termini of the great land mass. Faith in this theory gradually weakened the farther men penetrated into the "White North;" and now Nansen has thrown a flood of light upon the question. The ocean depths he has found to the north of Franz Josef Land and Spitzbergen, the disappearance of animal life in that region, the structure of the ice, which is plainly formed at sea and not on land, and the free movement of the ice masses driven, as they are, in any direction by the prevailing winds, point inevitably to the conclusion that the man who reaches the North Pole will probably find no land there, but a deep sea instead, covered by closely packed and drifting ice. The deep sea trough that was ever under the "Fram" as she drifted to the north of Franz Josef Land and Spitzbergen shows that these lands have no northern extension. The nearest known land to the Pole is that which Lockwood and Brainard discovered, in 1882, north of Greenland.

Up to last August the world had supposed that the North Polar Sea was for the most part a shallow basin with cold water in its depths. But Dr. Nansen reports a remarkable fact that is hardly less interesting than the deep sea, his greatest discovery—that is, that the water about 600 feet below the surface is above the freezing point, while the upper layer of water is invariably below the freezing point; and this warmer water below 600 feet (north of Spitzbergen below 3,000 feet) appears to extend to the very bottom. In view of this fact, some accepted theories as to the life of the globe and the circulation of ocean waters will require revision.

We can hardly imagine the tedium and monotony of that long, slow drift over a lifeless sea, with no change in nature's



THE SALOON OF THE "FRAM."



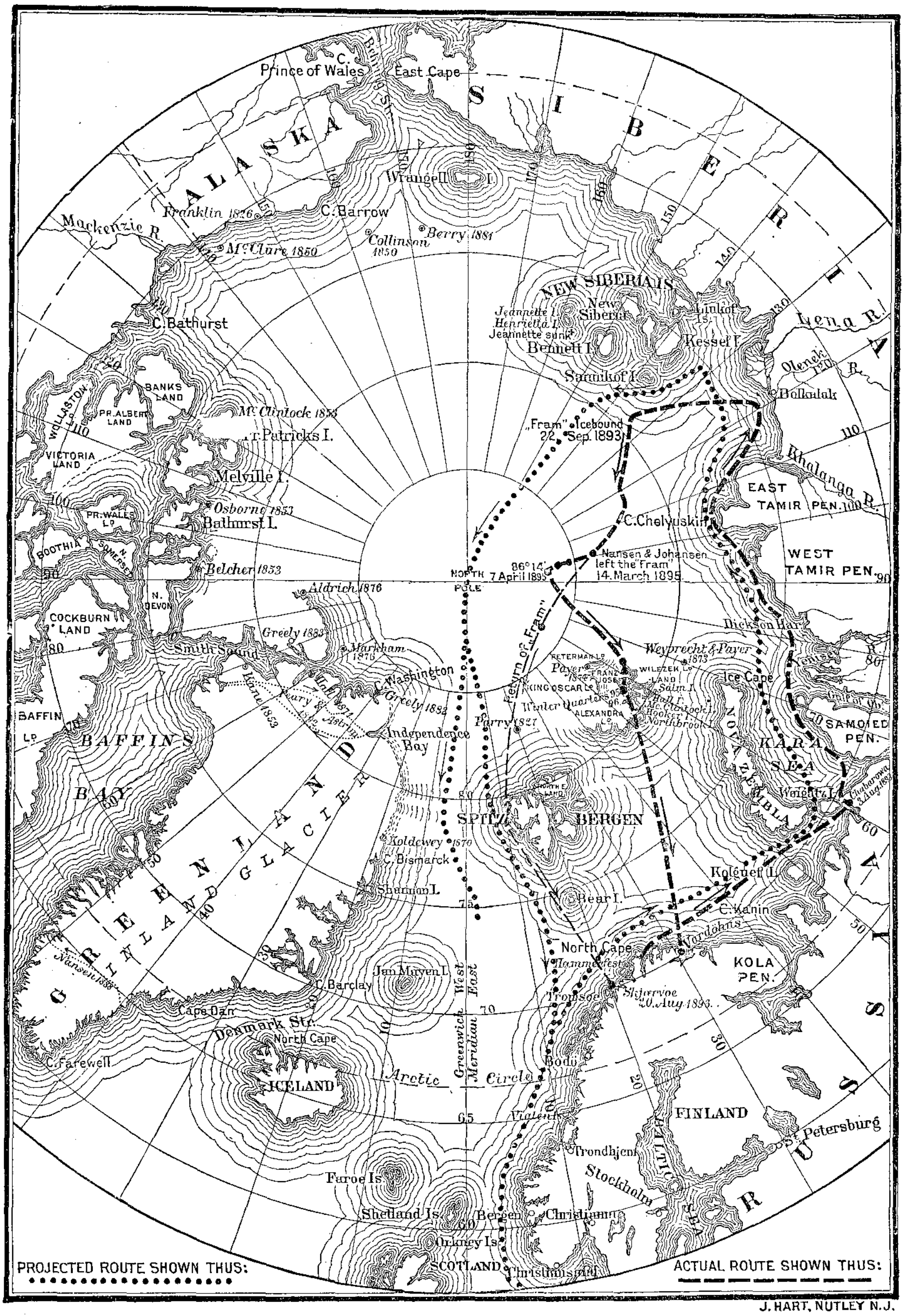
MEETING OF DR. NANSEN AND MR. JACKSON IN FRANZ JOSEF LAND, JUNE, 1896.

Reproduced by permission of Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, of the Jackson-Harmsworth Polar Expedition.

aspect, save the alternation of hummocks with almost level floe ice; and the sea, more than a third of each year, enfolded in the gloom of Arctic twilight and darkness. The fact that every member of his party, from first to last, was well and fit for service, under trying and depressing conditions, is brilliant proof that Nansen hit the mark with his new ideas of planning the work and augmenting the comfort of an Arctic party. All his ideas as to hygiene, methods of travel, and so on, succeeded, and his men maintained for three years the life and energy needed to do scientific work.

Some people laughed at Nansen's plan to dispel the darkness around the ship with an electric plant, but it was a great success. Here was one spot in the Arctic waste all aglow with vivid light. Nansen painted or photographed by an arc lamp in the saloon. With every puff of air the windmill was set going to keep the dynamo charged; and when wind failed, the boys manned the capstan, four at a time, and supplied the needed power. Heat and light were requisites which, Nansen said, he could not do without and keep his men in good heart and strength. Their cabin was warm, and so was their clothing, and they had light in plenty until the last winter, when, to the general regret, the electric plant was dispensed with, because portions of the apparatus were needed for snow-shoes and runners. Nansen feared the scurvy, but his precautions averted an attack from this ghastly enemy.

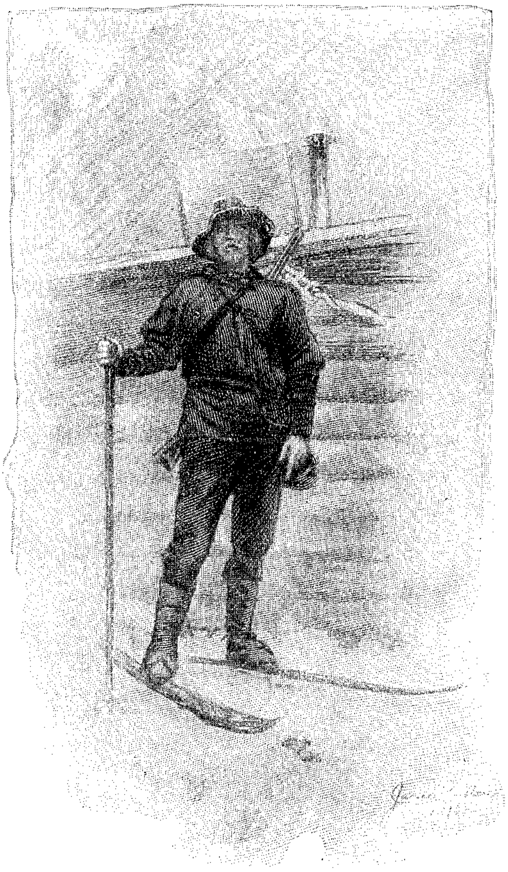
A phonograph helped to cheer the hours of leisure. The explorer could not take his wife, but he had her songs with him. It had been his intention to follow the example of our own Arctic hero, Civil Engineer Peary, and take his wife with him. Fru Nansen is a charming woman, the daughter of a Norwegian naturalist, fond


C. Prince of Wales
East Cape
Bering Str.
S I B E R I A
A L A S K A
Wrangell I.
Franklin 1826
C. Barrow
Berry 1881
Collinson 1850
Mackenzie R.
McClure 1850
NEW SIBERIA IS.
Jeannette I.
Henrietta I.
Jeannette sunk
New Siberia
Bennett I.
Kotelnoi
Lena R.
Sannikof I.
Olenek R.
Bulkalak
C. Bathurst
BANKS LAND
PR. ALBERT LAND
WOLLASTON
VICTORIA LAND
McClintock 1853
Patricks I.
"Fram" Icebound 22 Sep. 1893
Melville I.
Khatanga R.
EAST TAMIR PEN.
Osborne 1853
Bathurst I.
PR. WALES LD.
BOOTHIA
N. SOMERSET
C. Chelyuskin
Nansen & Johansen left the Fram 14 March 1895
86° 14' 7 April 1895
NORTH POLE
WEST TAMIR PEN.
Belcher 1853
Aldrich 1876
N. DEVON
COCKBURN LAND
Greely 1883
Markham 1876
Smith Sound
Dickson Har.
Weyprecht & Payer 1873
PETERMANN LD.
FRANZ JOSEF LAND
KING OSCAR LD.
WILCZEK LD.
Winter Quarters 1895-96
ALEXANDRA LD.
Salm I.
Hall I.
McClintock I.
Hooker I.
Northbrook I.
Washington
Greely 1882
Ice Cape
Kane 1853
Independence Bay
Parry 1827
Return of "Fram"
BAFFIN LD.
BAFFIN'S BAY
KARA SEA
SAMOYED PEN.
NOVAYA ZEMLYA
Waigatz I.
Chabarova 3 Aug. 1893
SPITZBERGEN
GREENLAND
INLAND GLACIER
Koldewey 1870
C. Bismarck
Shannon I.
Bear I.
Kolguef I.
C. Kanin
Nansen 1888
North Cape
Hammerfest
Vardöhus
KOLA PEN.
Jan Mayen I.
C. Barclay
Tromsö
Skjærvoe 20 Aug. 1896
Cape Dan
Denmark Str.
North Cape
C. Farewell
ICELAND
Greenwich Meridian
West
East
Arctic Circle
Bodö
FINLAND
Vardö
St. Petersburg
Trondhjem
Stockholm
Faroe Is.
Shetland Is.
Bergen
Christiania
Orkney Is.
SCOTLAND
Christiansand
R U S S I A
PROJECTED ROUTE SHOWN THUS:
ACTUAL ROUTE SHOWN THUS:

J. HART, NUTLEY N.J.

MAP SHOWING THE ROUTES OF DR. NANSEN AND THE "FRAM."

of the robust recreations of her country, and as adventuresome as her husband. Both were confident that she had strength for the voyage, but at the last moment all his comrades begged him to leave his wife behind, and Nansen decided to grant their request. Fru Nansen could not go, but her lovely voice was often heard in the little cabin. A gifted vocalist, well known to Scandinavian audiences, she sang all her husband's favorite songs into the phonograph, and there was the cheeriest of music on shipboard ; and a baby's prattle, too, for the little daughter had several remarks for her papa on the phonographic record. Liv is her name, and it has been a name of good omen ; for she was called Life when the day of parting had begun to cast its

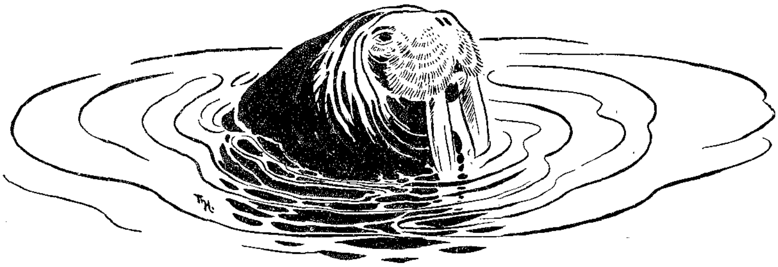


DR. NANSEN AS PHOTOGRAPHED BY MR. JACKSON IMMEDIATELY AFTER THEIR MEETING IN FRANZ JOSEF LAND IN JUNE, 1896.

Reproduced by permission of Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, of the Jackson-Harmsworth Polar Expedition.

shadow over the modest cottage, and that name was the prayer of the young wife and husband that, after the perilous and uncertain years had passed, the little trinity might again be gathered in their home. Sunshine and gladness now illumine the little cottage near Christiania.

While the news of Nansen's safe return was flashing round the world, one of his compatriots, Hansen by name, sent out by a geographical society, was scouring the coasts of Asia for traces of him. He was to learn if the natives of North Siberia had heard anything of the "Fram," or whether the explorer had called at the New Siberian Islands for the food supplies which Baron Toll had cachéd for him. There was no news of Nansen along the 3,000 miles of his fellow-countryman's route; and when Hansen reached the farther end of the telegraph wire he doubtless learned excellent reasons why he was coming home empty-handed.



A CAROL.

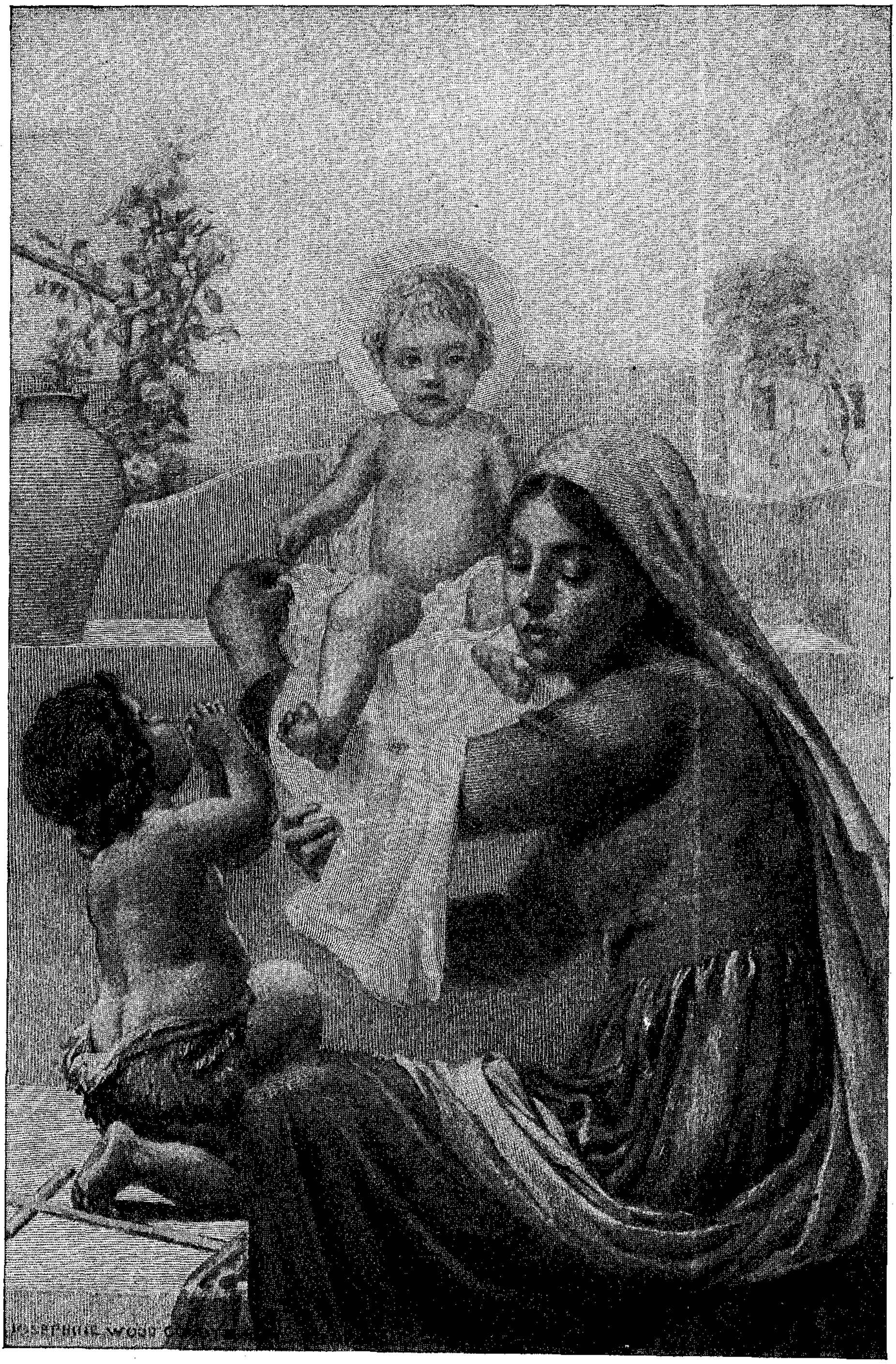
By William Canton.

This gospel sang the angels bright:
Lord Jhesu shall be born this night;
Born not in house nor yet in hall,
Wrapped not in purple nor in pall,
Rocked not in silver, neither gold;
This word the angels sang of old;
Nor christened with white wine nor red;
This word of old the angels said
Of Him which holdeth in His hand
The strong sea and green land.

This thrice and four times happy night—
These tidings sang the angels bright—
Forlorn, betwixen ear and horn,
A babe shall Jhesu Lord be born,
A weeping babe in all the cold;—
This word the angels sang of old—
And wisps of hay shall be his bed;
This word of old the angels said
Of Him which keepeth in His hand
The strong sea and green land.

O babe and Lord, Thou Jhesu bright,—
Let all and some now sing this night—
Betwixt our sorrow and our sin,
Be thou new-born our hearts within;
New-born, dear babe and little King,
So letten some and all men sing—
To wipe for us our tears away!
This night so letten all men say
Of Him which spake, and lo! they be—
The green land and strong sea.

From "W. V. Her Book," by William Canton: Stone & Kimball, publishers, New York. By special permission.



JOSEPHINE WOOD COLBY

MADONNA AND CHILD.

From the painting by Josephine Wood Colby. Reproduced by the special permission of the artist, and now first published.

AN UNPUBLISHED LIFE PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON.

BY CHARLES HENRY HART,

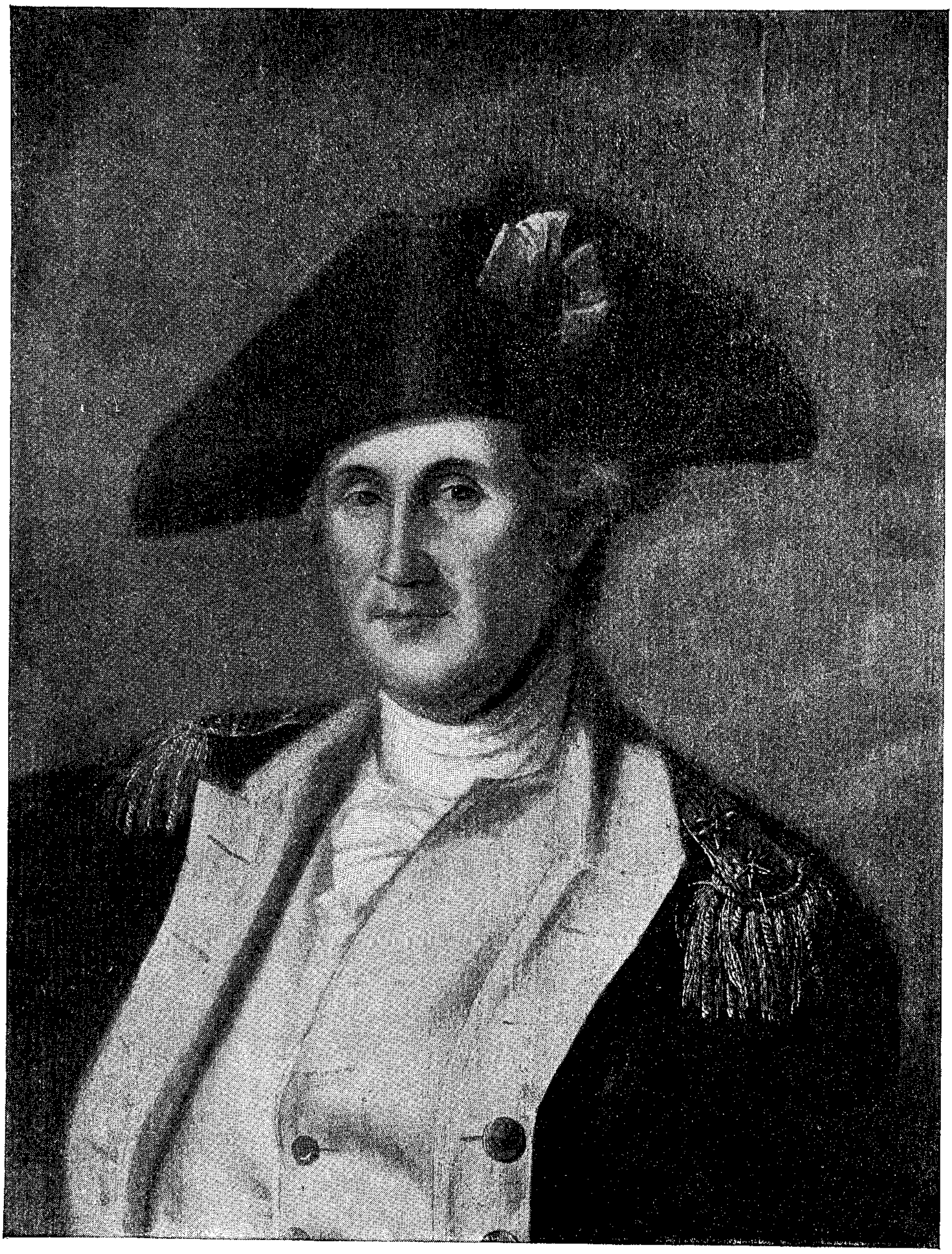
Author of "The Original Portraits of Washington," "Stuart's Lansdowne Portrait of Washington," etc.

THE State Normal School at West Chester, Pennsylvania, has become possessed of the varied collections of the Chester County Cabinet of Natural Science. As is not infrequently the case with such institutions, the Cabinet of Natural Science had received many gifts of valuable objects not germane to its special pursuits, and these, with its natural science cabinets, now belong to the State Normal School. Among such objects was the portrait of Washington, by Charles Willson Peale, here presented to the public for the first time.

There are at least forty original portraits of Washington known to have been painted from life, with a score more claiming like distinction. To Charles Willson Peale belongs the honor of having painted Washington from life a greater number of times than any other artist. He had not less than fourteen different sittings from Washington, if we can accept the numeration given by his son Rembrandt. In May, 1772, while Washington was still a Virginia colonel, he wrote from Mount Vernon: "Inclination having yielded to importunity, I am now, contrary to all expectation, under the hands of Mr. Peale; but in so grave, so sullen a mood—and now and then under the influence of Morpheus when some critical strokes are making—that I fancy the skill of this gentleman's pencil will be put to it in describing to the world what manner of man I am." In September, 1795, when Washington was in his second term as President of the United States, Stuart, meeting Mrs. Washington, urged her to hasten to her husband's protection, as he had just left him where they were "Pealing him on the right side and on the left, behind and before." The allusion in this jest of Stuart's was to the fact that Charles Willson Peale, his younger brother James, and his sons Rembrandt and Raphaelle, were each availing themselves of this, Washington's last sitting, to delineate his features. Between these two, so widely separated in time, Peale unquestionably secured numerous other sittings.

This complacency to Peale on Washington's part was due, in the first place, no doubt, to the fact that the first portrait he had painted was done by Peale. This was just as Washington was entering his forty-first year. Then Peale himself was a faithful soldier in the Revolution, and did much to relieve the tedium of winter quarters at Valley Forge by painting portraits of many of the officers. It was at this time and place that he painted, on a piece of bed-ticking, the portrait now reproduced; and despite the unfavorable conditions under which it was painted, it may safely be pronounced the most vivid and life-like portrait of Washington that Peale achieved. An examination of the canvas, which is twenty-three by twenty-eight inches, out of the frame, shows that it has been cut down from a larger picture; and this will account for what seems a somewhat awkward pose. It was presented to the Chester County Cabinet in 1841, by the eminent artist, John Neagle of Philadelphia. How and when Mr. Neagle acquired it, we do not know; nor why he took it away from his own city, to bury it in a country town. But we do know that he presented it as "*An original portrait of Genl. Washington, in revolutionary costume, taken by C. W. Peale, at Valley Forge.*"

This certificate from John Neagle means more than it would from many other men. He was not only distinguished as a portrait painter, but he was a most exact and conscientious man, as is evidenced by the careful inscriptions on many of his own paintings. He was past thirty when Charles Willson Peale died, had lived in the same city with him, and belonged to the same artistic coterie. We may therefore rest assured that he did not inscribe this portrait as "original," and taken "at Valley Forge," without good and sufficient evidence, if the remnant of old bed-ticking that served for a canvas did not tell us the same tale. Its originality, too, is clearly attested by its freedom, simplicity, and directness, its natural expression and dignified repose—all of which plainly tell that painter and sitter faced each other while it was being limned. Beyond this it can be accepted as a truthful delineation of the unidealized Washington—the Com-



AN UNPUBLISHED PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON. PAINTED AT VALLEY FORGE BY CHARLES WILLSON PEALE.

From a photograph of the original painting, taken expressly for McClure's Magazine by C. S. Bradford, West Chester, Pennsylvania, and copyrighted by him September 26, 1896. The original painting is the property of the State Normal School, West Chester, Pennsylvania.

mander-in-Chief at the head of the army and in camp. Peale seems never to have duplicated it, although he repeated most of his other portraits of Washington many times. Perhaps it was with him as it was with Stuart and his portraits of the same subject—he did not know which one really was the best. A close comparative study, however, of this Valley Forge head with Peale's well-known whole length portraits, having Nassau Hall in the background, leads me to the conclusion that it was his chief guide for the head in these pictures.

HOW DR. DAVIDSON KEPT HIS LAST CHRISTMAS AT DRUMTOCHTY.

By Ian Maclaren,

Author of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," etc.

CHRISTMAS fell on a Sunday the year Dr. Davidson died, and on the preceding Monday a groom drove up to the manse from Muirtown Castle.

"A letter, Doctor, from his lordship"—John found his master sitting before the study fire in a reverie, looking old and sad—"and there's a bit boxie in the kitchen."

"Will you see, John, that the messenger has such food as we can offer him?" and the Doctor roused himself at the sight of the familiar handwriting; "there is that, eh, half fowl that Rebecca was keeping for my dinner to-day; perhaps she could do it up for him. I . . . do not feel hungry to-day. And, John, will you just say that I'm sorry that . . . owing to circumstances, we can't offer him refreshment?" On these occasions the Doctor felt his straitness greatly, having kept a house in his day where man and beast had of the best.

"What dis for the minister of Drumtochty an' his . . . hoose 'ill dae for a groom, even though he serve the Earl o' Kilspindie, an' a' ken better than say onything tae Becca aboot the chuckie;" this he said to himself on his way to the kitchen, where that able woman had put the messenger from the Castle in his own place, and was treating him with conspicuous and calculated condescension. He was a man somewhat given to appetite and critical about his drink, as became a servant of the Earl; but such was the atmosphere of the manse and the awfulness of the Doctor's household that he made a hearty dinner off ham and eggs, with good spring water, and departed declaring his gratitude aloud.

"My dear Davidson,—Will you distribute the enclosed trifle among your old pensioners in the Glen as you see fit, and let it come from you, who would have given them twice as much had it not been for that confounded bank. The port is for yourself, Sandeman's '48—the tipple you and I have tasted together for many a year. If you hand it over to the liquidators, as you wanted to do with the few bottles you had in your celler, I'll have you up before the sheriff of Muirtown for breach of trust and embezzlement, as sure as my name is

"Your old friend,
"Kilspindie.

"P. S.—The Countess joins me in Christmas greetings, and charges you to fail us on New Year's Day at your peril. We are anxious about Hay, who has been ordered to the front."

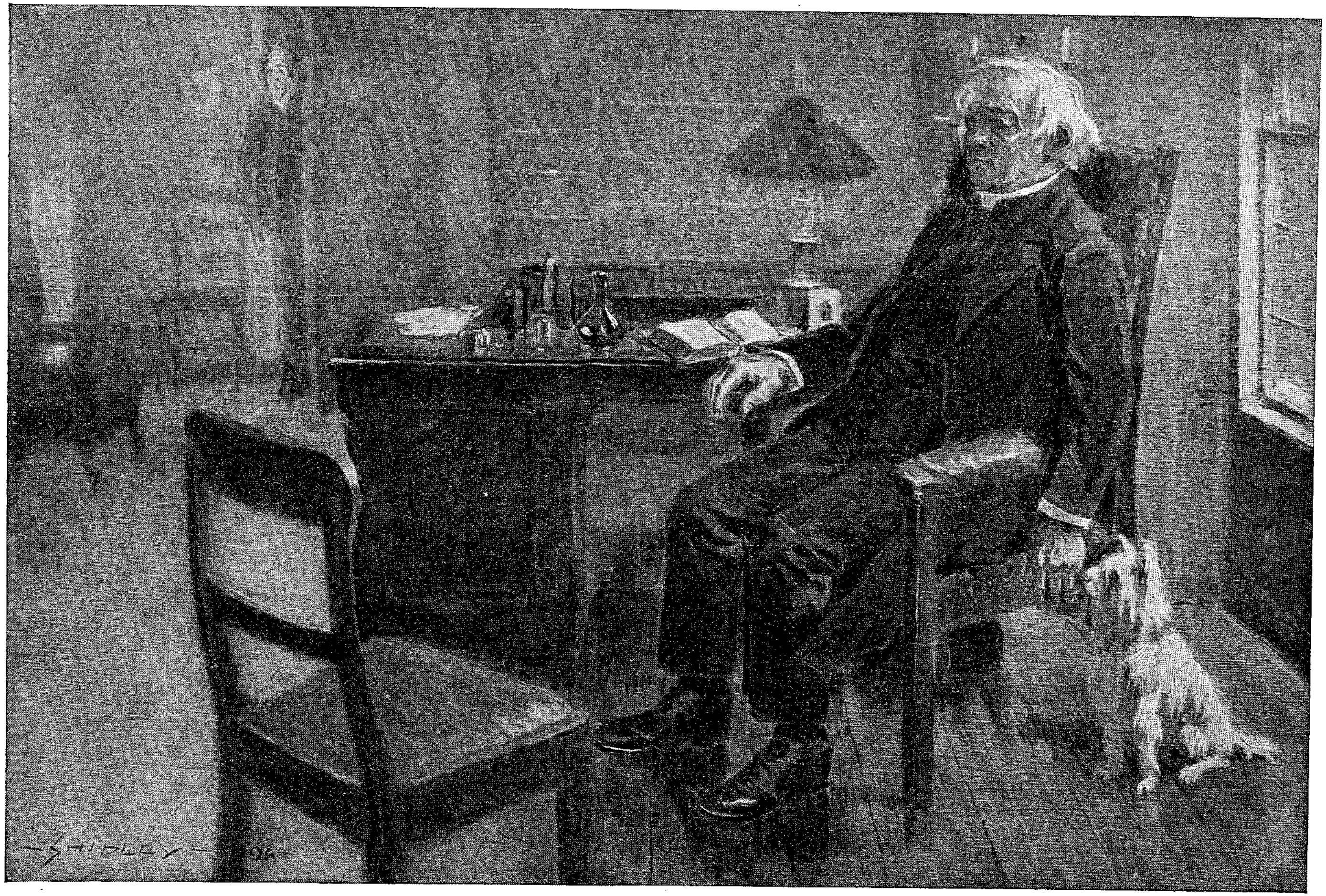
The Doctor opened the check and stroked it gently; then he read the letter again and snuffed, using his handkerchief vigorously. After which he wrote:

"Dear Kilspindie,—It is, without exception, the prettiest check I have ever had in my hands, and it comes from as good a fellow as ever lived. You knew that it would hurt me not to be able to give my little Christmas gifts, and you have done this kindness. Best thanks from the people and myself, and as for the port, the liquidators will not see a drop of it; don't believe any of those stories about the economies at the manse which, I suspect, you have been hearing from Drumtochty. Deliberate falsehoods; we are living like fighting cocks. I'm a little shaky—hint of gout, I fancy—but hope to be with you on New Year's Day. God bless you both, and preserve Hay in the day of battle.

"Yours affectionately,
"Alexander Davidson."

"Don't like that signature, Augusta," said the Earl to his wife; "it's true enough, for no man has a warmer heart, but he never wrote that way before. Davidson's breaking up, an' . . . he 'ill be missed. I must get Manley to run out and overhaul him when he comes down. My belief is that he's been starving himself. Peter Robertson, the land steward, says that he has never touched a drop of wine since that bank smashed; now that won't do at his age, but he's an obstinate fellow, Davidson, when he takes a thing into his head."

The Doctor's determination—after the calamity of the bank failure—to reduce himself to the depths of poverty was wonderful, but Drumtochty was cunning and full of tact. He might surrender his invested means and reserve only one hundred pounds a year out of his living, but when



"IN THE MORNING THE DOCTOR WAS STILL SITTING IN HIS BIG CHAIR, AND SKYE WAS FONDLY LICKING A HAND THAT WOULD NEVER AGAIN CARESS HIM."

he sent for the Kildrummie auctioneer and instructed him to sell every stick of furniture, except a bare minimum for one sitting-room and a bedroom, Jock accepted the commission at once, and proceeded at eleven miles an hour—having just bought a new horse—to take counsel with Drumsheugh. Next Friday he dropped into the factor's office—successor to him over whom the Doctor had triumphed gloriously—and amid an immense variety of rural information, mentioned that he was arranging a sale of household effects at Drumtochty Manse. Jock was never known to be so dilatory with an advertisement before, and ere he got it out Lord Kilspindie had come to terms with the liquidator and settled the Doctor's belongings on him for life.

The Doctor's next effort was with his household, and for weeks the minister looked wistfully at John and Rebecca, till at last he had them in and stated the situation.

"You have both been . . . good and faithful servants to me, and I may say . . . friends for many years, and I had hoped you would have remained in the manse till . . . so long as I was spared. And I may mention now that I had made some slight provision that would have . . . made you comfortable after I was gone."

"It wes kind o' ye, sir, an' mindfu'." Rebecca spoke, not John, and her tone was of one who might have to be firm and must not give herself away by sentiment.

"It is no longer possible for me, through . . . certain events, to live as I have been accustomed to do, and I am afraid that I must . . . do without your help. A woman coming in to cook and . . . such like will be all I can afford."

The expression on the housekeeper's face at this point was such that even the Doctor did not dare to look at her again, but turned to John, whose countenance was inscrutable.

"Your future, John, has been giving me much anxious thought, and I hope to be able to do something with Lord Kilspindie next week. There are many quiet places on the estate which might suit . . ." then the Doctor weakened, "although I know well no place will ever be like Drumtochty, and the old manse will never be the same . . . without you. But you see how it is . . . friends."

"Doctor Davidson," and he knew it was vain to escape her, "wi' yir permission a' wud like tae ask ye ane or twa questions, an' ye'll forgie the leeberty. Dis ony man in the pairish o' Drumtochty ken yir wys like John? Wha 'ill tak yir messages, an' prepare the fouk for the veesitation, an' keep the gairden snod, an' see tae a' yir trokes when John's awa? Wull ony man ever cairry the bukes afore ye like John?"

"Never," admitted the Doctor, "never."

"Div ye expect the new wumman 'ill ken hoo mickle stairch tae pit in yir stock, an' hoo mickle butter ye like on yir chicken, an' when ye change yir flannels tae a day, an' when ye like anither blanket on yir bed, an' the wy tae mak the currant drink for yir cold?"

"No, no, Rebecca, nobody will ever be so good to me as you've been"—the Doctor was getting very shaky.

"Then what for wud ye send us awa, and bring in some handless, useless tawpie that cud neither cook ye a decent meal nor keep the manse wise like? Is't for room? The manse is as big as ever. Is't for meat? We 'ill eat less than she 'ill waste."

"You know better, Rebecca," said the Doctor, attempting to clear his throat; "it's because . . . because I cannot afford to . . ."

"A' ken very weel, an' John an' me hev settled that. For thirty year ye've paid us better than ony minister's man an' manse hoosekeeper in Perthshire, an' ye wantit tae raise oor wages aifter we mairrit. Div ye ken what John an' me hev in the bank for oor laist days?"

The Doctor only shook his head, being cowed for once in his life.

"Atween us, five hundred and twenty-sax pund."

"Eleven an' sevenpence," added John, steadying his voice with arithmetic.

"It's five year sin we askit ye tae py naethin' mair but juist gie's oor keep, an' noo the time's come, an' welcome. Hev John or me ever disobeyed ye or spoken back a' thae years?"

The Doctor only made a sign with his hand.

"We 'ill dae't aince, at ony rate, for ye may gie us notice tae leave an' order us oot o' the manse; but here we stop till we're no fit tae serve ye or ye hae nae mair need o' oor service."

"A homologate that"—it was a brave word, and one of which John was justly proud, but he did not quite make the most of it that day.

"I thank you from my heart, and . . . I'll never speak of parting again," and for the first time they saw tears on the Doctor's cheek.

"John," Rebecca turned on her husband—no man would have believed it of the beadle of Drumtochty, but he was also . . . "what are ye stoiterin' roond the table for? It's time tae set the Doctor's denner; as for that chicken," and Rebecca retired to the kitchen, having touched her highest point that day.

The insurrection in the manse oozed out, and encouraged a conspiracy of rebellion in which even the meekest people were concerned. Jean Baxter of Burnbrae, who had grasped greedily at the dairy contract of the manse, when the glebe was let to Netherton, declined to render any account to Rebecca, and the Doctor had to take the matter in hand.

"There's a little business, Mrs. Baxter, I would like to settle with you, as I happen to be here." The Doctor had dropped in on his way back from Whinny Knowe, where Marget and he had been talking of George for two hours. "You know that I have to be, eh . . . careful now, and I . . . you will let me pay what we owe for that delicious butter you are good enough to supply."

"Ye 'ill surely tak a look roond the fields first, Doctor, an' tell's what ye think o' the crops;" and after that it was necessary for him to take tea. Again and again he was foiled, but took a firm stand by the hydrangea in the garden, and John Baxter stood aside that the affair might be decided in single combat.

"Now, Mrs. Baxter, before leaving I must insist," began the Doctor with authority, and his stick was in his hand; but Jean saw a geographical advantage, and seized it instantly.

"Div ye mind, sir, comin' tae this gairden five year syne this month, and stannin' on that verra spot aside the hydrangy?"

The Doctor scented danger, but he could not retreat.

"Weel, at ony rate, John an' me dinna forget that day, an' never wull, for we were makin' ready tae leave the home o' the Baxters for mony generations, an' it wes you that stoppit us. Ye 'ill maybe no mind what ye said tae me."

"We 'ill not talk of that to-day, Mrs. Baxter . . . that's past and over."

"Aye, it's past, but it's no over, Doctor Davidson; na, na, John an' me wesna made that wy. Ye may lauch at a fulish auld wife, but ilka kirnin' (churning) day ye veesit us again. When a'm turnin' the kirn a' see ye comin' up the road, an' a' gar the handle keep time wi' yir step; when a' tak oot the bonnie yellow butter ye're stannin' in the gairden, an' then a' stamp ae pund wi' buttercups, an' a' say, 'You're not away yet, Burnbrae, you're not away yet'—that wes yir word tae the gude man; and when the ither stamp comes doon on the second pund and leaves the bonnie daisies on't, 'Better late than never, Burnbrae; better late than never, Burnbrae.' Ye said that afore ye left, Doctor."

Baxter was amazed at his wife, and the Doctor saw himself defeated.

"Mony a time has John an' me sat in the summer-hoose an' brocht back that day, an' mony a time hev we wantit tae dae somethin' for him that keepit the auld roof-tree abune oor heads. God forgie me, Doctor, but when a' heard ye hed gien up yir glebe ma hert loupit, an' a' said tae John, 'The'ill no want for butter at the manse sae lang as there's a Baxter in Burnbrae.'

"Dinna be angry, sir." But the flush that brought the Doctor's face unto a state of perfection was not anger. "A' ken it's a leeberty we're takin', an' maybe a'm presumin' ower far, but gin ye kent hoo sair oor herts were wi' gratitude, ye wudna deny us this kindness."

"Ye 'ill lat the Doctor come awa noo, gude wife, tae see the young horse," and Doctor Davidson was grateful to Burnbrae for covering his retreat.

This spirit spread till Hillocks lifted up his horn, outwitting the Doctor with his attentions, and reducing him to submission. When the beadle dropped in upon Hillocks one day, and, after a hasty review of harvest affairs, mentioned that Dr. Davidson was determined to walk in future to and from Kildrummie Station, the worthy man rose without a word, and led the visitor to the shed where his marvellous dog-cart was kept.

"Div ye think that a' cud daur?" studying its general appearance with diffidence.

"There's nae sayin' hoo it wud look wi' a wash," suggested John.

"Sall, it's fell snod noo," after two hours' honest labor, in which John condescended to share, "an' the gude wife 'ill cover the cushions. Dinna lat on, but a'll be at the gate the morn afore the Doctor starts." And Peter Bruce gave it to be understood that when Hillocks convoyed the Doctor to the compartment of the third rigidly and unanimously reserved for him, his manner, both of walk and conversation, was changed, and it is certain that a visit he made to Piggie Walker on the return journey was unnecessary save for the purpose of vain boasting. It was not, however, to be heard of by the Doctor that Hillocks should leave his work at intervals to drive him to Kildrummie, and so there was a war of tactics, in which the one endeavored to escape past the bridge without detection, while the other swooped down upon him with the dog-cart. On the Wednesday when the Doctor went to Muirtown to buy his last gifts to Drumtochty, he was very cunning, and ran the blockade while Hillocks was in the cornroom, but the dog-cart was waiting for him in the evening—Hillocks having been called to Kildrummie by unexpected business—and it was a great satisfaction afterwards to Peter Bruce that he placed fourteen parcels below the seat and fastened eight behind—besides three which the Doctor held in his hands, being fragile, and two, soft goods, on which Hillocks sat for security. For there were twenty-seven humble friends whom the Doctor wished to bless on Christmas Day.

When he bade the minister good-by at his gate, Hillocks prophesied a storm, and it was of such a kind that on Sunday morning the snow was knee deep on the path from the manse to the kirk, and had drifted up four feet against the door through which the Doctor was accustomed to enter in procession.

"This is unfortunate, very unfortunate," when John reported the state of affairs to the Doctor, "and we must just do the best we can in the circumstances, eh?"

"What wud be yir wull, sir?" but John's tones did not encourage any concessions.

"Well, it would never do for you to be going down bare-headed on such a day, and it's plain we can't get in at the front door. What do you say to taking in the books by the side door, and I'll just come down in my top coat when the people are gathered;" but the Doctor did not show a firm mind, and it was evident that he was thinking less of himself than of John.

"A'll come for ye at the usual oor," was all that functionary deigned to reply, and at a quarter to twelve he brought the gown and bands to the study—he himself being in full black.

"The drift 'ill no tribble ye, an' ye 'ill no need tae gang roond; na, na," and John did not quite conceal his satisfaction, "we 'ill no start on the side door aifter five and thirty years o' the front."

So the two old men—John bare-headed, the Doctor in full canonicals and wearing his college cap—came down on a fair pathway between two banks of snow three feet high, which Saunders from Drumsheugh and a dozen ploughmen had piled on either side. The kirk had a severe look that day, with hardly any women or children to relieve the blackness of the men, and the drifts reaching to the sills of the windows, while a fringe of snow draped their sides.

The Doctor's subject was the love of God, and it was noticed that he did not read, but spoke as if he had been in his study. He also dwelt so affectingly on the gift of Christ, and made so tender an appeal unto his people, that Drumsheugh blew his nose with vigor and Hillocks himself was shaken. After they had sung the paraphrase,

"To Him that lov'd the souls of men,
And washed us in His blood,"

the Doctor charged those present to carry his greetings to the folk at home and tell them they were all in his heart. After which he looked at his people as they stood for at least a minute, and then lifting his hands, according to the ancient fashion of the Scottish Kirk, he blessed them. His gifts, with a special message to each person, he sent by faithful messengers, and afterwards he went out through the snow to make two visits. The first was to blind Marjorie, who was Free Kirk, but to whom he had shown much kindness all her life. His talk with her was usually of past days and country affairs, seasoned with wholesome humor to cheer her heart, but to-day he fell into another vein, to her great delight, and they spoke of the dispensations of Providence.

"'Whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth,' Marjorie, is a very instructive Scripture, and I was thinking of it last night. You have had a long and hard trial, but you have doubtless been blessed, for if you have not seen outward things, you have seen the things . . . of the soul." The Doctor hesitated once or twice, as one who had not long travelled this road.

"You and I are about the same age, Marjorie, and we must soon . . . depart. My life was very . . . prosperous, but lately it has pleased the Almighty to . . . chasten me. I have now, therefore, some hope also that I may be one of His children."

"He wes aye gude grain, the Doctor,"

Marjorie said to her friend, after he had left, "but he's hed a touch o' the harvest sun, an' he's been ripening."

Meanwhile the Doctor had gone on to Tochty Lodge, and was standing in the stone hall, which was stripped and empty of the Carnegies forever. Since he was a laddie in a much-worn kilt and a glengarry bonnet without tails, he had gone in and out the Lodge, and himself had seen four generations—faintly remembering the General's grandfather. Every inch of the house was familiar to him, and associated with kindly incidents. He identified the spaces on the walls where the portraits of the cavaliers and their ladies had hung; he went up to the room where the lairds had died and his friend had hoped to fall on sleep; he visited the desolate gallery where Kate had held court and seemed to begin a better day for the old race; then he returned and stood before the fire-place in which he had sat long ago and looked up to see the stars in the sky. Round that hearth many a company of brave men and fair women had gathered, and now there remained of this ancient stock but two exiles—one eating out his heart in poverty and city life, and a girl who had, for weal or woe, God only knew, passed out of the line of her traditions. A heap of snow had gathered on the stone, where the honest wood fire had once burned cheerily, and a gust of wind coming down the vast open chimney powdered his coat with drift. It was to him a sign that the past was closed, and that he would never again stand beneath that roof.

He opened the gate of the manse, and then, under a sudden impulse, went on through deep snow to the village and made a third visit—to Archie Moncur, whom he found sitting before the fire reading the "Temperance Trumpet." Was there ever a man like Archie?—so gentle and fierce, so timid and fearless, so modest and persevering. He would stoop to lift a vagrant caterpillar from the cart track, and yet had not adjectives to describe the infamy of a publican; he would hardly give an opinion on the weather, but he fought the drinking customs of the Glen like a lion; he would only sit in the lowest seat in any place, but every winter he organized—at great trouble and cost of his slender means—temperance meetings which were the fond jest of the Glen. From year to year he toiled on, without encouragement, without success, hopeful, uncomplaining, resolute, unselfish, with the soul of a saint and the spirit of a hero in his poor, deformed, suffering little body. He humbled himself before the very bairns, and allowed an abject like Milton to browbeat him with Pharisaism; but every man in the Glen knew that Archie would have gone to the stake for the smallest jot or tittle of his faith.

"Archie," said the Doctor, who would not sit down, and whose coming had thrown the good man into speechless confusion, "it's the day of our Lord's birth, and I wish to give you and all my friends of the Free Kirk—as you have no minister just now—hearty Christmas greeting. May peace be in your kirk and homes . . . and hearts.

"My thoughts have been travelling back of late over those years since I was ordained minister of this parish and the things which have happened, and it seemed to me that no man has done his duty by his neighbor or before God with a more single heart than you, Archie.

"God bless you." Then on the doorstep the Doctor shook hands again and paused for a minute. "You have fought a good fight, Archie—I wish we could all say the same . . . a good fight."

For an hour Archie was so dazed that he was not able to say a word, and could do nothing but look into the fire, and then he turned to his sisters, with that curious little movement of the hand which seemed to assist his speech.

"The language wes clean redeeklus, but it wes kindly meant . . . an' it maks up for mony things. . . . The Doctor wes aye a gentleman, an' noo . . . ye can see that he's . . . something mair."

Drumsheugh dined with the Doctor that night, and after dinner John opened for them a bottle of Lord Kilspindie's wine.

"It is the only drink we have in the house, for I have not been using anything of that kind lately, and I think we may have a glass together for the sake of Auld Lang Syne."

They had three toasts, "The Queen," and "The Kirk of Scotland," and "The friends that are far awa," after which—for the last included both the living and the dead—they sat in silence. Then the Doctor began to speak of his ministry, lamenting that he had not done better for his people, and declaring that if he were spared he intended to preach more frequently about the Lord Jesus Christ.

"You and I, Drumsheugh, will have to go a long journey soon, and give an account of our lives in Drumtochty. Perhaps we have done our best as men can, and I think we have tried; but there are many things we might have done otherwise, and some we ought not to have done at all.

"It seems to me now, the less we say in that day of the past the better. . . . We shall wish for mercy rather than justice, and"—here the Doctor looked earnestly over his glasses at his elder—"we would be none the worse, Drumsheugh, of a friend to . . . say a good word for us both in the great court."

"A've thocht that masel"—it was an agony for Drumsheugh to speak—"mair than aince. Weelum MacLure wes . . . ettlin' (feeling) aifter the same thing the nicht he slippit awa, an' gin ony man cud hae stude on his ain feet . . . yonder, it wes . . . Weelum."

The Doctor read the last chapter of the Revelation of St. John at prayers that evening with much solemnity, and thereafter prayed concerning those who had lived together in the Glen that they might meet at last in the City.

"Finally, most merciful Father, we thank Thee for Thy patience with us, and the goodness Thou hast bestowed upon us, and for as much as Thy servants have sinned against Thee beyond our knowledge, we beseech Thee to judge us not according to our deserts, but according to the merits and intercession of Jesus Christ our Lord." He also pronounced the benediction—which was not his wont—and he shook hands with his two retainers; but he went with his guest to the outer door.

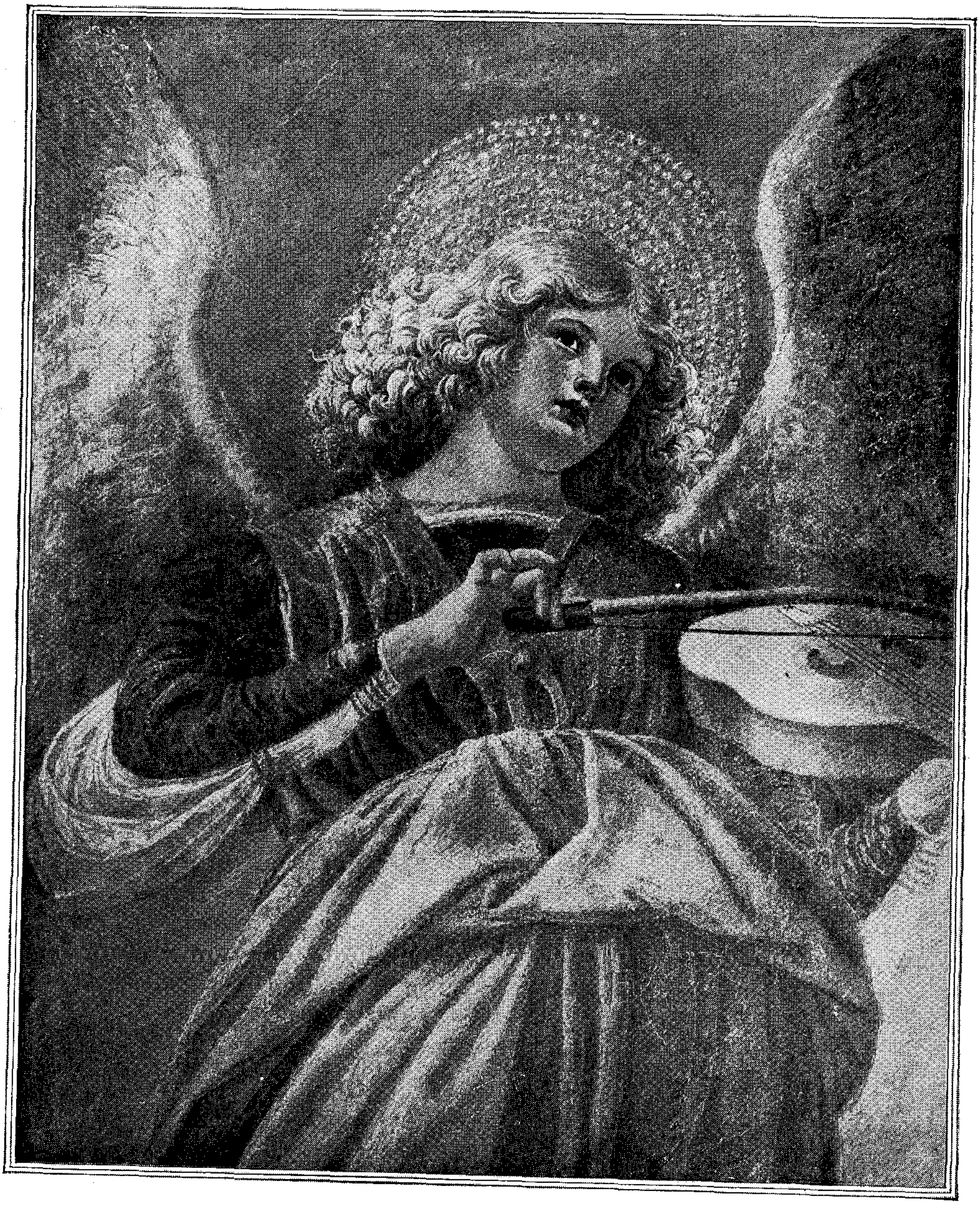
"Good-by, Drumsheugh . . . you have been . . . a faithful friend and elder."

When John paid his usual visit to the study before he went to bed, the Doctor did not hear him enter the room. He was holding converse with Skye, who was seated on a chair, looking very wise and much interested.

"Ye're a bonnie beastie, Skye"—like all Scots, the Doctor in his tender moments dropped into dialect—"for a'thing He made is verra gude. Ye've been true and kind to your master, Skye, and ye 'ill miss him if he leaves ye. Some day ye 'ill die also, and they 'ill bury ye, and I doubt that 'ill be the end o 'ye, Skye.

"Ye never heard o' God, Skye, or the Saviour, for ye're juist a puir doggie; but your master is minister of Drumtochty, and . . . a sinner saved . . . by grace."

The Doctor was so much affected as he said the last words slowly to himself that John went out on tiptoe, and twice during the night listened—fancying he heard Skye whine. In the morning the Doctor was still sitting in his big chair, and Skye was fondly licking a hand that would never again caress him, while a miniature of Daisy—the little maid who had died in her teens, and whom her brother had loved till his old age—lay on the table, and the Bible was again open at the description of the New Jerusalem.



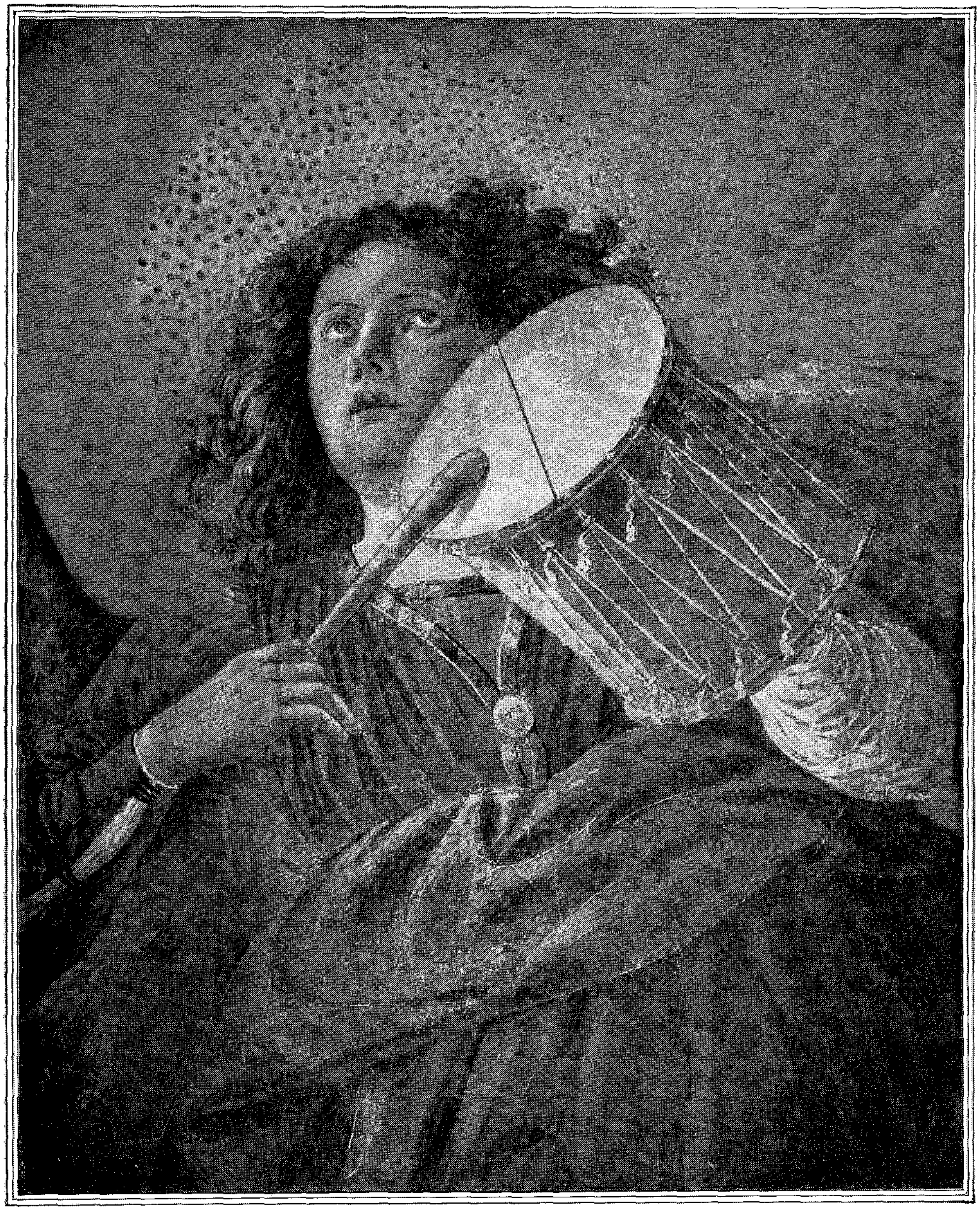
ANGEL WITH VIOL.

From a fresco in the sacristy of St. Peter's, Rome; painted by Melozzo da Forli (born, 1438; died, 1494). Reproduced by permission of Braun, Clement & Co.

IN THE FIRST CHRISTMASTIDE.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

WITH timbrel and with tabor, with viol and with lute,
Bend out of heaven, dear Spirits, across your frosty height,
For the crown of every labor, and of every flower the fruit,
The happy earth inherits, Love being born to-night!

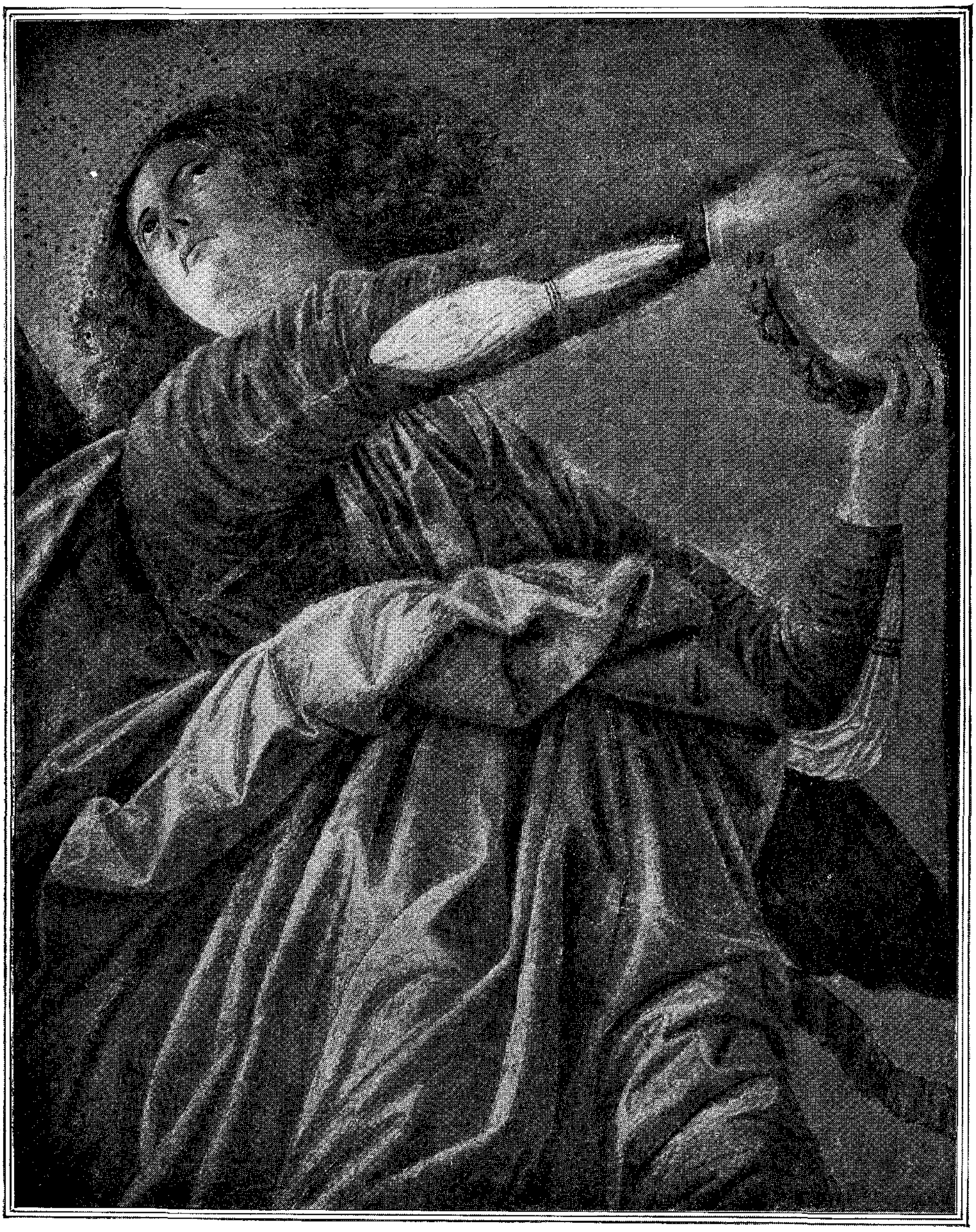


ANGEL WITH TABOR.

From a fresco in the sacristy of St. Peter's, Rome; painted by Melozzo da Forli. Reproduced by permission of Braun, Clement & Co.

Over the vast abysses of nothingness and gloom,
  Where the old gods go reeling at the cry of the new name,
Lean from your untold blisses, and make the midnight bloom
  With your throbbing gladness stealing in a thousand points of flame.

O Angel of all Innocents, your viol make more sweet;
O Angel of all Lovers, touch tenderly your lute;
O Angel of all Heroes, your rapturous tabor beat;

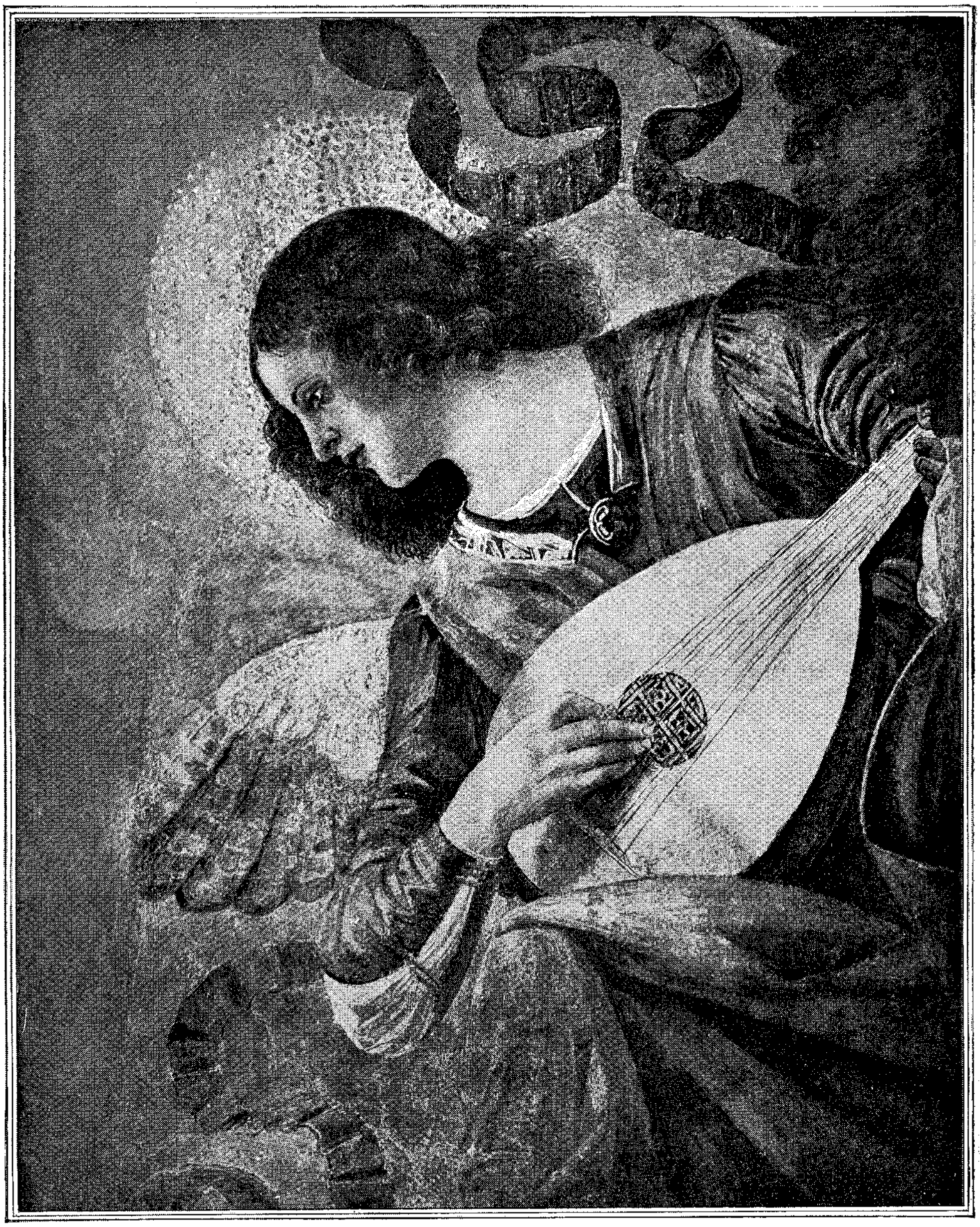


ANGEL WITH TIMBREL.

From a fresco in the sacristy of St. Peter's, Rome; painted by Melozzo da Forli. Reproduced by permission of Braun, Clement & Co.

O Angel of all Triumph, sound your timbrel's swift pursuit;
For you hear the Voice above you, like the breath of some strong flute:
"To-night, to-night, Great Love is born, and joy is absolute!"

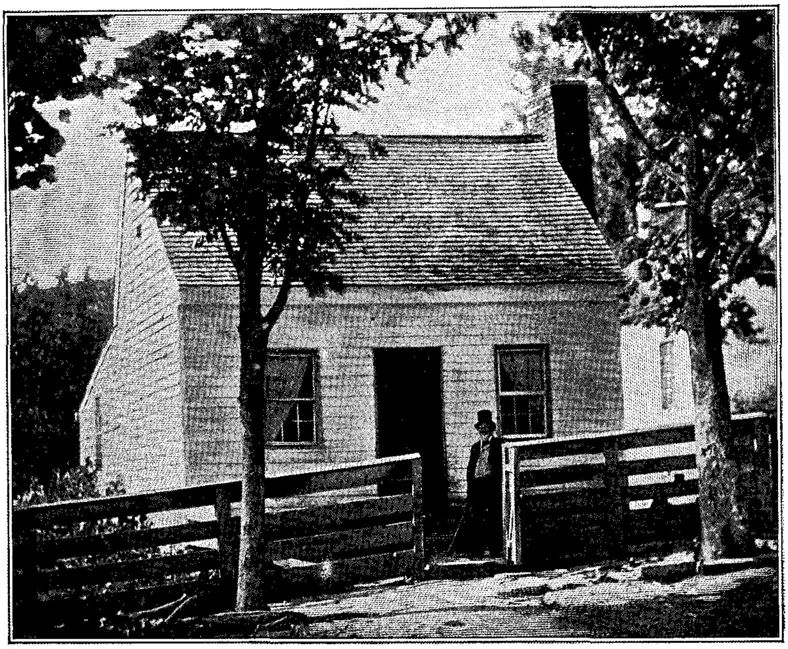
Forget, O strains untiring, Gethsemane's dark cup,
    Foretell not the heart-breaking despair of Calvary's height,
For with boundless sweep and gyring all the universe moves up,
    The depth, the dark forsaking with this primal Christmas night!



ANGEL WITH LUTE.

From a fresco in the sacristy of St. Peter's, Rome; painted by Melozzo da Forli. Reproduced by permission of Braun, Clement & Co.

While sinking at the warning of the clear and mighty cry,
Shall the evil that is hoary, with the dooming that was meet,
In the void of night and morning like a dream dissolve and die,
And death grow into glory now Love makes Life complete!



GRANT'S BIRTHPLACE, AT POINT PLEASANT, OHIO.

From a copyrighted photograph by F. L. Dickinson, Cincinnati, Ohio. The house is still standing, but it has been removed to Columbus, Ohio, where it is carefully preserved as a relic in an enclosing structure of stone, iron, and glass.

THE EARLY LIFE OF ULYSSES GRANT.*

By Hamlin Garland,

Author of "Main-travelled Roads," "Prairie Folks," etc.

I.

ULYSSES GRANT was born in a cabin home standing in a little village on the north bank of the Ohio River, at a point about twenty-five miles east of Cincinnati. This cabin stood comparatively unchanged until about ten years ago, when it was taken down and removed to Columbus as a relic. It was a one-story building of two very small rooms, with an outside chimney at one end in the manner of Southern cottages. In one room the family lived in day-time, cooking at the big fireplace, and eating at a pine table. In the other room they slept.

It was almost as humble in appearance as the house in which Abraham Lincoln first saw the light. The village was called Point Pleasant, and it was indeed a beautiful place. Below the door the Ohio River curved away into blue distance, and behind it rose hills covered with tall woods of oak and walnut and ash. At that time the river was the great highway, and over its steel-bright surface the stern-wheel steamers "Daniel Boone" and "Simon Kenton" plied amid many flat-boats, like immense swans surrounded by awkward water-bugs.

At this time Point Pleasant had hopes of being a metropolis. It was deceived. It is to-day a very small village, at whose wharf only an occasional steamer condescends to stop. In 1820 it contained among other industries a tannery, and the foreman of this tannery, an ambitious, stalwart young fellow, called Jesse Grant, had been in business for himself some years before at Ravenna, and was looking for a chance to begin again. Sickness had broken up his industry and had swept away his savings—savings which represented the most unremitting toil and the most rigorous self-

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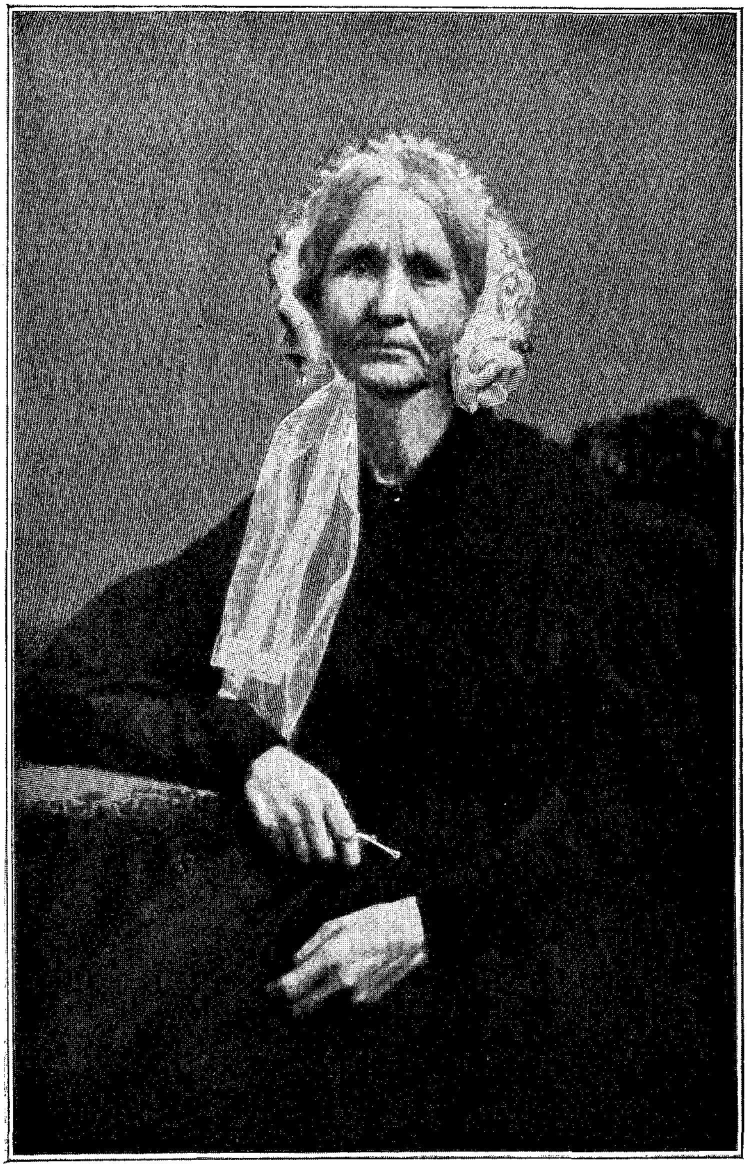
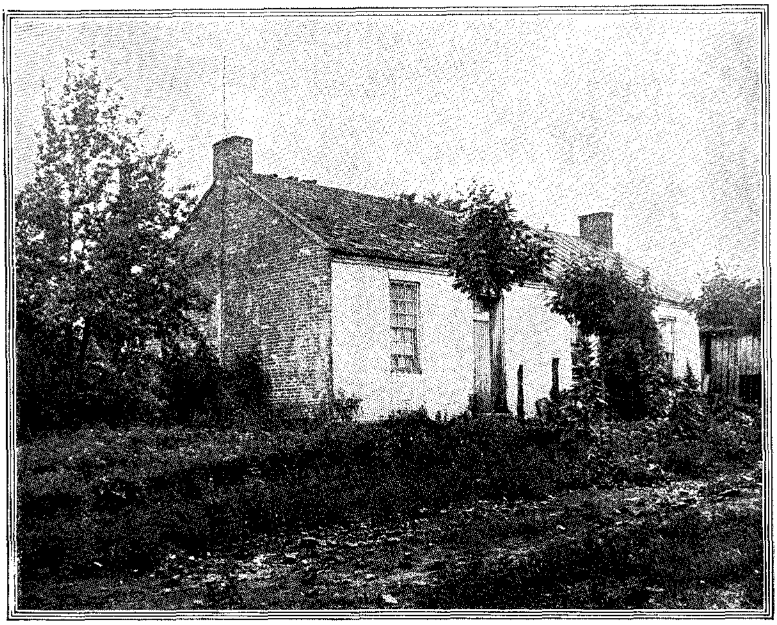
* In writing this article upon the early life of Grant, I have gathered my material so far as possible by personal interviews with men and women who knew him. I have referred to "The Personal Memoirs of U. S. Grant" and to Richardson's "Personal Life of U. S. Grant" for confirmation and for the sequence of events. I am indebted to Mr. Chambers Baird of Ripley, for assistance in collecting notes concerning Grant's school-days in Ripley and Maysville. I have also quoted from a series of letters written to the "New York Ledger" in 1868 by Jesse Grant.



HANNAH SIMPSON GRANT, MOTHER OF GENERAL GRANT.

From an original photograph owned by Helen M. Burke, La Crosse, Wisconsin.



THE HOUSE IN WHICH GRANT WENT TO SCHOOL AT GEORGETOWN, OHIO.

The school which Grant attended was taught by John D. White, and among Grant's schoolmates were August V. Kautz, afterwards General Kautz; Daniel Ammen, afterwards Admiral Ammen; Chilton A. White, since prominent in politics; and Carr B. White, afterwards General White.

denial—but he was once more accumulating money, and was nearly ready for a second venture.

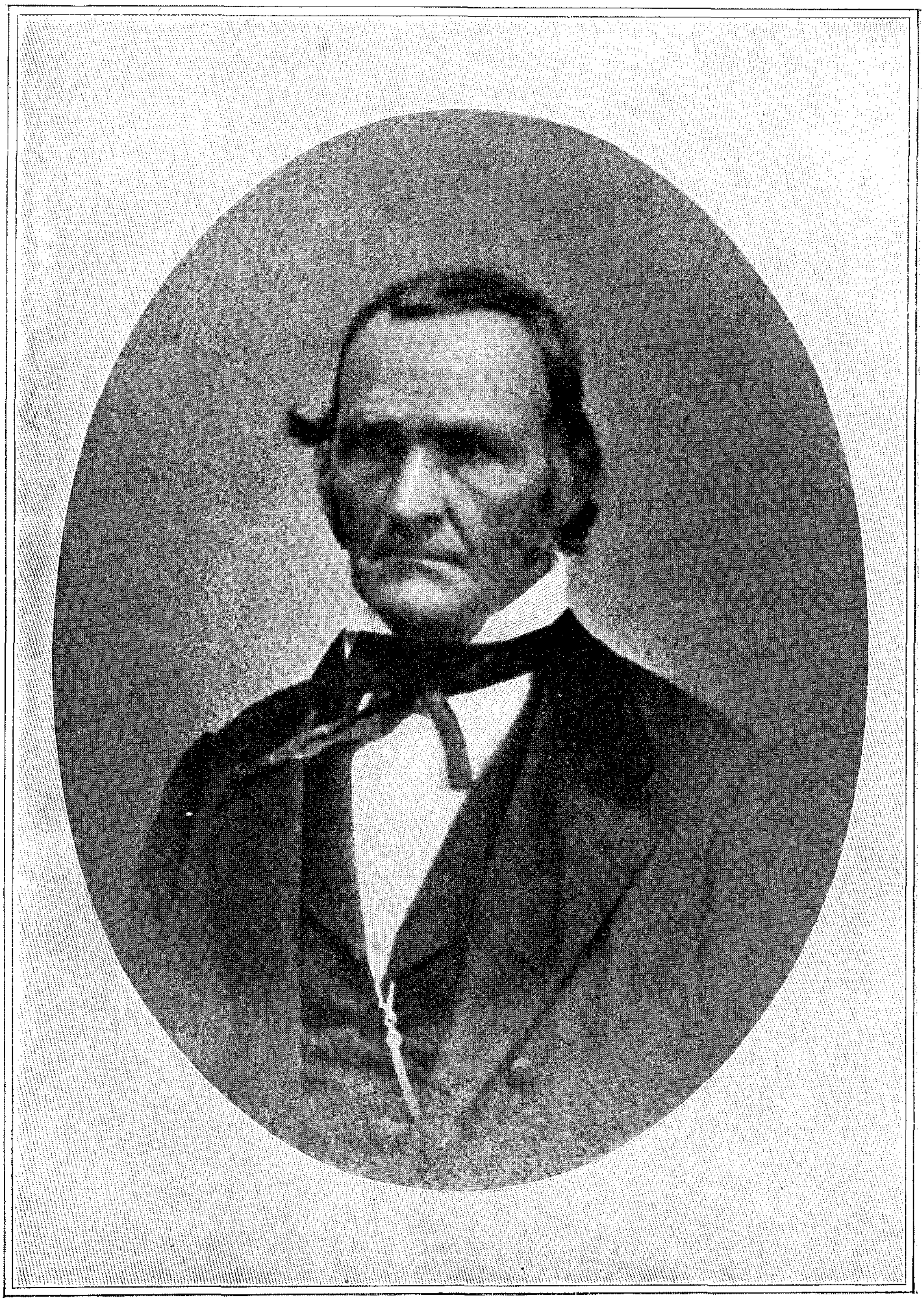
He married, in 1821, a slender, self-contained young girl, named Hannah Simpson—a girl of most excellent quality, handsome, but not vain, and of great steadiness of purpose. In 1822 his first son was born, and in 1823 Jesse Grant decided upon Georgetown as the best point to set up a tannery of his own. His keen perception of the commercial changes going on decided this movement. Georgetown was the county-seat of the new County of Brown, and had the further advantage of being situated in a wilderness of tan-bark. Moreover, it was growing, while Point Pleasant was being overshadowed by Ripley. Georgetown thus became the boyhood home of Ulysses Grant.

The Grant family made a powerful impression upon the citizens of Georgetown at once. Jesse Grant was a strong man physically and mentally—though possessed of many idiosyncrasies. He was nearly six feet in height, and alive to his finger tips. His head was large, and his face largely modelled, but his eyes were weak and near-sighted. He looked the transplanted New Englander he was, square of jaw, firm of lip.

He came of a strong family of most admirable record. His father and grandfather had been soldiers in the Colonial and Revolutionary wars respectively, his grandfather attaining the rank of captain. His father was a lieutenant of militia at Lexington, and fought through the entire Revolutionary War. The Grants had been Connecticut Yankees for several generations, and Jesse brought the vigor, hardihood, and shrewd economy of his forebears to the less thrifty Ohio border. He took a prominent position in the village at once. He loved to talk, to make speeches, and to argue. He held advanced ideas, and he wrote rhymes. He had the gentle art of making enemies as well as friends. He was pronouncedly of the North, his neighbors were mainly of the South.

Hannah Simpson, the gentle wife, had no discoverable enemies. She was almost universally beloved as a Christian woman and faithful wife and mother. It took longer to know her, for she was the most reticent of persons. "Ulysses got his reticence, his patience, his equable temper from his mother," is the verdict of those who knew both father and mother. Others go further and say: "He got his *sense* from his mother."

In truth the Simpsons were a fine old family. They were quite as martial as the Grants, were as closely identified with the early history of America, and were possessed



JESSE ROOT GRANT, FATHER OF GENERAL GRANT. AGE, 69 YEARS.

From an original photograph owned by Helen M. Burke of La Crosse, Wisconsin.

apparently of greater self-control. Hannah Simpson was the daughter of John Simpson, a man with the restless heart of a pioneer, who had left his ancestral home in Pennsylvania, near Philadelphia, and had settled in Clermont County, Ohio, a few years before. He had built a brick house and opened a large farm, and his position was most honorable in his town of Bantam. Hannah Simpson, his daughter, seems to have gathered up and carried forward to her son Ulysses the best qualities of her people. That she was a remarkable woman, all her neighbors bear testimony. She never complained of any hardship or toil or disappointment. She seldom laughed, and her son Ulysses once said, "I never saw her shed a tear in my life." She was as proud of her family history as her husband was of his, but she said nothing about it. She never argued, never boasted, and never gossiped of her neighbors. Her husband bore testimony to her high character in words well chosen: "Her steadiness, strength of character have been the stay of the family through life." Her old neighbors call her "a noble woman."

In 1823, as now, Georgetown was inhabited by native families; that is to say, by families at least two removes from the old world, as a roster of the names will show. Many were from Kentucky and Virginia, and the town partook almost equally of South and North in respect of customs, speech, and political prejudices—possibly at that time the South predominated. The town was laid out around the court-house square in Southern fashion. It was a town hewn out of a mighty forest of trees. To this day the fringes and fragments of wood, and especially the stumps, testify of the giants of other days. The soil was fat and productive, as the settler could well perceive by measuring the giant oaks which had risen out of it; and he set himself to work like some valorous but inconsiderate and inconsiderable insect to gnaw down the forest and let in the sunlight upon his corn and potatoes.

The life which the boy Ulysses touched was therefore primitive, unrefined, elemental. The village was almost as rude as the farms—a mere cluster of cabins. The houses were small, unadorned, and overcrowded with children. The women cooked at the open fireplaces with pots and cranes, with "reflectors" and "dutch-ovens" as luxuries. The ceilings were very low, the walls bare, the furniture rude and scanty. The interiors were without a single touch of refining grace save when at night the fireplace threw a golden glory over the rough plaster and filled the corners of the room with mystery of shadow play.

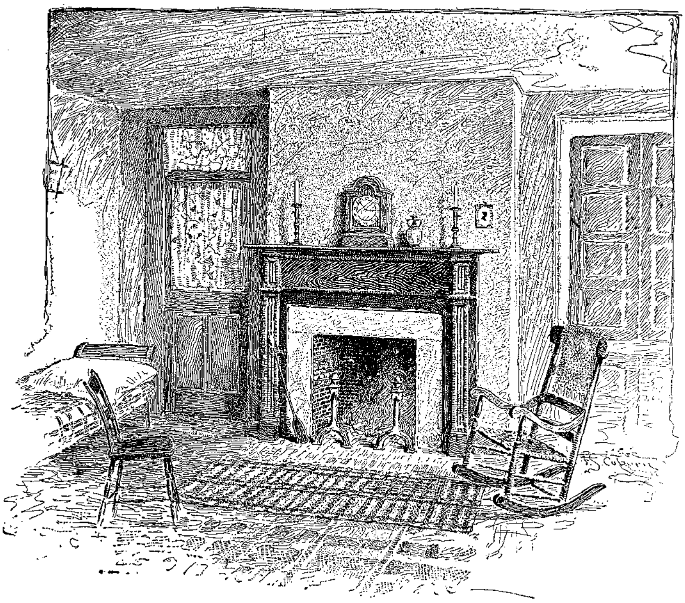
The women spun and wove and dyed their own garments. The men wore jeans and hickory, while "store-clothes" were a mark of great extravagance or gentility. Doctors and judges and clergymen were sometimes seen apparelled in the magnificence of "boughten clothes" on feast-days and Sundays.

Newspapers were few and came irregularly and were very dull; but they were read with minute care. Life was timed to the slow pulsing to and fro of the clumsy stage and to the stately languor of the stern-wheel steamers whose booming roar sounded clamorously in the night from the river mist ten miles away. The fact that Georgetown was an inland town and that it was a farming community kept it comparatively free from broil and bloodshed, rude though it was. It had also repose and a certain security of life which was a compensation for its remoteness.

Ripley, down on the Ohio River ten miles away, was the principal market, and was considered entitled to regular stops on the part of the steamers that swung to with elaborate and disdainful courtesy in answer to signals from the lesser towns. From Ripley or Higginsport, Georgetown was reached by stage over hill and through deep wood. Ulysses Grant lived for sixteen years in this locality, and upon his boy mind was impressed the faces, the speech, the manners, and the daily habits of these people. He loved the town with the love men have for the things thus clothed upon with childish wonder, which never lose their halo, but remain forever sweet and marvellous.

They were a plain people of unæsthetic temperament, sturdy of arm and resolute of heart, as befitted woodsmen. Nonsense, they could not abide; and they were quick to perceive Jesse Grant's "foolish pride" in his first-born son. They were amused at his name "Ulysses," which they soon parodied into "Useless." "How did you come to saddle such a name on the poor child?" some of them asked.

The story was curious. As related by the father afterward, it appeared that the common difficulty of choosing a name for the babe arose. Multitudes of suggestions only confused the young parents the more, until at last it was proposed to cast the names into a hat. This was done. A romantic aunt suggested Theodore. The mother favored Albert, in honor of Albert Gallatin. Grandfather Simpson voted for Hiram, because he considered it a handsome



SITTING-ROOM IN THE GRANT HOMESTEAD AT GEORGETOWN, OHIO.

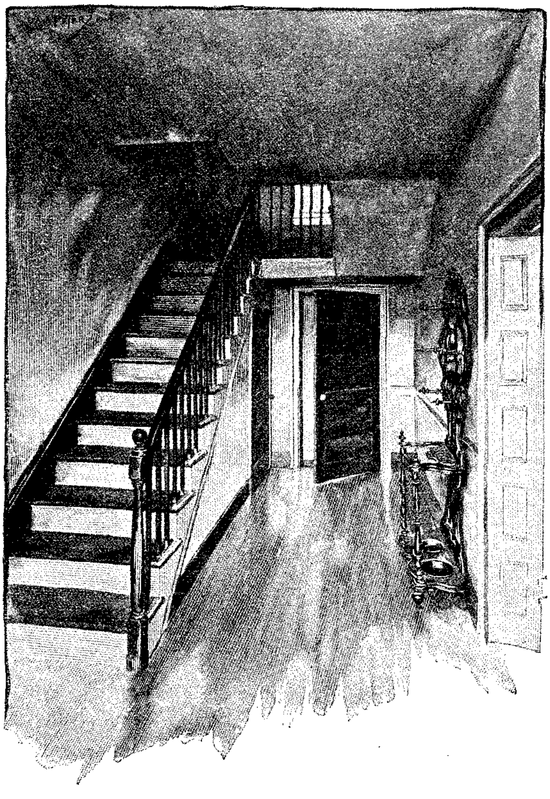
From a photograph taken especially for McClure's Magazine, and now first published.

name. The drawing resulted in two names, Hiram and Ulysses.

"Ulysses," it is said, was cast into the hat by Grandmother Simpson, who had been reading a translation of Fénelon's "Telemachus," and had been much impressed by the description of Ulysses given by Mentor to Telemachus. "He was gentle of speech, beneficent of mind." "The most patient of men." "He is the friend of truth. . . . He says nothing that is false, but when it is necessary he concedes what is true. His wisdom is a seal upon his lips, which is never broken save for an important purpose." The boy was named Hiram Ulysses Grant, but the father always called him Ulysses and never Hiram. "My Ulysses" was a common expression of his, and the rude jesters of the village mocked his utterance of it.

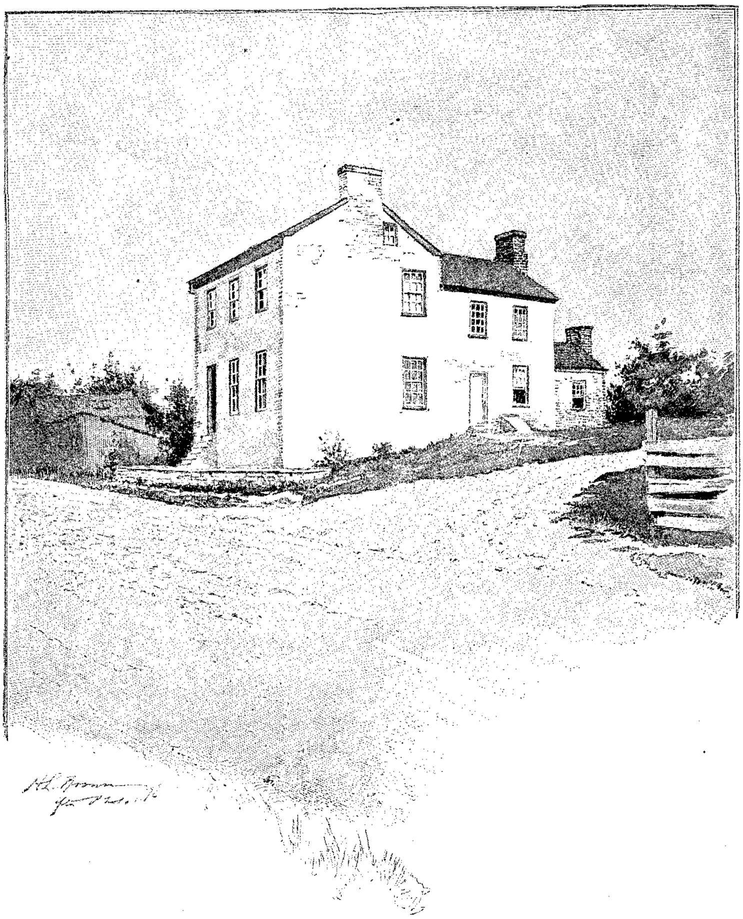
Other children came to the Grants—Simpson (three years younger), Clara, Virginia, Orvil (nearly thirteen years younger), and Mary, the youngest of them all; but Ulysses remained the father's pride, and upon him he builded all his hopes.

Ulysses developed early into a self-reliant child, active and healthy. He came at the age of seven to share in the work about the house and yard. He began to pick up chips and to carry in the wood for the big fireplaces, quite like the son of a farmer; indeed his earliest traits were neither military nor bookish. He was called "Lys," or in the soft drawl of the South, "Lyssus"; his playmates had not yet begun to find it worth while to tease him about his name. He had a wonderful love for horses, and as soon as he could toddle he delighted to go out across the yard, where at the hitching-poles, before the finishing-room of the tannery, several teams were almost always to be found on pleasant days. He crawled about between the legs of the dozing horses, and swung by their tails in perfect content, till some



STAIRWAY IN THE GRANT HOMESTEAD AT GEORGETOWN, OHIO.

From a photograph taken especially for McClure's Magazine, and now first published.



THE GRANT HOMESTEAD AT GEORGETOWN, OHIO, WHERE ULYSSES S. GRANT LIVED AS A BOY FOR NEARLY FIFTEEN YEARS. IT IS STILL STANDING.

timid mother near by rushed to Mrs. Grant with excited outcry: "Mrs. Grant, *do* you know where your boy is? He's out there swinging on the tails of Loudon's horses."

But Mrs. Grant never seemed to worry about Ulysses in the least. She was not of those mothers whose maternal love casts a correspondingly deep shadow of agonizing fear. "When Ulysses was sick she gave him a dose of castor oil, put him to bed, and went calmly about her work, trusting in the Lord and the boy's constitution," as one neighbor expressed it.

Mrs. Grant saw that Ulysses understood horses, and that they understood him; so she interfered very little in his play with the teams across the way. She was too busy to have an eye to his restless activity. She was the wife of a pioneer, with all the harassment and toil and disappointment of such a lot; but she never wept, and never lost her balance—and this wonderful gift of self-mastery she gave her eldest son.

At eight years of age he began to drive a team and to break bark into the hopper of the bark-mill.* The bark-mill, it may be explained, was precisely like a big coffee-mill put in action by a horse attached to a crooked sweep. Into a big iron hopper it was the boy's duty to break the long slabs of bark with a mallet. The strips as they came from the woods were several feet in length, and in order to reach the grinding machinery they needed to be broken into pieces four or five inches long. This was wearisome business, especially when the paw-paws were ripe and the hawk was indolently floating on the western wind. The mill stood under a shed where there was nothing to see; and, besides, the boy doing the work was obliged to keep his head out of the way of the sweep and to see that the horse kept a steady gait. "If you stopped to think how many strips were ahead of you, it was appalling."

Breaking bark did not please Ulysses so well as driving the team which hauled the bark from the woods, and he escaped it in every way possible. His father states:* "When I said to him, we shall have to go to grinding bark, he would get right up without saying a word and start straight for the village, and get a load to haul or passengers to carry, or something or other to do, and hire a boy to come and grind the bark." He was sometimes able to persuade the girls to help him by exalting the privilege, in the way of Tom Sawyer, and by earnestly detailing the need there was

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* W. T. Galbreath, of Ripley, who worked for Jesse Grant when Ulysses was a child of eight, says: "Ulysses used to get up early in order to get his breakfast and ride the horse down to the tannery, where I was grinding bark. There he'd get off and sit and whittle and talk—waiting for the return ride at noon."

* Jesse Grant's letters to the "New York Ledger."

DR. ROGERS.

J. D. WHITE.

JACOB W. RAND.

W. W. RICHESON.

DANIEL AMMEN.

JUDGE MARSHALL.

HON. C. A. WHITE.

DR. ROGERS was the Grant family physician at Point Pleasant, Ohio.

JOHN D. WHITE was the teacher to whom Grant owed most of his early instruction. He kept a subscription school in Georgetown between 1828 and 1839. He was the father of Carr B. White and Chilton A. White, who were among Grant's earliest playmates.

JACOB W. RAND and W. W. RICHESON kept the special school at Maysville, Ky., which Grant attended during the winter of 1836–37.

DANIEL AMMEN, whose distinguished service in the navy through the war raised him to the rank of rear-admiral, was born and reared in or near Georgetown, and was Grant's schoolmate and life-long friend.

JUDGE JAMES A. MARSHALL, a cousin of Grant, still lives in Georgetown, where he is a highly respected lawyer. He is a man of careful speech, and his estimate of the Grant family is of great value.

CHILTON A. WHITE is still living in Georgetown, and we are indebted to him for valuable reminiscences of Grant. He has been a prominent citizen of Southern Ohio for many years, having served as a State Senator and member of Congress.

of his riding on the sweep behind the horse. This was great generalship, and across the space of half a century his old-time playmates still remember his roguish triumph. He was always on hand also when the wheat was being threshed, for he got a chance to ride a horse then.

All around him during those years the mighty battle with the forest went on. Axes rang incessantly, trees crashed and fell, columns of smoke rose to the sky at mid-day, and splendid fires glowed at night. It was like the attack of brownies on a chained and helpless army of giants. The steam sawmill had not yet added its devouring teeth to the destruction of the trees—it was mainly hand work. Ulysses took active part in this devastation. He helped strip the bark from the oaks, and set fire to the stumps and the heaps of branches. He drove team when the bark was carried to the mill, and he lent a hand to roll the useless logs into piles to be burned. There was something splendid in this work, while the tannery grew more and more repulsive to him, and secretly he made up his mind never to be a tanner. He would grind bark in the yard, if need were, but to scrape hides or even handle them was out of the question. He never came nearer to being a tanner than this.

About a mile to the west of the village square a little stream called White Oak Creek runs through a deep, wide *coulée* or valley. In those days the stream was a strong, swift current, and there were mills for grinding corn and wheat located along its banks, and the farmers came in caravans from the clearings far to the north with grain to be ground, and at night they camped like an army corps in the splendid open forest of the bottom-lands. It was a beautiful experience to see these camp-fires gleaming all over the lowlands; to hear the mules and horses call for supper; to see the smoke curling up, and to hear the hearty talk and laughter of the men. This was a favorite playing-ground for the boys, and Ulysses longed to join these caravans.

The creek was full of fish at that time. There were swimming-holes which became skating-ponds in due season, and all good things to eat grew on these bottom-lands. Then, too, the teams filed past on their way to Higginsport with flour to load on the flat-boats bound for New Orleans. It all had mystery and allurement in it, and one of the strongest passions Ulysses Grant felt at this time was the wish to travel, to go down the Ohio River and see where the water went to; to go up the river and find out where the flat-boats came from. He said little of this longing, for he was trained to hide his emotions.

II.

Ten years of careful management made Jesse Grant one of the well-to-do citizens of the town. He had a comfortable brick house, he wore gold-bowed glasses, and he possessed a carriage, which was not a common thing in those days. He owned also a draying outfit, which Ulysses began to use when a mere child. "At eight and a half years he had become a regular teamster," his father states, "and used to work my team all day, day after day, hauling wood. At about ten years of age he used to drive a pair of horses, all alone, from Georgetown, where we lived, to Cincinnati, forty miles away, and bring home a load of passengers"

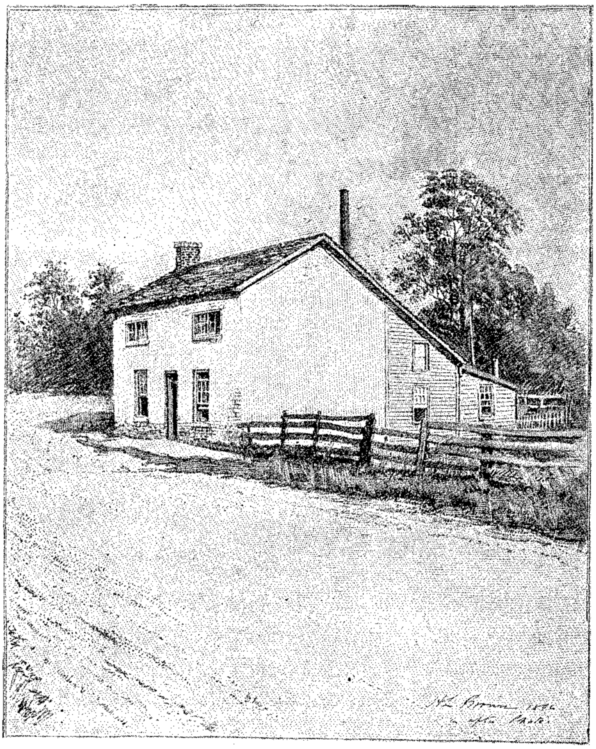
His father did not insist on his working about the bark-mill, provided he obtained a substitute, and readily enough entrusted the team to him, and was quite willing that he should have a horse of his own. Indeed, he allowed him to manage the horses and a considerable part of the farming. Chilton White remembers that he was always busy with a team. "He was a stout, rugged boy, with a good deal of sleight in his work with a team. He liked horses, and kept his span fat and slick."

It was not uncommon even at that day for fathers to believe in the extraordinary endowments of their first-born sons, but Jesse Grant seems to have made public proclamation of Ulysses's unusual capabilities. His praise of his son grew wearisome to other fathers. His faith received strong confirmation, to his thinking, from the words of a travelling phrenologist. Of this famous incident there are two versions. The father's story runs thus:

> "When Ulysses was about twelve years old, the first phrenologist who ever made his appearance in that part of the country, came to our neighborhood. . . . One Dr. Buckner, . . . in order to test the accuracy of the phrenologist, asked him if he would be blindfolded and examine a head. . . . The phrenologist replied that he would. So they blindfolded him, and then brought Ulysses forward to have his head examined.
>
> He felt it all over for some time, saying to himself, "It is no very common head! It is an extraordinary head!" At length Dr. Buckner broke in with the inquiry whether the boy would be likely to distinguish himself in mathematics.
>
> "Yes," said the phrenologist. "*In mathematics or anything else. It would not be strange if we should see him President of the United States.*"

The village version of the incident is quite different. With all his shrewdness and energy, the neighbors say, there was a strain of singular guilelessness in Jesse Grant. He was credulous and simple—in the old meaning of the word simple.

According to their report, Doctor Buck-



BUILDING USED BY JESSE R. GRANT AS THE FINISHING-HOUSE OF HIS TANNERY AT GEORGETOWN, OHIO. IT STILL STANDS, OPPOSITE THE OLD GRANT HOMESTEAD.

ner was only putting up a practical joke on his neighbor Grant. As the timid and blushing Ulysses was pushed forward to the platform the crowd began to titter, and the quick-witted lecturer seized upon the situation. It was to him another numbskull son of a doting father. As he muttered to himself the crowd roared and stamped with delight. He spoke over this boy's head the same word of prophecy he had used in a hundred similar cases. It was a perfectly successful joke. The father believed the cheering was in honor of his son. Thereafter he not only insisted that Ulysses was to be a great man, but also President of the United States. His faith, moreover, expressed itself in deeds—he sent Ulysses to school. Ridicule made no difference with him ; he stuck to his faith unshakably, and men are living to-day who laughed at him then for his "vain foolishness."

With all this Jesse Grant was known to be a sober man, and an honorable man, and Mrs. Grant was considered a fortunate woman by her neighbors, in that her husband was "such a good provider." The Grant house was considered one of the best furnished in the neighborhood. Mrs. Grant was almost as proud of her family as her husband, but she never expressed her feelings either of pain or pleasure. She acquiesced in the plans to make Ulysses a great man, and through her efforts he was always nicely dressed and ready for school. How much further her love went she gave little sign.

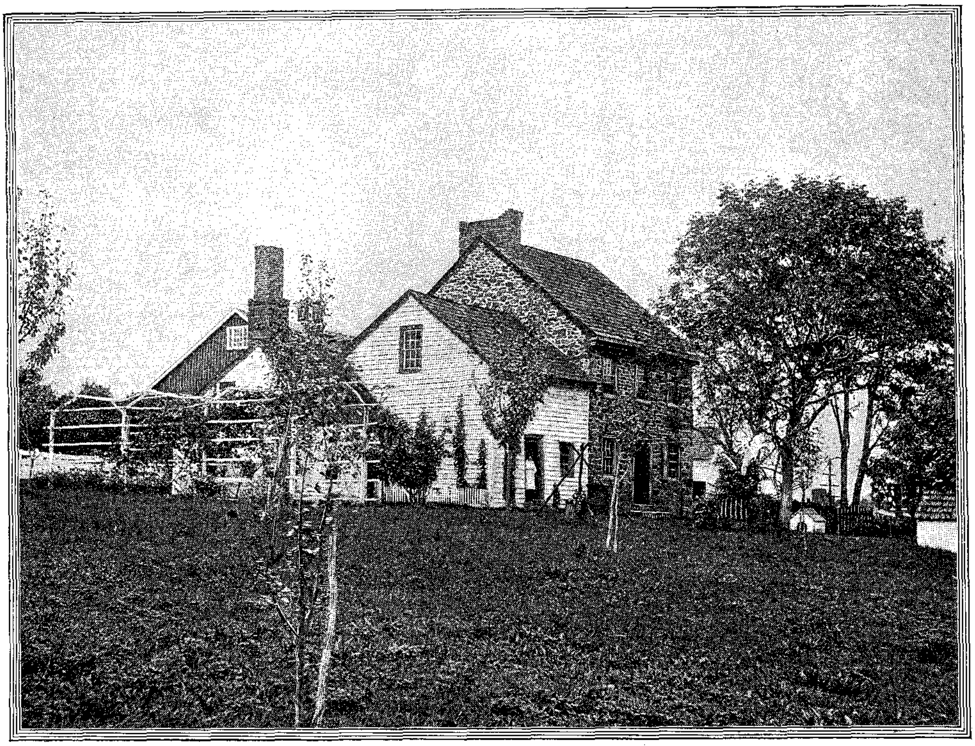
The feeling against Jesse Grant developed rancor on the part of many of the village boys toward Ulysses, and he suffered thereby not a little. According to the tales of old residents, the boys "were always laying for him," and he was called upon to suffer positive abuse. An old citizen of Georgetown, Ohio, relates the following incident :

"A favorite game with the boys of John D. White's subscription school, at Georgetown, was mumble-the-peg. Grant couldn't play the game very skilfully, and the peg always got a few clandestine licks every time he was to pull it. On one occasion it was driven in so deep that the boys thought Lys could never get it out. He set to work with his forehead down in the dirt, the sun beating hot upon him, and the crowd of boys and girls shutting out every breath of fresh air. The peg would not move. The red-faced, shock-headed, thick-set boy, with his face now all over mud, had forgotten his comrades and saw only one thing in the world, that was this stubborn peg. The bell rang, but the boy did not hear it. A minute later, after a final effort, he staggered to his feet with the peg in his mouth. The old schoolmaster was in the door of the schoolhouse, with his long beech switch—the only person to be seen. There was glee inside at this new development—here was fun the boys had not counted on. Imagine their surprise when, as the boy came closer, and the stern old schoolmaster saw his face, he set down the switch inside the door and came outside. One boy slipped to the window, and reported to the rest. The old man was pouring water on Lys Grant's hands and having him wash his face. He gave him his red bandanna to wipe it dry. What the school saw a minute later was the schoolmaster coming in patting this very red and embarrassed boy on the head."

And stories are still current in Georgetown also which are calculated to make him out a stupid lad. Of such is the famous horse-trade story, wherein Ulysses is said to have raised his own

AN OLD STREET IN GEORGETOWN, OHIO, AT THE PRESENT DAY.

From a photograph taken especially for McClure's Magazine, and now first published.



EARLY HOME OF GENERAL GRANT'S MOTHER, IN MONTGOMERY COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA.

The wooden part of this house, with a farm of 164 acres, was purchased by John Simpson, General Grant's great-grandfather, in 1763. It was then a bare structure of logs, the clap-board coating not being added until later. The stone part was built by John Simpson about 1765. In 1804, at John Simpson's death, his son, John Simpson, General Grant's grandfather, bought the property. General Grant's mother, Hannah Simpson, was at this time five or six years old, having been born November 23, 1798, at Whitemarsh, Pennsylvania. The picture shows the house as it stands to-day. It is from a photograph owned by Helen M. Burke of La Crosse, Wisconsin, a granddaughter of the second John Simpson and a cousin of General Grant.

bid two points without waiting for answer on the part of the seller. As the boy was only eight, and eager for the colt, it doesn't seem to be conclusive proof of stupidity.*

In spite of these stories it appears that the boys who knew him best had a high regard for him. He had a way of doing things which commanded respect. He had travelled a great deal. He had been to Cincinnati, to Maysville, to Louisville (to transact business for his father), and he had a team to drive just as if it were his own. These things entitled him to a certain degree of consideration on the part of his comrades.

"There were, in fact, two sets of boys in the town; one very rough, and one very quiet set—that is to say, well-meaning—for while they were full of fun and noise, they were good, clean boys; they did not use liquor or tobacco, and it was to this company that Ulysses belonged. It was his habit to associate with boys older than himself, and this, with his staid demeanor, made him seem older than his years. At this time Ulysses was a plump, short, ruddy, staid, manly boy, never given to pranks. He never backed out of anything, and avoided any prominence; what he had to do he did well and promptly."

He seldom did anything which could even be called thoughtless. "He was the soul of honor," another playmate bears witness. At ten years of age he had become a remarkable teamster. He amazed his companions by his ability to manage and train horses.*

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* "In the matter of Grant's famous horse trade with Mr. Ralston, the version most current shows great acuteness on the part of the boy, in that, after telling Mr. R. all that his father had told him about how to go about the trade, he bought the horse for the minimum price of forty dollars. The version that Grant himself repeats in his 'Memoirs' is that one which says, that the boy by his stupidity in telling just how much he would pay had to pay fifty dollars, when really the farmer's price was only forty dollars.

"Nelson Waterman, who says he was working in a field near Ralston's when the boy came down to make the trade, says that there really was no trade. When the boy told all that his father had said to him—that if he could not buy the colt for forty dollars, pay forty-five dollars; if he couldn't buy it for forty-five dollars, pay fifty dollars—Ralston was disgusted with the boy's lack of business ability, and would not make any sale to him; sent him home, in fact, to his father without the colt, and with some good fatherly advice.

"This accords with the current stories of Grant's early stupidity."—HENRY J. HANNAH, *in a letter to the writer.*

He was a successful farmer, and liked it very much; in fact, his life was nearer that of a farmer's boy than a tanner's son. His father once wrote of him, "He would rather do anything else under the sun than work in the tannery." Uncle Thomas Jennings, an old neighbor, recalls the boy's thrift—"While the other boys were at play, he was earning a quarter." All reliable testimony points to his being a very busy and practical boy. He always had pocket money, earned by teaming. He worked willingly and steadily at hauling, breaking bark, and plowing. "His father owned fifty acres of wood-land with some tillable land upon it, and Ulysses had much to do with farming that land," raising fodder for the cows and horses, and vegetables for the house.

When he was not at work about the tannery or farm, he was conveying travellers to Ripley, to Maysville, to Higginsport, to West Union, or to Cincinnati. In this way he earned enough money to buy a horse of his own. Once when he was about thirteen years of age, he took a couple of lawyers across country to Toledo. The neighbors were astonished to think Uncle Jesse would trust his boy to make such a long trip.

"Aren't you afraid he'll get into trouble on the way?"

"Oh, no," replied the proud sire; "he'll take care of himself."

To understand to the full the resolution and good judgment required on this trip of several hundred miles, it must be remembered that in 1835 there were few pikes or bridges, and the streams were much deeper to ford than now. Jesse often sent his son to make collections or to transact important business. The boy certainly did not lack for employment, and yet in the midst of teaming, grinding bark, and going to school, he found time to have a little fun.

It was a good boy's country. It produced not merely great trees, and corn and wheat, it produced paw-paws, and grapes, and May-apples, and blackberries, and hickory nuts, and beech-nuts, and all kinds of forage for boys. These things in due season they plucked and hoarded in the alert seriousness of squirrels or young savages. Ulysses was often of these parties, and in winter many pleasant evenings were spent before the hearth cracking nuts in company with the White or Marshall boys. He could swim well, but was a poor fisherman. He could play ball fairly well, and could ride standing on one foot upon the back of a galloping horse. In winter time he was a daring and much-admired coaster down the steep street which fell away sharply from the square and ran past the tan-yard and the Grant homestead. It is a fine country to coast in, with many long curving slopes of road running under magnificent trees and past clumps of brush and over bridges.

He was a great favorite with the girls, though he was not a demonstrative lover. He was kind and considerate of them; never rude and boisterous, and never derisive. "He was one of the few boys who had a team and sleigh at their disposal, and he took the girls a-sleighing," sitting silently in the midst of their shrieking and chatter. He never teased children younger than himself, and he never tortured animals. So runs the testimony of the women who knew him as a boy. He had the effect always of being a good listener, and was counted good company, though never an entertainer. "He was more like a grown person than a lad."

He was at fifteen a good-looking boy, with a large head, strong straight nose, quiet gray-blue eyes, and flexible lips. He was short and sturdy, with fine hands and feet. "He was not a brilliant boy, but he was a good boy," "a refined boy," "the soul of honor." "He never swore or used vulgar words, and he was notably considerate and unselfish." There is little record of his fighting, though he was not given to running away.

Of his education in Georgetown little can be said. He had been schooled of nature and by work and play; but up to his fourteenth year he had attended only the winter session of John D. White's subscription school, which "took up" in a long, low brick building standing on a knoll to the south of the town. Schools in country towns of that day were not taken very seriously by most of the citizens. To be able to read and write and cipher was considered very fair attainment. There were those, it is true, who wished their sons and daughters to study "Lindley Murray" and higher mathematics, but such ambitions were considered of questionable virtue. Ulysses was a quiet boy at school. "He never whispered or spoke in a low voice as if afraid to be heard," his old classmate A. H. Markland once said.

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*There was something mysterious in his power to communicate to a horse his wishes. He could train a horse to trot, rack, or pace apparently at will. When he was about eleven years of age he made a reputation among the boys by riding the trick pony of a circus which came in trailing clouds of glorified dust one summer day, like a scene from the "Arabian Nights."

"It was a small animal show and circus," said Judge Marshall, "and one part of the entertainment was to turn a kangaroo loose in the ring and ask some lively-footed boy to catch it. I considered myself a pretty good runner in those days, and I tried to catch the kangaroo, to the vast amusement of the people looking on. Ulysses, however, was a plump boy and not a good runner. He made no attempt at the kangaroo, but was deeply interested in the trick pony, which had been trained to throw off any boy who attempted to ride him. He was a very fat bay pony with no mane, and nothing at all to hang to. Ulysses looked on for a while, saw several of the other boys try and fail, and at last said, 'I believe I can ride that pony.' He anticipated the pony's attempts to throw him off, by leaning down and putting his arms around the pony's neck. The pony reared, kicked, and did everything he knew to unhorse Ulysses, but failed; and at last the clown acknowledged the pony's defeat and paid the five dollars which he had promised to the boy who would ride the pony. As Ulysses turned away with the five dollars in his hand, he said to the boys standing round, 'Why, that pony is as slick as an apple.'"

Chilton White recalls that he won high admiration in drawing. "He could draw a horse and put a man on him." He was strong also in mathematics. "Grant was a quiet, studious fellow and a good scholar. I studied algebra with him, and I remember he would never let Carr White or me show him the way to do problems, but always wanted to work them out himself." * A certain wordlessness and lack of dash, together with a peculiar guilelessness, drew upon him the ridicule of the rude. His language was so simple and bare of all slang and profanity that it seemed poor and weak to his comrades. He suffered a certain persecution during all his days in Georgetown.

III.

Jesse Grant was a close reckoner in ordinary dealings, but he was more liberal with his son than most fathers of the village, and the winter that Ulysses was fourteen, he sent him to school in Maysville, a larger town just across the river in Kentucky, fifteen or twenty miles from Georgetown. This was done in the hope that something a little better might be had in way of schooling.

No doubt the boy gladly accepted the opportunity, for Maysville was a city to him, and besides there were the steamboats, the beautiful river, and the wharves with their daily passenger and freight traffic. It was an old town, filled with houses of the old English type, such as Boston and Baltimore have in their older streets. It was a straggling town, extending along the sloping bank between the river and the bluffs behind. It was on slave soil, but it was not without its anti-slavery element even at that day. Jesse Grant, it is said, helped to found the first abolition society in Kentucky in 1823.

It was a finer place for a boy's life than Georgetown. There were boating, swimming, and fishing in summer, and beautiful skating and superb coasting in winter. Of his life in Maysville we know little, but his old teacher and some of his classmates remember him very well, as a very quiet, pleasant boy. W. W. Richeson, his teacher, was a college-bred man of liberal tastes, and his methods as a teacher were peculiar and original. He made a strong and gracious impression on young Grant.

In response to a letter from Mr. W. H. Haldeman, of the Louisville "Courier-Journal," asking for some of his recollections of the school-boy days of General Grant, Professor Richeson had these things to say:

"H. U. Grant entered as a pupil in the Maysville seminary during the winter season of 1836 and 1837. . . . Young Ulysses, during his school days at Maysville Seminary, ranked high in all his classes, and his deportment was exceptionally good. He was a member of the Philomathean Society, to which the juniors of the institution belonged. From the secretary's book I find that 'Mr. Grant submitted the following resolution:

> *Resolved*, That it be considered out of order for any member to speak on the opposite side to which he belongs.'

"In this record you perceive his consistency, even at the early age of fifteen. In February of the same year (1837) the records show that 'Ulysses Grant and E. M. Richeson were appointed to declaim on the ensuing Friday.' * At another meeting I find that 'Mr. Grant submitted the following resolution:

> *Resolved*, That any member who leaves his seat during debate shall be fined not less than six and one-fourth cents.'"

While he attended the Maysville Seminary he boarded with the family of his uncle, Peter Grant, who was largely engaged in the salt trade in connection with Hewit, Phillips, Adams & Co. Peter Grant was accidentally drowned near the mouth of the Kanawha River while descending that stream with his saline flotilla.

We have ourselves examined the book referred to by Professor Richeson, and find it yields a number of interesting glimpses of Grant. Apparently Grant entered the Philomathean Debating Club for the first time at its thirty-third meeting, January 3, 1837. He took a prominent part at once. By a curious coincidence the question for this first evening was, "Resolved, that the Texans were not justifiable in giving Santa Anna his liberty." In the names of the debaters this night there appears on the record H. U. Grant. He was on the affirmative side. He was on the affirmative side at the thirty-fourth meeting, with this question, "Resolved, that females wield greater influence in society than the males." The affirmative side won in this case as well as the other. At the thirty-fifth meeting his name appears on the affirmative of the question (a very vital one at that time), "Resolved, that it would not be just and politic to liberate the slaves at this time." Again he was on the winning side. At the thirty-sixth meeting the name appears "U. Grant" on the affirmative side of the resolution that "Intemperance is a greater evil than war."

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* O. Edwards, Mayor of Georgetown.

* When the roll was called at the next meeting, however, "H. U. Grant" was absent. He was fined.

At the thirty-seventh meeting he was elected, together with his friend A. H. Markland and W. Richeson, as a member of a committee; he also took part in the debate on the question, "Resolved, that Socrates was right in not escaping when the prison doors were opened to him." He took the affirmative, and it was again the successful side. And in all the succeeding meetings down to March 27, 1837, the record shows him to have been active; but after that date his name does not appear. The probabilities are, that he returned home to help put in the crop. There is a fine flavor about this club. It had a Latin motto and debated the weightiest questions the world has ever grappled with. It would seem from its record, that Grant was, as his friend Markland has said, a good debater, but that he would rather pay six-and-a-quarter cents fine than declaim.

However, his was not a nature which showed its hidden powers early, and he returned to Georgetown the next spring, not very much changed in looks or habit. He remained in Georgetown during the ensuing year, sharing the life and amusements of its best young people, attending the village school in the winter.

Of indoor amusements there were few. The better class of people in the village took a sombre view of life. Dancing was prohibited, the fiddle was seldom heard. There were no musical instruments, and little singing save of wailing hymns and droning psalms. Books were almost unknown except volumes of sermons or religious essays. On the bureau of the Grant sitting-room, it is remembered, there stood a little cabinet containing about thirty books. What these were, there is no tradition to tell; presumably they were not poetry or fiction,* though Jesse Grant was naturally a lover of reading. Such books as came his way he read with care. He kept well-informed on subjects of current political discussion, and was always ready for an argumentative set-to. His individual opinions were the result of reading and thought, and that they were an offence to his neighbors made little difference to him. All that he possessed he had worked for; being beholden to no man, he carried himself as a free man among equals.

He attended the Methodist Church, though hardly so devoted in his religious life as his wife. There is no record that either father or mother ever used any strong effort to induce Ulysses to join the church, though they insisted on his recognition of the Sabbath. His home life was pleasant. "I never received a harsh word or suffered an unjust act from my father or mother," he wrote in later life, and it is a good deal to say of any parents.

His sixteenth year he spent at home in Georgetown, beloved by his playmates and happy in his activity with team and plow. His only bugbear was "the beam-room," where the reeking hides were stretched and scraped. It was a repulsive place to a sensitive person, and Ulysses expected to be called soon to take his place there.

One day they were short of hands in the tannery, and Jesse said:

"Ulysses, you'll have to go into the beam-room and help me to-day."

Ulysses reluctantly followed, for thus far he had escaped that work. As he walked beside his father he said:

"Father, this tanning is not the kind of work I like. I'll work at it though," he sturdily added, "if you wish me to, until I am twenty-one; but you may depend upon it I'll never work a day longer at it after that."

Jesse Grant, being a reasonable man, immediately replied:

"My son, I don't want you to work at it *now* if you don't like it and don't mean to stick to it. I want you to work at whatever you like and intend to follow. Now, what do you think you would like?"

"I'd like to be a farmer, or a down-the-river trader, or get an education." He put the education last, in his modest way.

The little farm on which Ulysses had been working in years past was rented out, and down-the-river trading hardly pleased the

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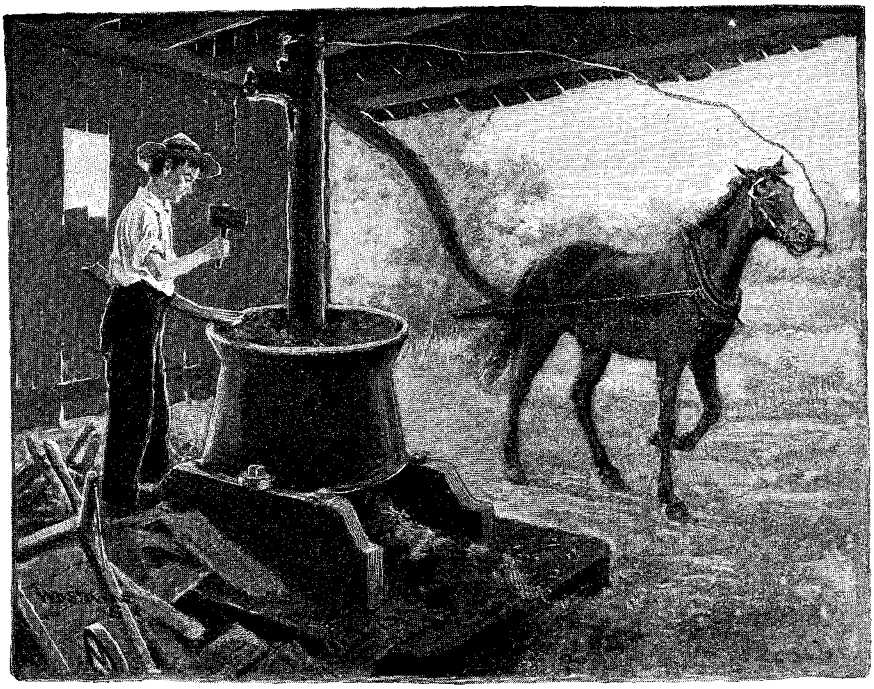
* One of these was probably the famous old Weems' "Life of Washington," for Jesse Grant speaks of Ulysses reading the "Life of Washington" at about seven years of age. The lad was not much of a reader, however. "He cared more for horses than for books," his playmates remember.



THE BARK-MILL.

Grant's special work as a boy in his father's tannery was to feed the bark into the bark-mill and see that the horse that turned the mill kept moving.

father, and times being very close he didn't see how he could send the boy away to school. He thought of West Point, and said :

"How would you like West Point ? You know the education is free there, and the government supports the cadets. How would you like to go there ?"

"First rate," Ulysses promptly replied.*

His life thus far had been such as makes a boy older than his years, but it had not given him much in way of preparation for West Point, and it is probable that he did not really imagine himself a successful candidate for the appointment. He said little about the plan, for he had suffered too keenly already from the ridicule of his playmates, who made a never-ending mock of his father's prophecy of the son's future greatness. There seems no doubt of this, though he never alluded to it.† Undoubtedly this constant derision added to his reticence and apparent dulness.

Some of the good people of Georgetown, Ripley, and Batavia, however, go far in their attempt to show how very ordinary Ulysses Grant was. A boy of thirteen who could drive a team six hundred miles across country and arrive safely; who could load a wagon with heavy logs by his own mechanical ingenuity; who insisted on solving all mathematical problems himself; who never whispered or lied or swore or quarrelled; who could train a horse to pace or trot at will; who stood squarely upon his own knowledge of things without resorting to trick or mere verbal memory—such a boy, at this distance, does not appear "ordinary," stupid, dull, or commonplace. That he was not showy or easily valued was true. His unusualness was in the balance of his character, in his poise, in his native judgment, and in his knowledge of things at first hand.

Even at sixteen years of age he had a superstition that to retreat was fatal. When he set hand to any plan or started upon any journey, he felt the necessity of going to the turn of the lane or to the end of the furrow. He was resolute and unafraid always; a boy to be trusted and counted upon,—sturdy, capable of hard knocks. What he was in speech he was in grain. If he said, "I can do that," he not merely meant that he would try to do it, but also that he had thought his way to the successful end of the undertaking. He was, in fact, an unusually determined and resourceful boy.

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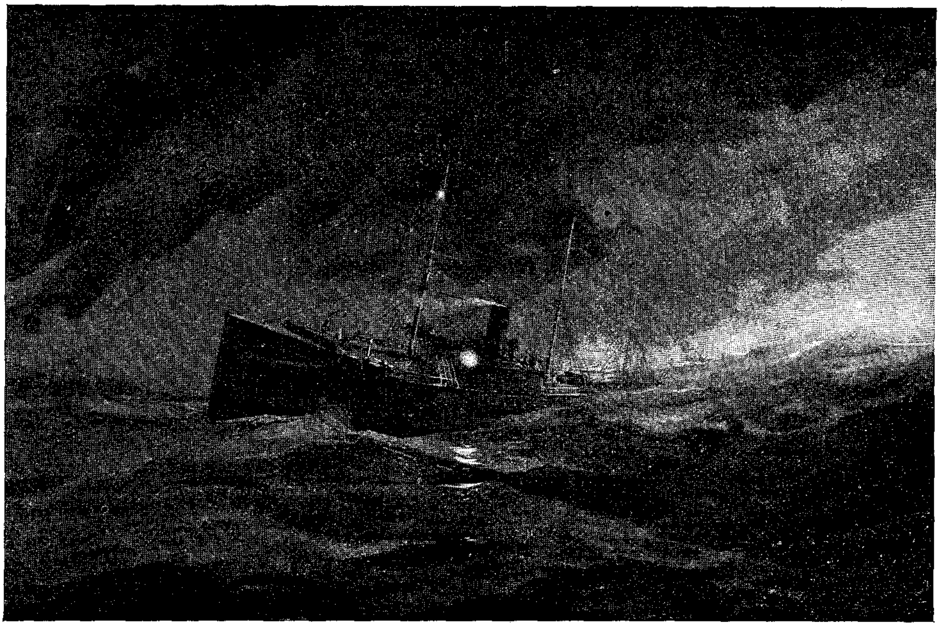
* From a letter written to the "New York Ledger" by Jesse Grant in 1868. This does not agree with the account in the "Memoirs" of U. S. Grant, but it seems a very natural decision on the boy's part.

† This ridicule is alluded to by W. T. Galbreath, Chilton White, Nelson Waterman, O. Edwards, and other citizens of Brown County.



"WE LAY IN SMOTHERIN' CROSS SEAS THAT MADE THE AULD 'KITE' CHATTER FROM STEM TO STERN."

"BREAD UPON THE WATERS."

By Rudyard Kipling,

Author of "Plain Tales from the Hills," "The Jungle Book," etc.

IF you remember my highly improper friend Brugglesmith, you will also bear in mind his friend McPhee, chief engineer of the "Breslau," whose dinghy Brugglesmith tried to steal. His apologies for the performances of Brugglesmith may one day be told in their proper place, but the tale before us concerns McPhee in his sea-going capacities. He was never a racing engineer, and took special pride in saying as much before the Liverpool men; but he had a knowledge of machinery and the humors of ships that he had worked thirty-two years to gain. One side of his face had been wrecked through the bursting of a pressure-gauge in the days when men knew less about pressures than they do now, and his nose rose grandly out of the wreck, like a club in a public riot. There were cuts and lumps on his head, and he would guide your forefinger through his short iron-gray hair and tell you how he had come by his trade-marks. He owned all sorts of certificates of extra competency, and at the bottom of his cabin chest of drawers, where he kept the photograph of his wife, were two or three Royal Humane Society medals for saving lives at sea. Professionally—it was different when crazy steerage-passengers jumped overboard—professionally, McPhee does not approve of saving life at sea, and he has often told me that a new hell is prepared for stokers and trimmers who sign for a strong man's pay and fall sick the second day out. He believes in throwing boots at fourth and fifth engineers when they wake him up at night with word that a bearing is red hot, all because a lamp's glare is reflected red from the twirling metal. He believes that there are only two poets in the world; one being Robert Burns, of course, and the other Gerald Massey. When he has time for novels he reads Wilkie Collins and Charles Reade—chiefly the latter—and he knows whole pages of "Very Hard Cash" by heart.

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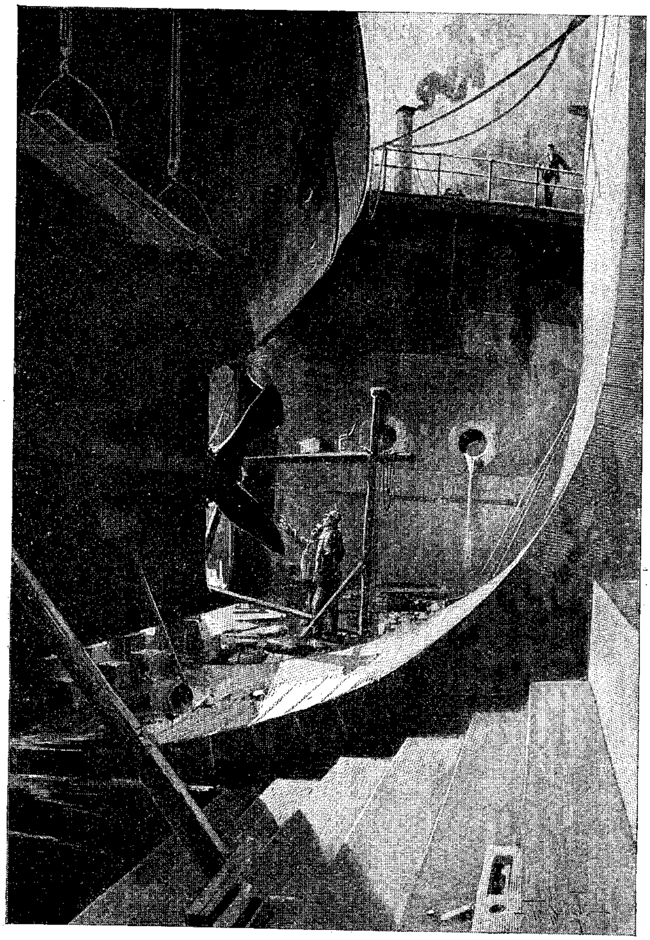
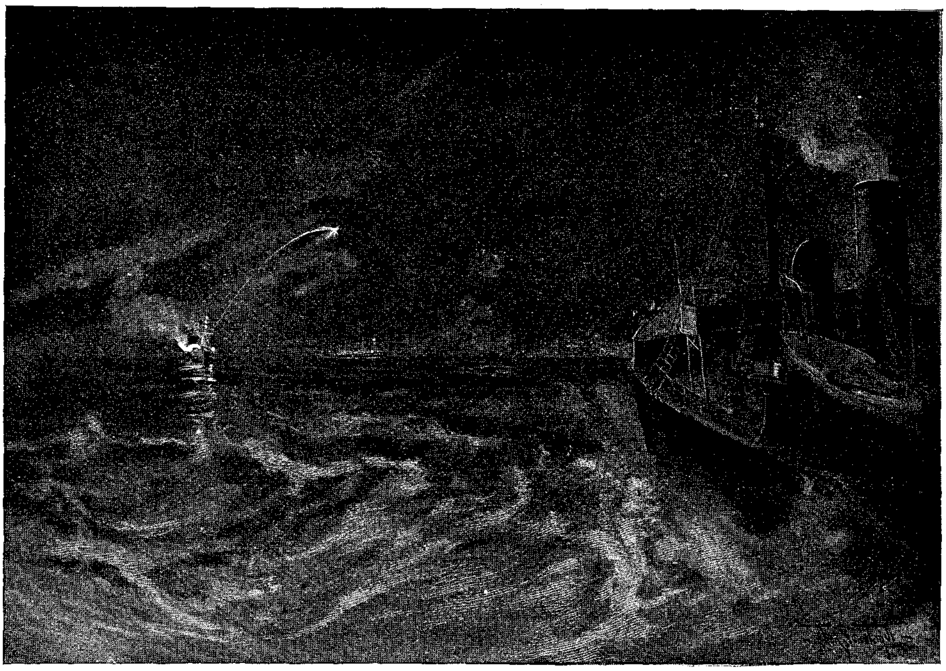
In the saloon his table was next to the captain's, and he drank only water all the while his engines worked.

He was good to me when we first met, because I did not ask him questions and believed in Charles Reade as a most shamefully neglected author. Later, he approved of my writings to the extent of one pamphlet of twenty-four pages that I wrote for Holdock, Steiner, and Chase, owners of the line, when they bought some ventilating patent and fitted it to the cabins of the "Breslau," "Spandau," and "Koltzau." The purser of the "Breslau" recommended me to Holdock's secretary for the job, and Holdock, who is a Wesleyan Methodist, invited me to his house, and gave me dinner with the governess when the others had finished, and placed the plans and specifications in my hand, and I wrote the pamphlet that same afternoon. It was called "Comfort in the Cabin," and brought me seven pound ten cash down—an important sum of money in those days; and the governess, who was teaching Master John Holdock his scales, told me that Mrs. Holdock had told her to keep an eye on me in case I went away with coats from the hat-rack. The Holdocks never approached literature in the right spirit, and Mrs. Holdock wanted to cut out half the poetical quotations in the pamphlet till I made clear to her husband that they were not charged for as original matter. McPhee liked that pamphlet enormously, for it was composed in the Bouverie-Byzantine style, with baroque and rococo embellishments; and afterwards he introduced me to Mrs. McPhee, who succeeded Dinah in my heart, for Dinah was half a world away, and it is wholesome and antiseptic to know such a woman as Janet McPhee. They lived in a little twelve-pound house in the dark and distant East, close to the shipping. When McPhee was away Mrs. McPhee read the shipping news in the daily papers and called on the wives of senior engineers of equal social standing. Once or twice, too, Mrs. Holdock visited Mrs. McPhee in a brougham with celluloid fittings, and I have reason to believe that after she had played owner's wife long enough they talked scandal. The Holdocks lived in an old-fashioned house with a big brick garden not a mile from the McPhees, for they stayed by their money as their money stayed by them; and in summer you met their brougham solemnly junketing by Theydon Bois or Loughton. But I was Mrs. McPhee's friend, and she allowed me to convey her Westward sometimes to theatres, where she sobbed or laughed or shivered with a simple heart; and she introduced me to a new world of doctors' wives, captains' wives, and engineers' wives, whose whole talk and thought centred in and about ships and lines of ships you have never heard of. There were sailing ships, with stewards and mahogany and maple saloons, trading to Australia, taking cargoes of consumptives and hopeless drunkards for whom a



"'WHEN D'YE SHIP A NEW TAIL-SHAFT?' I SAID TO BANNISTER."



"SYNE UP WENT A ROCKET FORWARD, AN' TWA ON THE BRIDGE, AN' A BLUE LIGHT AFT. SYNE A TAR-BARREL FORWARD AGAIN."

sea-voyage was recommended; there were frowsy little West African boats, full of rats and cockroaches, where men died anywhere but in their bunks; there were Brazilian boats, whose cabins could be hired for merchandise, that went out loaded nearly awash; there were Zanzibar and Mauritius steamers, and wonderful reconstructed boats that plied to the other side of Borneo. These were loved and known, for they earned our bread and a little butter; and we despised the big Atlantic boats, and made fun of the P. and O. and Orient liners, and swore by our respective owners—Wesleyan, Baptist, or Presbyterian, as the case might be.

I had been out of England for some months, and had only just come back when Mrs. McPhee invited me to dinner at three o'clock in the afternoon, and the note-paper was almost bridal in its scented creaminess. When I reached the house I saw that there were new curtains in the window that must have cost forty-five shillings a pair; and as Mrs. McPhee drew me into the little marble-papered hall, she looked at me keenly, and cried:

"Have ye not heard? What d'ye think o' the hat-rack?"

Now that hat-rack was oak; thirty shillings at least. McPhee came down-stairs with a sober foot—he steps as lightly as a cat for all his weight when he is at sea—and he shook hands in a new and awful manner—a parody of old Holdock's style when he says good-by to his skippers. Being a man who flatters himself that he can put two and two together, I perceived at once that it must be a legacy. I held my peace, though Mrs. McPhee was begging me every thirty seconds to eat a great deal and say nothing. It was rather a mad sort of meal, because McPhee and his wife took hold of hands like little children (they always do after voyages), and nodded and winked and choked and gurgled, and hardly ate a mouthful.

A female servant came in and waited, and I nearly fell off my chair, because there is not work for two pair of hands in that house, and, if there were, McPhee could not afford a servant; and Mrs. McPhee had told me time and again that she would thank no one to do her housework while she had her health. But this was a servant with a cap, and I saw Mrs. McPhee swell and swell under her garance-colored gown. There is no small freeboard to Janet McPhee, nor is garance any subdued tint; and with all this unexplained pride and glory in the air I felt like watching fireworks without knowing the festival. When the maid had removed the cloth she brought a pineapple that would have cost half a guinea at that season (only I knew McPhee had his own way of getting such things), and a Canton china bowl of dried *lichis*, and a glass plate of preserved ginger, and a small jar of sacred and Imperial chow-chow that perfumed the room. McPhee gets it from a Dutchman in Buitenzorg, and I think he doctors it with liquors. But the crown of the feast was some Madeira of the kind that you can only come by if you know the Wine, and the Man, and the Island. A little maize-wrapped fig of clotted Madeira cigars went with the wine, and the rest was a pale blue smoky silence, Janet, in her splendor, smiling on us two and patting McPhee's hand.

"We'll drink," said McPhee slowly, rubbing his chin, "to the eternal damnation o' Holdock, Steiner, and Chase."

Of course I answered "Amen," though I had made seven pound ten shillings out of the firm. But McPhee's enemies were mine, and I was drinking his Madeira.

"Ye've heard nothing?" said Janet. "Not a word, nor a whisper?"

"Not a word, nor a whisper. On my word I have not."

"Tell him, Mac," said she; and that is another proof of Janet's goodness and wifely love. A smaller woman would have cut in first, but Janet is five foot nine in her stockings.

"We're rich," said McPhee. I shook hands all round.

"We're vara rich," he added. I shook hands all round a second time.

"I'll go to sea no more. Unless—there's no sayin'—a private yacht, maybe—wi' a small an' handy auxiliary."

"It's not enough for *that*," said Janet. "We're fair rich—well to do, but no more. A new gown for church and one for the theatre. We'll have it made West."

"How much is it?" I asked.

"Twenty-five thousand pounds." I drew a long breath. "An' I've been earnin' twenty-five an' twenty pound a month!" The last words came away with a roar, as though the wide world was conspiring to beat him down.

"All this time I'm waiting," I said. "I know nothing since last September. Was it left you?"

They laughed aloud together. "It was left," said McPhee, choking. "Ou, ay, it was left. That's vara good. Of course it was left. Janet, d'ye note that? It was left. Now if you'd put *that* in your pamphlet it would have been vara jocose. It *was* left." He slapped his thigh and roared till the wine quivered in the decanter.

The Scotch are a great people, but they are apt to hang over a joke too long, particularly when no one can see the point but themselves.

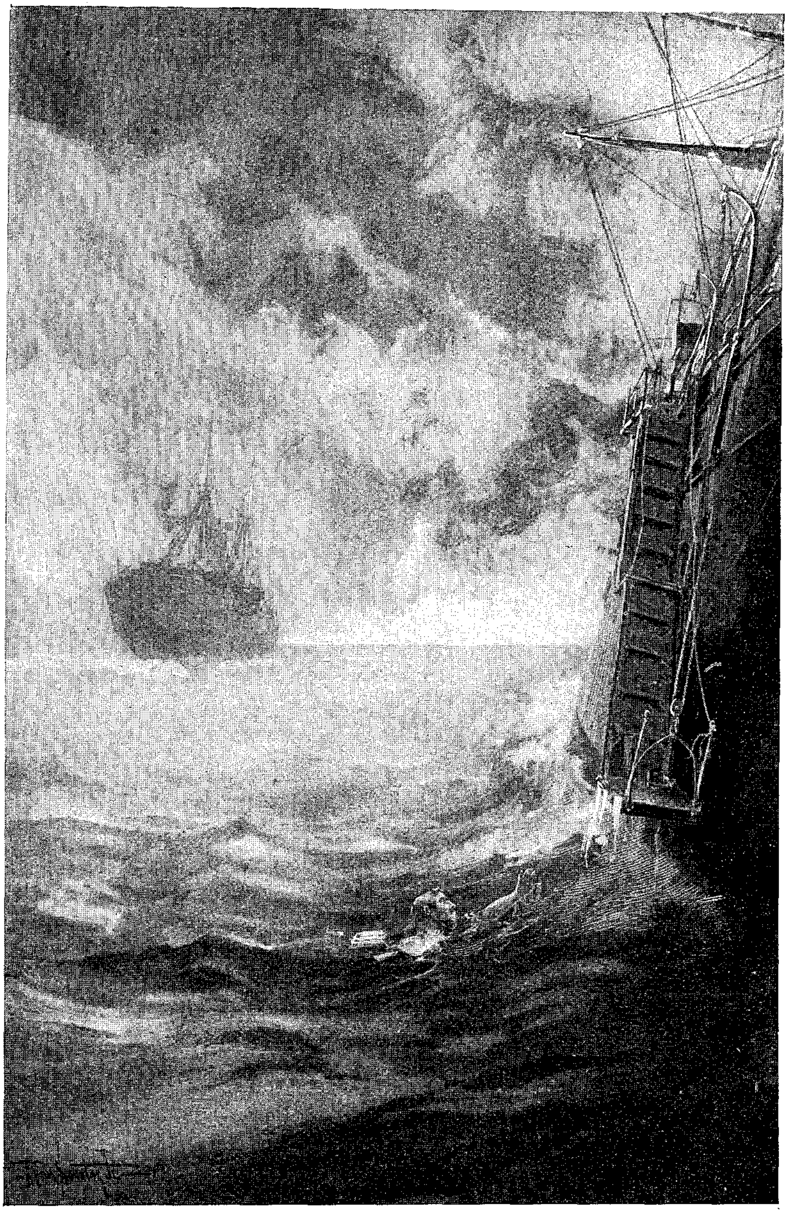
"When I rewrite my pamphlet I'll put it in, McPhee. Only I must know something more first."

McPhee thought for the length of half a cigar, while Janet caught my eye and led it round the room to one new thing after another—the new fine-patterned carpet, the new chiming rustic clock between the models of the Colombo outrigger-boats, the new inlaid sideboard with a purple cut-glass flower-stand, the fender of gilt and brass, and last, the new black and gold piano.

"In October o' last year the Board sacked me," began McPhee. "In October o' last year the 'Breslau' came in for winter overhaul. She'd been runnin' eight months—two hunder an' forty days—an' I was three days makin' up my indents, when she went to dry dock. All told, mark you, it was this side o' three hunder pound—to be preceese, two hunder an' eighty-six pound four shillings. There's not another man could ha' nursed the 'Breslau' for eight months to that tune. Never again—never again! They may send their boats to the bottom for aught I care."

"There's no need," said Janet, softly. "We're done wi' Holdock, Steiner, and Chase."

"It's irritatin', Janet, it's just irritatin'. I ha' been justified from first to last, as the world knows, but—but I canna forgie 'em. Ay, wisdom is justified o' her children, an' any other man than me wad ha' made the indent eight hunder'. Hay was our skipper—ye'll have met him. They shifted him to the 'Torgau,' an' bade me wait for the 'Breslau' under young Bannister. Ye'll obsairve there'd been a new election on the Board. I heard the shares were sellin' hither an' yon, an' the major part of the Board was new to me. The old Board would ne'er ha' done it. They trusted me. But the new Board were all for reorganization. Young Steiner—Steiner's son—the Jew, was at the bottom of it, an' they did not think it worth their while to send me word. The first *I* knew—an' I was chief engineer—was the notice of the line's winter sailin's, and the 'Breslau' timed for sixteen days between port an' port. Sixteen days, man! She's a good boat, none better for her work, but eighteen is her summer time, mark you. Sixteen was sheer flytin',



"IT WAS PERISHIN' COLD, BUT I'D DONE MY JOB JUDGMATICALLY, AN' CAME SCRAPIN' ALL ALONG HER SIDE SLAP ON TO THE LOWER GRATIN' O' THE GANGWAY."

kitin' nonsense, an' so I told young Bannister.

"'We've got to make it,' he said. 'Ye should not ha' sent in a three hunder' pound indent.'

"'Do they look for their boats to be run on air?' I said. 'The Board's daft.'

"'E'en tell 'em so,' he says. 'I'm a married man, an' my fourth's on the ways now, she says.'"

"A boy—wi' red hair," Janet put in. Her own hair is the splendid red gold that goes with a creamy complexion.

"My word, I was an angry man that day! Forbye I was fond o' the old 'Breslau,' I looked for a little consideration from the Board after twenty years' service. There was Board-meetin' on Wednesday, an' I slept overnight in the engine-room takin' figures to support my case. A bairn might ha' known they were flyin' in the face of all human possibilities. Well, I put it fair and square before them all. 'Gentlemen,' I said, 'I've run the "Breslau" eight seasons, an' I believe there's no fault to find in my work. But if ye haud to this'—I waggled the advertisement at 'em—'this that *I*'ve never heard of till I read it at breakfast, I do assure you, on my professional reputation, she can never do it. That is to say, she can for a while, but at a risk no thinkin' man would run.'

"'What the deil d'ye suppose we pass your indent for?' says old Holdock. 'Man, we're spendin' money like watter.'

"'I'll leave it in the Board's hands,' I said, 'if two hunder an' eighty-seven pound is anything beyond right and reason for eight months.' I might ha' saved my breath, for the Board was new since the last election, an' there they sat, the deevidend-huntin' ship-chandlers, deaf as the adder o' Scripture.

"'We must keep faith wi' the public,' said young Steiner.

"'Keep faith wi' the "Breslau" then,' I said. 'She's served you well, an' your father before you. She'll need her bottom restiffenin', an' new bed-plates, an' turnin' out the forward boilers, an' returnin' all three cylinders, an' refacin' all guides, to begin with. It's a three months' job.'

"'Because one employee is afraid?' says young Steiner. 'Maybe a piano in the chief engineer's cabin would be more to the point.'

"I crushed my cap in my hands an' thanked God we'd no bairns an' a bit put by.

"'Understand, gentlemen,' I said. 'If the "Breslau" is made a sixteen-day boat, ye'll find another engineer.'

"'Bannister makes no objection,' said Holdock.

"'I'm speakin' for myself,' I said. 'Bannister has bairns.' An' then I lost my temper. 'Ye can run her into hell an' out again if ye pay pilotage,' I said, 'but ye run without me.'

"'That's insolence,' said young Steiner.

"'At your pleasure,' I said, turnin' to go.

"'Ye can consider yourself dismissed. We must preserve discipline among our employees,' said old Holdock, an' he looked round to see that the Board was with him. They knew nothin'—God forgie 'em—an' they nodded me out o' the line after twenty years—after twenty years.

"I went out an' sat down by the hall porter to get my wits again. I'm thinkin' I swore at the Board. Then auld McRimmon—o' McNaughten and McRimmon—came oot o' his office, that's on the same floor, an' looked at me, proppin' up one eyelid wi' his forefinger. Ye ken they call him the Blind Deevil, forbye he's onythin' but blind, an' no deevil in his dealin's wi' me—McRimmon o' the Black Ox line.

"'What's here, Mister McPhee?' said he.

"I was past prayin' for by then. 'A chief engineer sacked after twenty years' service because he'll not risk the "Breslau" on the new timin', McRimmon,' I said.

"The auld man sucked in his lips an' whistled. 'Ah,' said he. 'The new timin'. I see!' He doddered into the Board-room I'd just left, an' the Dandie dog that is just his blind man's leader stayed wi' me. *That* was providential. In a minute he was back again. 'Ye've cast your bread on the watter, McPhee,' he says. 'Whaur's my dog? My word, is he on your knee? There's more discernment in a dog than a Jew. What garred ye curse your Board, McPhee? It's expensive.'

"'They'll pay more for the "Breslau,"' I said. 'Get off my knee, ye smotherin' beast.'

"'Bearin's hot, eh?' said McRimmon. 'It's thirty year since a man daur curse me to my face. Time was I'd ha' cast ye doon the stairway for that.'

"'Forgie's all!' I said. He was wearin' to eighty, as I knew. 'I was wrong, McRimmon, but when a man's put oot o' the door for dooin' his plain duty he's not always ceevil.'

"'So I hear,' says McRimmon. 'Ha' ye ony objection to a tramp freighter? It's only fifteen a month, but they say the Blind Deevil feeds a man better than others. She's my "Kite." Come ben. Ye can thank Dandie here. I'm no used to thanks. An' noo,' says he, 'what possessed ye to throw up your berth wi' Holdock?'

"'The new timin',' said I. 'The "Breslau" will not stand it.'

"'Hoot, oot,' said he. 'Ye might ha' crammed her a little—enough to show ye were drivin' her, an' brought her in twa days behind. What's easier than to say ye slowed for bearin's, eh? All my men do it, and—I believe 'em.'

"'McRimmon,' says I, 'what's her virginity to a lassie?'

"He puckered his dry face an' twisted in his chair. 'The warld an' a'', says he, 'the vara warld an' a'! But what ha' you or me to do wi' virginity, this late along?'

"'This,' I said. 'There's just one thing that each one of us in his trade or profession will *not* do for ony consideration whatever. If I run to time I run to time, barrin' always the risks o' the high seas. Less than that under God I have not done. More than that by God I will not do! There's no trick o' the trade I'm not acquaint wi'——'

"'So I've heard,' says McRimmon, dry as a biscuit.

"'But yon matter o' fair runnin's just my Shekinah, ye'll understand. I daur na tamper wi' *that.* Nursing weak engines is fair craftsmanship; but what the Board ask is cheatin' wi' the risk o' manslaughter addeetional.' Ye'll note I know my business.

"There was some more talk, an' next week I went aboard the 'Kite,' twenty-five hundred ton, simple compound, a Black Ox tramp. The deeper she rode, the better she'd steam. I've snapped as much as eleven out of her, but eight point three was her fair normal. Good food forward an' better aft, all indents passed wi'out marginal remarks, the best Welsh coal, new donkies, and good crews. There was nothin' the old man would not do except paint. That was his deeficulty. Ye could no more draw paint than his last teeth from him. He'd come down to dock, an' his boats a scandal all along the watter, an' he'd whine an' cry an' say they looked all he could desire. Every owner has his *non plus ultra*; I've obsairved. Paint was McRimmon's. But you could get round his engines without riskin' your life, an', for all his blindness, I've seen him reject five flawed intermediates one after the other on a nod from me; an' his cattle-fittin's were guaranteed for North Atlantic weather. Ye ken what *that* means? McRimmon an' the Black Ox line, God bless him!

"Oh! I forgot to say she would lie down an' fill her forward deck green an' snore away into a twenty-knot gale forty-five to the minute, three an' a half knots an' hour; the engines runnin' sweet an' true as a bairn breathin' in its sleep. Bell was skipper—an' forbye there's no love lost between crews an' owners, we were fond o' the auld Blind Deevil an' his dog, an' I'm thinkin' he liked us. He was worth the windy side o' twa million sterlin' an' no friend to his own blood-kin. Money's an awfu' thing—overmuch—for a lonely man.

"I'd taken her out twice, there an' back again, when word came o' the 'Breslau's' breakdown, just as I prophesied. Calder was engineer—he's not fit to run a tug down the Solent—and he fairly lifted the engines off the bed-plates, an' they fell down in heaps, by what I heard. So she filled from the after stuffin'-box to the after bulkhead an' lay star-gazing with seventy-nine squealin' passengers in the saloon till the 'Camaralzaman' o' Ramsey and Gold's Carthagena line gave her a tow to the tune o' five thousand seven hunder an' forty pound, wi' costs in the admiralty court. She was helpless, ye'll understand, an' in no case to meet ony weather. Five thousand seven hunder an' forty pounds *with* costs, an' exclusive o' new engines! They'd ha' done better to ha' kept me on the old timin'.

"But even so the new Board were all for retrenchment. Young Steiner, the Jew, was at the bottom of it. They sacked men right an' left that would not eat the dirt the Board gave 'em. They cut down repairs, they fed crews wi' leavin's an' scrapin's; and, reversin' McRimmon's practice, they hid their defeeciencies wi' paint an' cheap gildin'. *Quem Deus vult perrdere prrius dementat*, ye remember.

"In January we went to dry dock, an' in the next dock lay the 'Grotkau,' their big freighter that was the 'Dolabella' o' Piegan, Piegan, and Walsh's line in '84—a Clyde-built iron boat, a flat-bottomed, pigeon-breasted, under-engined, bull-nosed barge of a five-thousand-ton freighter, that would neither steer, nor steam, nor stop when ye asked her. Whiles she'd attend to her helm, whiles she'd take charge; whiles she'd wait to scratch herself, an' whiles she'd buttock into a dock-head. But Holdock and Steiner had bought her cheap, and was paintin' her all over. I went to see young Bannister—he had to take what the Board gave him, an' he an' Calder were shifted together from the 'Breslau' to this abortion—an' talkin' to him, I went into the dock under her. Her plates were pitted till the men that were paint, paint, paintin' her laughed at it. But the warst was at the last. She'd a great clumsy iron twelve-foot Thresher propeller—Aitcheson designed the 'Kite's'—and just on the tail o' the shaft, behind the boss, was a red weepin' crack ye could ha' put a penknife to. Man, it was an awfu' crack!

"'When d'ye ship a new tail-shaft?' I said to Bannister.

"He knew what I meant. 'Oh, yon's a superfeecial flaw,' says he, not lookin' at me.

"'Superfeecial Gehenna!' I said. 'Ye'll not take her oot in a solution o' continuity that like?'

"'They'll putty it up this evening,' he said. 'I'm a married man an'—ye used to know the Board.'

"I e'en said what was gie'd me in that hour. Ye know how a dry dock echoes. I saw young Steiner standin' listenin' above me, an', man, he used language provocative of a breach o' the peace. I was a spy and a disgraced employee, an' a corrupter o' young Bannister's morals, an' he'd prosecute me for libel. He went away when I ran up the steps—I'd ha' thrown him into the dock if I'd caught him—an' there I met McRimmon wi' Dandie pullin' on the chain, guidin' the auld man among the railway lines.

"'McPhee,' said he, 'ye're no paid to fight Holdock, Steiner, Chase, and Company, Limited, when ye meet. What's wrong between you?'

"'No more than tail-shaft rotten as a kail-stump. For ony sakes, go an' look, McRimmon. It's a comedietta.'

"'I'm feared o' yon conversational Hebrew,' said he. 'Whaur's the flaw, an' what like?'

"'A seven-inch crack just behind the boss. There's no power on earth will fend it just jarrin' off.'

"'When?'

"'That's beyond my knowledge,' I said.

"'So it is. So it is!' said McRimmon. 'Ye're certain it was a crack?'

"'Man, it's a crevasse,' I said, for there were no words to describe the magnitude of it. 'An' young Bannister's sayin' it's no more than a superfeecial flaw!'

"'Weel, I tak' it oor business is to mind oor business. If ye've ony friends aboard her, McPhee, why not bid them to a bit dinner at Radley's?'

"'I was thinkin' o' tea in the cuddy,' I said. 'Engineers o' tramp freighters cannot afford hotel prices.'

"'Na!—na!' says the auld man, whimperin'. 'Not the cuddy. They'll laugh at my "Kite," for she's no plastered with paint like the "Grotkau." Bid them to Radley's, McPhee, an' send me the bill. Thank Dandie here, man. I'm no used to thanks.' Then he turned him round. (I was just thinkin' the vara same thing.) 'Mister McPhee,' said he, 'this is *not* senile dementia.'

"'Preserve's!' I said, clean jumped oot o' mysel'. 'I was but thinkin' you're fey, McRimmon.'

"Dod, the auld deevil laughed till he nigh sat down on Dandie. 'Send me the bill,' says he. 'I'm lang past champagne, but tell me how it tastes the morn.'

"Bell and I bid young Bannister an' Calder to dinner at Radley's. They'll have no laughin' an' singin' there, but we took a private room—like yacht-owners fra' Cowes."

McPhee grinned all over, and lay back to think.

"And then?" said I.

"We were no drunk in ony preceese sense o' the word, but Radley's showed me the dead men. There were six magnums o' dry champagne an' maybe a bottle o' whiskey."

"Do you mean to tell me that you four got away with a magnum and a half apiece, besides whiskey?" I demanded.

McPhee looked down upon me from between his shoulders with toleration.

"Man, we were not settin' down to drink," he said. "They no more than made us wutty. To be sure, young Bannister laid his head on the table, an' greeted like a bairn, an' Calder was all for callin' on Steiner at two in the morn an' painting him galley green; but they'd been drinkin' the afternoon. Lord, how they twa cursed the Board, an' the 'Grotkau,' an' the tail-shaft, an' the engines, an' a'! They didna' talk o' superfeecial flaws that night. I mind young Bannister and Calder shakin' hands on a bond to be revenged on the Board at ony reasonable cost this side of losing their certificates. Now mark ye how false economy ruins business. The Board fed them like swine (I have good reason to know it), an' I've obsairved wi' my ain people that if ye touch his stomach ye wauken the deil in a Scot. Men will tak' a dredger across the Atlantic, if they're well fed, an' fetch her somewhere on the broadside o' the Americas; but bad food's bad service the world over.

"The bill went to McRimmon, an' he said no more to me till the week-end, when I was at him for more paint, for we'd heard the 'Kite' was chartered Liverpool-side.

"'Bide whaur ye're put,' said the Blind Deevil. 'Man, do ye wash in champagne? The "Kite's" no leavin' here till I gie the order, an'—how am I to waste paint on her wi' the "Lammergeyer" docked for who knows how long an' a'?'

"She was our big freighter—McIntyre was engineer—an' I knew she'd come from overhaul not three months. That morn I met McRimmon's head clerk—ye'll not know him—fair bitin' his nails off wi' mortification.

"'The auld man's gone gyte,' says he. 'He's withdrawn the "Lammergeyer."'

"'Maybe he has reasons,' says I.

"'Reasons! He's daft!'

"'He'll no be daft till he begins to paint,' I said.

"'That's just what he's done—an South American freights higher than we'll live to see them again. He's laid her up to paint her—to paint her—to paint her!' says the little clerk, dancin' like a hen on a hot plate. 'Five thousand ton o' potential freight rottin' in dry dock, man; an' he dolin' the paint out in quarter-pound tins, for it cuts him to the heart, mad tho' he is. An' the "Grotkau" —the "Grotkau" of all conceivable bottoms—soaking up every pound that should be ours at Liverpool!'

"I was staggered wi' this folly—considerin' the dinner at Radley's in connection wi' the same.

"'Ye may well stare, McPhee,' says the head clerk. 'There's engines, an' rollin' stock, an' iron bridges—d'ye ken what freights are noo?—an' pianos, an' millinery, an' fancy Brazil cargo o' every species pourin' into the "Grotkau"—the "Grotkau" o' the Jerusalem firm, and the "Lammergeyer's" bein' painted!'

"Losh, I thought he'd drop dead wi' the fits.

"I could say no more than 'Obey orders if ye break owners,' but on the 'Kite' we believed McRimmon was mad, an' McIntyre of the 'Lammergeyer' was for lockin' him up by some patent legal process he'd found in a book o' maritime law. An' a' that week South American freights rose an' rose. It was sinfu'!

"Syne Bell got orders to tak' the 'Kite' round to Liverpool in water-ballast, and McRimmon came to bid's good-by, yammerin' an' whinin' o'er the acres o' paint he'd lavished on the 'Lammergeyer.'

"'I look to you to retrieve it,' says he. 'I look to you to reimburse me! 'Fore God, why are ye not cast off? Are ye dawdlin' in dock for a purpose?'

"'What odds, McRimmon?' says Bell. 'We'll be a day behind the fair at Liverpool. The "Grotkau's" got all the freight that might ha' been ours an' the "Lammergeyer's."' McRimmon laughed an' chuckled—the pairfect eemage o' senile dementia. Ye ken his eyebrows wark up an' down like a gorilla's.

"'Ye're under sealed orders,' said he, tee-heein' an' scratchin' himself. 'Yon's they—to be opened *seriatim.*'

"Says Bell, shufflin' the envelopes when the auld man had gone ashore, 'We're to creep round a' the south coast standin' in for orders—this weather too. There's no question o' his lunacy now.'

"Well, we buttocked the auld 'Kite' along—vara bad weather we made—standin' in to the Start, the Leezard, and St. David's for telegraphic orders, which are the curse o' skippers. Syne we made over to Holyhead, an' Bell opened the last envelope for the last instructions. I was wi' him in the cuddy, an' he threw it over to me, cryin': 'Did ye ever know the like, Mac?'

"I'll no say what McRimmon had written, but he was far from mad. There was a sou'-wester brewin' when we made the mouth o' the Mersey, a bitter cold morn wi' a gray-green sea and a gray-green sky—Liverpool weather, as they say; an' there we lay choppin',' an' the crew swore. Ye canna keep secrets aboard ship. They thought McRimmon was mad, too.

"Syne we saw the 'Grotkau' rollin' oot on the top o' flood, deep an' double deep, wi' her new painted funnel an' her new painted boats an' a'. She looked her bad name, an', moreover, she coughed like it. Calder tauld me at Radley's what ailed his engines, but mine own ear would ha' told me twa mile awa', by the beat o' them. Round we came, plungin' an' squatterin' in her wake, an' the wind cut, wi' good promise o' more to come. By six it blew hard but clear, an' before the middle watch it was a sou'-wester in good earnest.

"'She'll edge into Ireland this gait,' says Bell. I was with him on the bridge watchin' the 'Grotkau's' port light. Ye canna see green so far as red or we'd ha' kept to leeward. We'd no passengers to consider, an' all eyes being on the 'Grotkau,' we fair walked into a liner rampin' home to Liverpool. Or to be preceese, Bell no more than twisted the 'Kite' oot from under her bows, and there was a little damnin' betwix' the twa bridges. Noo a passenger"—McPhee regarded me benignantly—"wad ha' told the papers that as soon as he got to the Customs. We stuck to the 'Grotkau's' tail that night an' the next twa days—she slowed down to five knot by my reckonin', and we lapped along the weary way to the Fastnet."

"But you don't go by the Fastnet to get to any South American port, do you?" I said.

"*We* do not. We prefer to go as direct as maybe, but we were followin' the 'Grotkau,' an' she'd no walk into that gale for ony consideration. Knowin' what I did to her discredit, I couldna blame young Bannister. It was warkin' up to a North Atlantic winter gale, snow an' sleet an' a perishin' wind. Eh, it was like the deil walkin' abroad o' the surface o' the deep, whuppin' off the tops o' the waves before he made up his mind. They'd bore up against it so far, but the minute she was clear o' the Skelligs she fair tucked up her skirts an' ran for it by Dunmore Head. Wow, she rolled!

"'She'll be makin' Smerwick,' says Bell.

"'She'd ha' tried for Ventry by noo if she meant that,' I said.

"'They'll roll the funnel oot o' her this gait,' says Bell. 'Why canna Bannister keep her head to sea?'

"'It's the tail-shaft. Ony rollin's better than pitchin' wi' superfeecial cracks in the tail-shaft. Calder knows that much,' I said.

"'It's ill wark retreevin' steamers this weather,' said Bell. His beard and whiskers were frozen to his oilskin, an' the spray was white on the weather side of him. Pairfect North Atlantic winter weather!

"One by one the sea raxed away our three boats, an' the davits were crumpled like rams' horns.

"'Yon's bad,' said Bell, at the last. 'Ye canna pass a hawser wi'oot a boat.' Bell was a vara judeecious man—for an Aberdonian.

"I'm not one that fashes himself for eventualities outside the engine-room, so I e'en slipped down betwixt waves to see how the 'Kite' fared. Man, she's the best geared boat of her class that ever left Clyde! Kinloch, my second, knew her as well as I did. I found him dryin' his socks on the main steam-pipe an' combin' his whiskers wi' the comb Janet gie'd me last year, for the warld an' a' as though we were in port. I tried the feed, speered into the stoke-hole, thumbed all bearin's, spat on the thrust for luck, gie'd 'em my blessin', an' took Kinlock's socks, before I went up to the bridge again.

"Then Bell handed me the wheel, an' went below to warm himself. When he came up my gloves were frozen to the spokes an' the ice clicked over my eyelids. Pairfect North Atlantic winter weather, as I was sayin'.

"The gale blew out by night, but we lay in smotherin' cross seas that made the auld 'Kite' chatter from stem to stern. I slowed to thirty-four, I mind—no thirty-seven. There was a long swell the morn, an' the 'Grotkau' was headin' into it west awa'.

"'She'll win to Rio yet, tail-shaft or no tail-shaft,' says Bell.

"'Last night shook her,' I said. 'She'll jar it off yet, mark my word.'

"We were then, maybe, a hunder and fifty mile west-sou'-west o' Slyne Head by dead reckonin'. Next day we made a hunder an' thirty—ye'll note we were not racin' boats; an' the day after a hunder an' sixty-one, an' that made us, we'll say, eighteen an' a bittock west, an' maybe fifty-one an' a bittock north, crossin' all the North Atlantic liner lanes on the long slant, always in sight o' the 'Grotkau,' creepin' up by night and fallin' awa' by day. After the gale it was cold weather wi' dark nights.

"I was in the engine-room on Friday night, just before the middle watch, when Bell whustled down the tube: 'She's done it,' an' up I came.

"The 'Grotkau' was just a fair distance south, an' one by one she ran up the three red lights in a vertical line, the sign of a steamer not under control.

"'Yon's a tow for us,' said Bell, lickin' his chops. 'She'll be worth more than the "Breslau." We'll go down to her, McPhee!'

"'Bide a while,' I said. 'The seas throng wi' ships here.'

"'Reason why,' said Bell. 'It's a fortune gaun beggin'. What d'ye think, man?'

"'Gie her till daylight. She knows we're here. If Bannister needs help he'll loose a rocket.'

"'Wha told ye Bannister's need? We'll ha' some rag-an'-bone freighter snappin' her up under oor nose,' said he, and he put the wheel over. We were goin' slow.

"'Bannister wad be better pleased to go home on a liner an' eat in the saloon. Mind ye what they said o' Holdock and Steiner's food that night at Radley's? Keep her awa', man—keep her awa'. A tow's a tow, but an abandoned ship's big salvage.'

"'E-eh!' said Bell. 'Yon's an inshot o' yours, Mac. I love ye like a brother. We'll bide whaur we are till daylight;' an' he kept her awa'.

"Syne up went a rocket forward, an' twa on the bridge, an' a blue light aft. Syne a tar-barrel forward again.

"'She's sinkin',' said Bell. 'It's all gaun, an' I'll get no more than a pair o' night-glasses for pickin' up young Bannister—the fool!'

"'Fair an' soft again,' I said. 'She's signallin' to the south of us. Bannister knows as well as I one rocket would bring us. He'll no be wastin' fireworks for nothin'. Hear her ca'!'

"The 'Grotkau' whustled an' whustled for five minutes, an' then there were more fireworks—a regular exhibeetion.

"'That's no for men in the regular trade,' says Bell. 'Ye're right, Mac. That's for a cuddy full o' passengers.' He blinked through the night-glasses when it lay a bit thick to southward.

"'What d'ye make of it?' I said.

"'Liner,' he says. 'Yon's her rocket. Ou ay; they've waukened the skipper, an'—noo they've waukened the passengers. They're turnin' on the electrics cabin by cabin. Yon's anither rocket! They're comin' up to help the perishin' in deep watters.'

"'Gie me the glass,' I said. But Bell danced on the bridge clean dementit. 'Mails—mails—mails!' said he. 'Under contract wi' the government for the due conveyance o' the mails, an', as such, Mac, ye'll note, she may rescue life at sea; but she canna tow!—she canna tow! Yon's her night-signal. She'll be up in half an hour!'

"'Gowk!' I said, 'an' we're blazin' here wi' all oor lights. Oh, Bell, ye're a fool!'

"He tumbled off the bridge forward, an' I tumbled aft, an' before ye could wink our lights were oot, the engine-room hatch was covered, an' we lay pitch dark three mile maybe from the 'Grotkau,' watchin' the lights o' the liner come up that she'd been signallin' for. Twenty knot an hour she came, every cabin lighted an' her boats swung awa'. It was grandly done, an' in the inside of an hour. She stopped like Mrs. Holdock's machine; down went the gangway, down went the boats, an' in ten minutes we heard the passengers cheerin', an' awa' she fled.

"'They'll tell o' this all the days they live,' said Bell. 'A rescue at sea by night, as pretty as a play. Young Bannister an' Calder will be drinkin' in the saloon; an' six months hence the Board o' Trade 'll gie the skipper a pair o' binoculars. It's vara philanthropic all round.'

"We lay by till day—ye may think we waited for it wi' sore eyes—an' there sat the 'Grotkau,' her nose a bit cocked, just leerin' at us. She looked perfectly ridiculous.

"'She'll be fillin' aft,' says Bell. 'For why is she down by the stern? The tail-shaft's punched a hole in her, an'—we've no boats. There's three hunder thousand pound sterlin', at a conservative estimate, droonin' before our eyes. What's to do?'

"'Run her as near as ye daur,' I said. 'Gie me a jacket an' a life-line, an' I'll swum for it.' There was a bit lump of a sea, an' it was cold in the wind—vara cold; but they'd gone overside like passengers, young Bannister and Calder an' a', leaving the gangway down on the lee side. It would ha' been a flyin' in the face o' manifest Providence to overlook the invitation. We were within fifty yards o' her while Kinloch was garmin' me all over wi' oil behind the galley, an' as we ran past I went outboard for the salvage o' three hunder thousand pound. Man, it was perishin' cold, but I'd done my job judgmatically, an' came scrapin' all along her side slap on to the lower gratin' o' the gangway. No one more astonished than me, I assure ye. Before I caught my breath I'd barked both my knees on the gratin', an' was climbin' up before she rolled again. I made my line fast to the rail, an' squattered aft to young Bannister's cabin, whaur I dried me wi' everything in his bunk an' put on every conceivable sort o' rig I found till the blood was circulatin'. Three pair drawers I mind I found—to begin upon—an' I needed them all. It was the coldest cold I remember in all my experience.

"Syne I went aft to the engine-room. The 'Grotkau' sat on her own tail, as they say. She was vara short-shafted, an' her gear was all aft. There was four or five foot o' water in the engine-room slummockin' to and fro black an' greasy; maybe there was six foot. The stoke-hold doors were screwed home, an' the stoke-hold was tight enough, but for a minute the mess in the engine-room deceived me. Only for a minute, though, an' that was because I was not, in a manner o' speakin', as calm as ordinar. I looked again to be sure. 'Twas just black wi' bilge: dead watter that must ha' come in fortuitously, ye ken."

"McPhee, I'm only a passenger," I said, "but you don't persuade me that six foot o' water can come into an engine-room fortuitously."

"Who's tryin' to persuade one way or the other?" McPhee retorted. "I'm statin' the facts o' the case—the simple, natural facts. Six or seven foot o' dead watter in the engine-room is a vara depressin' sight if ye think there's like to be more comin'; but I did not consider that was likely, and so ye'll note, I was not depressed."

"That's all very well, but I want to know about the water," I said.

"I've told ye. There was six feet or more there, wi' Calder's cap floatin' on top."

"Where did it come from?"

"Weel, in the confusion o' things after the propeller had dropped off an' the engines were racin' an' a', it's vara possible that Calder might ha' lost it off his head an' no troubled himself to pick it up again. I remember seein' that cap on him at Southampton."

"I don't want to know about the cap. I'm asking where the water came from and what it was doing there, and why you were so certain that it wasn't a leak, McPhee?"

"For good reason; for good an' sufficient reason."

"Give it to me, then."

"Weel, it's a reason that does not properly concern myself only. To be preceese, I'm of opinion that it was due, the watter, in part to an error o' judgment in another man. We can a' mak' mistakes."

"Oh, I beg your pardon!"

"I got me to the rail again, an'—'What's wrang?' said Bell, hailin'.

"'She'll do,' I said. 'Send's o'er a hawser.'

"They bent a twa-inch rope to the life-line an' a hawser to that, an' I led the rope o'er the drum of a hand-winch forward, an' I sweated the hawser inboard an' made it fast to the 'Grotkau's' bitts.

"Bell brought the 'Kite' so close I feared she'd roll in an' do the 'Grotkau's' plates a mischief. He hove anither life-line to me an' went astern, an' I had all the weary winch-work to do again wi' a second hawser. For all that, Bell was right: we'd a long tow before us, an' though Providence had helped us that far, there was no sense in leavin' too much to its keepin'. When the second hawser was fast, I was wet wi' sweat, an' I cried Bell to tak' up his slack an' go home. I've heard that Kinloch an' he got gey drunk the night, but I turned in to young Bannister's bunk an' slep' past ony expression. For a general rule I sleep wi' both ears open, as a thinkin' engineer must, but I was deeper gone that night than I can ca' to mind in my life before. I waukened ragin' wi' hunger, a fair lump o' sea runnin', the 'Kite' snorin' awa' four knots an hour, an' the 'Grotkau' slappin' her nose under, an' yawin' an' standin' over at discretion. She was a most disgraceful' tow. But the shameful thing of all was the food. I raxed me a meal fra' galley shelves an' pantries an' lazareetes an' cubby-holes, that I would not ha' gied to the mate of a Cardiff collier; an' ye ken we say a Cardiff mate will eat clinkers to save waste. I'm sayin' it was simply vile! The crew had written what *they* thought of it on the new paint o' the foc'sle, but I had not a leevin' soul wi' me to complain on. There was nothin' for me to do save watch the hawsers an' the 'Kite's' tail squatterin' down in white watter when she lifted over a sea; so I got steam on the after donkey-pump an' pumped oot the engine-room. There's no sense in leavin' watter loose in a ship. When she was dry, I went doun the shaft-tunnel, an' found she was leakin' a little through the stuffin'-box, but nothin' to make wark. The propeller had e'en jarred off, as I knew it must, an' Calder had been waitin' for it to go wi' his hand on the gear. He told me as much when I met him ashore. There was nothin' started or strained. It had just slipped awa' to the bed o' the Atlantic as easy as a man dyin' wi' due warnin'—a most providential business for all concerned. Syne I took stock o' the 'Grotkau's' upper works. Her boats had been smashed on the davits, an' here an' there was the rail missin' an' a ventilator or two had fetched awa', an' the bridge rails were bent by the seas, but her hatches were tight an' she'd taken no sort o' harm. Dod, I came to hate her like a human bein', for I was eight weary days aboard starvin'—ay, starvin' within a cable's length o' plenty. All day I laid in the bunk reading the 'Woman Hater,' the grandest book Charlie Reade ever wrote, an' pickin' a toothful here an' there. It was weary, weary work. Eight days, man, I was aboard the 'Grotkau,' an' not one full meal did I make. Sma' blame her crew would not stay by her.

"It came on to blow when we fetched soundin's, an' that kept me standin' by the hawsers, lashed to the capstan breathin' betwixt green seas. I near died o' cauld an' hunger, for the 'Grotkau' towed like a barge, an' Bell howkit her along through or over. It was vara thick up Channel, too. We were standin' in to make some sort o' light an' we near walked over twa three fishin' boats, an' they cried us we were overclose to Falmouth. Then we were near cut down by a drunken foreign fruiter that was blunderin' between us an' the shore, and it got thicker an' thicker that night, an' I could feel by the tow Bell did not know whaur he was. Losh, we knew in the morn, for the wind blew the fog oot like a candle, an' the sun came clear; and as surely as McRimmon gied me my check the shadow o' the Eddystone lay across our tow-rope! We were that near—ay, we were that near! Bell fetched the 'Kite' round with the jerk that came close to tearin' the bitts out o' the 'Grotkau,' an' I mind I thanked my Maker in young Bannister's cabin when we were inside Plymouth breakwater.

"The first to come aboard was McRimmon wi' Dandie. Did I tell you our orders were to take anything we found into Plymouth? The auld deil had just come down overnight, puttin' two an' two together from what Calder had told him when the liner landed the 'Grotkau's' men. He had preceesely hit oor time. I'd hailed Bell for something to eat, an' he sent it o'er in the same boat wi' McRimmon, when the auld man came to me. He grinned an' slapped his legs and worked his eyebrows the while I ate.

"'How do Holdock, Steiner, and Chase feed their men?' said he.

"'Ye can see,' I said, knockin' the top off another beer bottle. 'I did not sign to be starved, McRimmon.'

"'Nor to swim, either,' said he, for Bell had tauld him how I carried the line aboard. 'Well, I'm thinkin' you'll be no loser. What freight could we ha' put into the "Lammergeyer" would equal salvage on four hunder thousand pounds—hull an' cargo? Eh, McPhee? This cuts the liver out o' Holdock, Steiner, Chase, and Company, Limited. Eh, McPhee? An' I'm sufferin' from senile dementia now? Eh, McPhee? An' I'm not daft, am I, till I begin to paint the "Lammergeyer"? Eh, McPhee? Ye may weel lift your leg, Dandie! I ha' the laugh o' them all. Ye found watter in the engine-room?'

"'To speak wi'oot prejudice,' I said, 'there was some watter.'

"'They thought she was sinkin' after the propeller went. She filled wi' extraordinary rapeedity. Calder said it grieved him an' Bannister to abandon her.'

"I thought o' the dinner at Radley's an' what like o' food I'd eaten for eight days.

"'It would grieve them sore,' I said.

"'But the crew would not hear o' stayin' and workin' her back under canvas. They're gaun up an' down sayin' they'd ha' starved first.'

"'They'd ha' starved if they'd stayed,' said I.

"'I tak' it fra' Calder's account there was a mutiny a'most.'

"'Ye know more than I, McRimmon,' I said. 'Speakin' wi'oot prejudice, for we're all in the same boat, *who* opened the bilge-cock?'

"'Oh, that's it—is it?' said the auld man, an' I could see he was surprised. 'A bilge-cock, ye say?'

"'I believe it was a bilge-cock. They were all shut when I came aboard, but some one had flooded the engine-room eight feet over all, and shut it off with the worm-an'-wheel gear from the second gratin' afterwards.'

"'Losh!' said McRimmon. 'The ineequity o' man's beyond belief. But it's awfu' discreditable to Holdock, Steiner, and Chase, if that came oot in court.'

"'It's just my own curiosity,' I said.

"'Aweel, Dandie's afflicted wi' the same disease. Dandie, strive against curiosity, for it brings a little dog into traps an' suchlike. Whaur was the "Kite" when yon painted liner took off the "Grotkau's" people?'

"'Just there or thereabouts,' I said.

"'An' which o' you twa thought to cover your lights?' said he, winkin'.

"'Dandie,' I said to the dog, 'we must both strive against curiosity. It's an unremunerative business. What's our chance o' salvage, Dandie?'

"He laughed till he choked. 'Tak' what I gie you, McPhee, an' be content,' he said. 'Lord, how a man wastes time when he gets old! Get aboard the "Kite," mon, as soon as ye can. I've clean forgot there's a Baltic charter yammerin' for you at London. That'll be your last voyage, I'm thinkin', excep' by way o' pleasure.'

"Steiner's men were comin' aboard to take charge an' tow her round, an' I passed young Steiner in a boat as I went to the 'Kite.' He looked down his nose, but McRimmon pipes up: 'Here's the man ye owe the "Grotkau" to—at a price, Steiner—at a price! Let me introduce Mr. McPhee to you. Maybe ye've met before; but ye've vara little luck in keepin' your men—ashore or afloat?'

"Young Steiner looked angry enough to eat him, as he chuckled an' whustled in his dry old throat.

"'Ye've not got your price yet,' Steiner says.

"'Na, na,' says the auld man in a screech ye could hear to the Hoe, 'but I've twa million sterlin' an' no bairns, ye Judeeus Apella, if ye mean to fight; an' I'll match ye pund for pund till the last pund's oot. Ye ken *me*, Steiner! I'm McRimmon o' McNaughten and McRimmon!'

"'Dod,' he said betwix' his teeth, sittin' back in the boat. 'I've waited fourteen year to break that Jew-firm, an' God be thankit I'll do it now.'

"The 'Kite' was in the Baltic while the auld man was warkin' his warks, but I know the assessors valued the 'Grotkau,' all told, at over three hunder and sixty thousand—her manifest was a treat o' richness—an' McRimmon got a third for salvin' an abandoned ship. Ye ken there's vast deeference between towin' a ship wi' men on her an' pickin' up a derelict—a vast deeference in pounds sterlin'. Moreover, twa three o' the 'Grotkau's' crew were burnin' to testify about food, an' there was a note o' Calder to the Board in regard to the tail-shaft that would ha' been vara damagin' if it had come into court. They knew better than to fight.

"Syne the 'Kite' came back, an' McRimmon paid off me an' Bell personally, an' the rest of the crew *pro ratâ*, I believe it's ca'ed. My share—oor share I should say—was just twenty-five thousand pound sterlin'."

At this point Janet jumped up and kissed him.

"Five-and-twenty thousand pound sterlin'! Noo, I'm fra the North, and I'm not the like o' man to fling awa' money rashly, but I'd gie six months' pay—one hunder and twenty pounds—to know *who* flooded the engine-room of the 'Grotkau.' I'm fairly well acquaint wi' McRimmon's eediosyncrasies, and *he'd* no hand in it. It was not Calder, for I've asked him, an' he wanted to fight me. It would be in the highest degree unprofessional o' Calder—not fightin', but openin' bilge-cocks—but for a while I thought it was him. Ay, I judged it might be him—under temptation."

"What's your theory?" I demanded.

"Weel, I'm inclined to think it was one o' those singular providences that remind us we're in the hands o' Higher Powers."

"It couldn't open and shut itself?"

"I did not mean that; but some half-starvin' oiler, or, maybe, trimmer, must ha' opened it awhile to mak' sure o' leavin' the 'Grotkau.' It's a demoralizin' thing to see an engine-room flood up after any accident to the gear—demoralizin' an' deceptive both. Aweel, the man got what he wanted, for they went aboard the liner cryin' that the 'Grotkau' was sinkin'. But it's curious to think o' the consequences. In a' human probability he's bein' cursed in heaps at the present moment aboard another tramp freighter; an' here am I, wi' five-an'-twenty thousand pound invested, resolute to go to sea no more—providential's the preceese word—except as a passenger, ye'll understand, Janet."

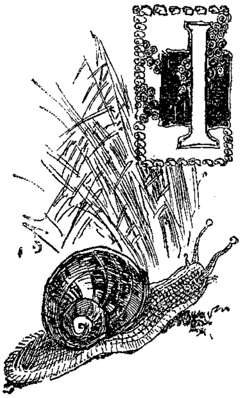
. . . . . .

McPhee kept his word. He and Janet went for a voyage as passengers in the first-class saloon. They paid seventy pounds for their berths; and Janet found a very sick woman in the second-class saloon, so that for sixteen days she lived below and chatted with the stewardesses at the foot of the second-saloon stairs, while her patient slept. McPhee was a passenger for exactly twenty-four hours, till they were out of soundings. Then the engineers' mess—where the oilcloth tables are—joyfully took him to its bosom, and for the rest of the voyage the company was richer by the unpaid services of a highly certificated engineer.

MY UNWILLING NEIGHBOR.

By Frank R. Stockton,

Author of "Rudder Grange," "The Adventures of Captain Horn," etc.



I WAS about twenty-five years old when I began life as the owner of a vineyard in western Virginia. I bought a large tract of land, the greater part of which lay upon the sloping side of one of the foot-hills of the Blue Ridge, the exposure being that most favorable to the growth of the vine. I am an enthusiastic lover of the country and of country life, and believed that I should derive more pleasure as well as profit from the culture of my far-stretching vineyard than I would from ordinary farm operations.

I built myself a good house of moderate size upon a little plateau on the higher part of my estate. Sitting in my front porch, smoking my pipe after the labors of the day, I could look down over my vineyard into a beautiful valley, with here and there a little curling smoke arising from some of the few dwellings which were scattered about among the groves and spreading fields, and above this beauty I could imagine all my hillside clothed in green and purple.

My family consisted of myself alone. It is true that I expected some day that there would be others in my house besides myself, but I was not ready for that yet.

During the summer I found it very pleasant to live by myself. It was a novelty, and I could arrange and manage everything in my own fashion, which was a pleasure I had not enjoyed when I lived in my father's house; but when winter came I found it very lonely. Even my servants lived in a cabin at some little distance, and there were many dark and stormy evenings when the company even of a bore would have been welcome to me. Sometimes I walked over to the town and visited my friends there, but this was not feasible on stormy nights, and the winter seemed to me a very long one.

But spring came, out-door operations began, and for a few weeks I felt again that I was all-sufficient for my own pleasure and comfort. Then came a change. One of those seasons of bad and stormy weather which so frequently follow an early spring settled down upon my spirits and my hillside. It rained, it was cold, fierce winds blew, and I became more anxious for somebody to talk to than I had been at any time during the winter.

One night, when a very bad storm was raging, I went to bed early, and as I lay awake I revolved in my mind the scheme of which I had frequently thought before. I would build a neat little house on my grounds, not very far away from my house, but not too near, and I would ask Jack Brandiger to come there and live. Jack was a friend of mine who was reading law in the town, and it seemed to me that it would be much more pleasant, and even more profitable, to read law on a pretty hillside overlooking a charming valley, with woods and mountains behind and above him, where he could ramble to his heart's content.

I had thought of asking Jack to come and live with me, but this idea I soon dismissed. I am a very particular person, and Jack is not; he leaves his pipes about in all sorts of places—sometimes when they are still lighted. When he came to see me he was quite as likely to put his hat over the inkstand as to put it anywhere else. But if Jack lived at a little distance, and we could go backwards and forwards to see each other whenever we pleased, that would be quite another thing. He could do as he pleased in his own house, and I could do as I pleased in mine, and we might have many pleasant evenings together. This was a cheering idea, and I was planning how we might arrange with the negro women who managed my household affairs to attend also to those of Jack, when I fell asleep.

I did not sleep long before I was awakened by the increased violence of the storm. My house shook with the fury of the wind; the rain seemed to be pouring on its roof and northern side as if there were a waterfall above us; and every now and then I could hear a shower of hailstones rattling against the shutters. My bedroom was one of the rooms on the lower floor, and even there I could hear the pounding of the deluge and the hailstones upon the roof.

All this was very doleful, and had a tendency to depress the spirits of a waking man, alone in a good-sized house; but I shook off this depression. It was not agreeable to be up here by myself in such a terrible storm, but there was nothing to be afraid of, as my house was new and very strongly built, being constructed of logs, weatherboarded outside and sealed within. It would require a hurricane to blow off the roof, and I believed my shutters to be hail-proof; so, as there was no reason to stay awake, I turned over and went to sleep.

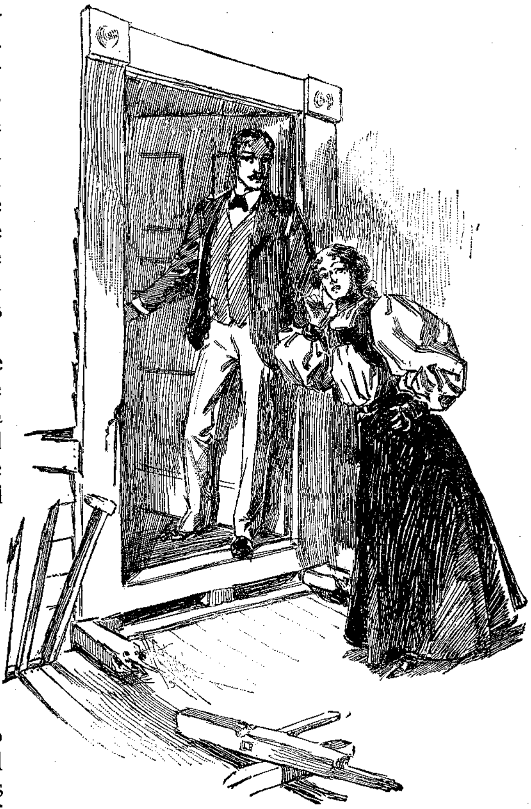
I do not know how long it was before I was awakened again, this time not by the noise of the storm, but by a curious movement of my bedstead. I had once felt the slight shock of an earthquake, and it seemed to me that this must be something of the kind; certainly my bed moved under me. I sat up; the room was pitchy dark. In a moment I felt another movement, but this time it did not seem to me to resemble an earthquake shock; such motion, I think, is generally in horizontal directions, while what I felt was more like the slower movement of a ship upon the water. The storm was at its height, the wind raged and roared, and the rain seemed to be pouring down as heavily as ever.

I was about to get up and light the lamp, for even the faintest candle flame would be some sort of company at such a gruesome moment, when my bedstead gave another movement, more shiplike than before. It actually lurched forward as if it were descending into the trough of the sea, but, unlike a ship, it did not rise again, but remained in such a slanting position that I began to slide down towards the foot. I believe that if it had not been a bedstead provided with a foot-board, I should have slipped out upon the floor.

I did not jump out of bed; I did not do anything. I tried to think, to understand the situation, to find out whether I was asleep or awake, when I became aware of noises in the room and all over the house, which even through the din of the storm made themselves noticed by their peculiarity. Tables, chairs, everything in the room, seemed to be grating and grinding on the floor, and in a moment there was a crash. I knew what that was; it was my lamp, which had slipped off the table. Any doubt on that point would have been dispelled by the smell of kerosene, which filled the air of the room.

The motion of the bed, which I now believe must have been the motion of the whole house, still continued; but the grating noises in the room gradually ceased, from which I inferred that the furniture had brought up against the front wall of the room.

Now, it was impossible for me to get up and strike a light, for to do so, with kerosene oil all over the floor and its vapor diffused through the room, would probably result in setting the house on fire; so I must stay in darkness and wait. I do not think I was very much frightened—I was so astonished that there was no room in my mind for fear. In fact, all my mental energies were occupied in trying to find out what had happened. It required, how-



"'PLEASE DON'T SPEAK LOUDLY,' SHE SAID; 'I AM AFRAID IT WILL FRIGHTEN MOTHER.'"

ever, only a few more minutes of reflection and a few more minutes of the grating, bumping, trembling of my house to enable me to make up my mind what had happened: my house was sliding downhill!

The wind must have blown the building from its foundations, and, upon the slippery surface of the hillside, probably lashed into liquid mud by the pouring rain, it was making its way down towards the valley! In a flash my mind's eye ran over the whole surface of the country beneath me as far as I knew it. I was almost positive that there was no precipice, no terrible chasm into which my house might fall. There was nothing but sloping hillside, and beneath that a wide stretch of fields.

Now there was a new and sudden noise of heavy objects falling upon the roof, and I knew what that meant: my chimney had been wrenched from its foundations, and the upper part of it had now toppled over. I could hear, through the storm, the bricks banging and sliding upon the slanting roof. Continuous sounds of cracking and snapping came to me through the closed front windows, and these were caused, I supposed, by the destruction of the stakes of my vines, as the heavy house moved over them.

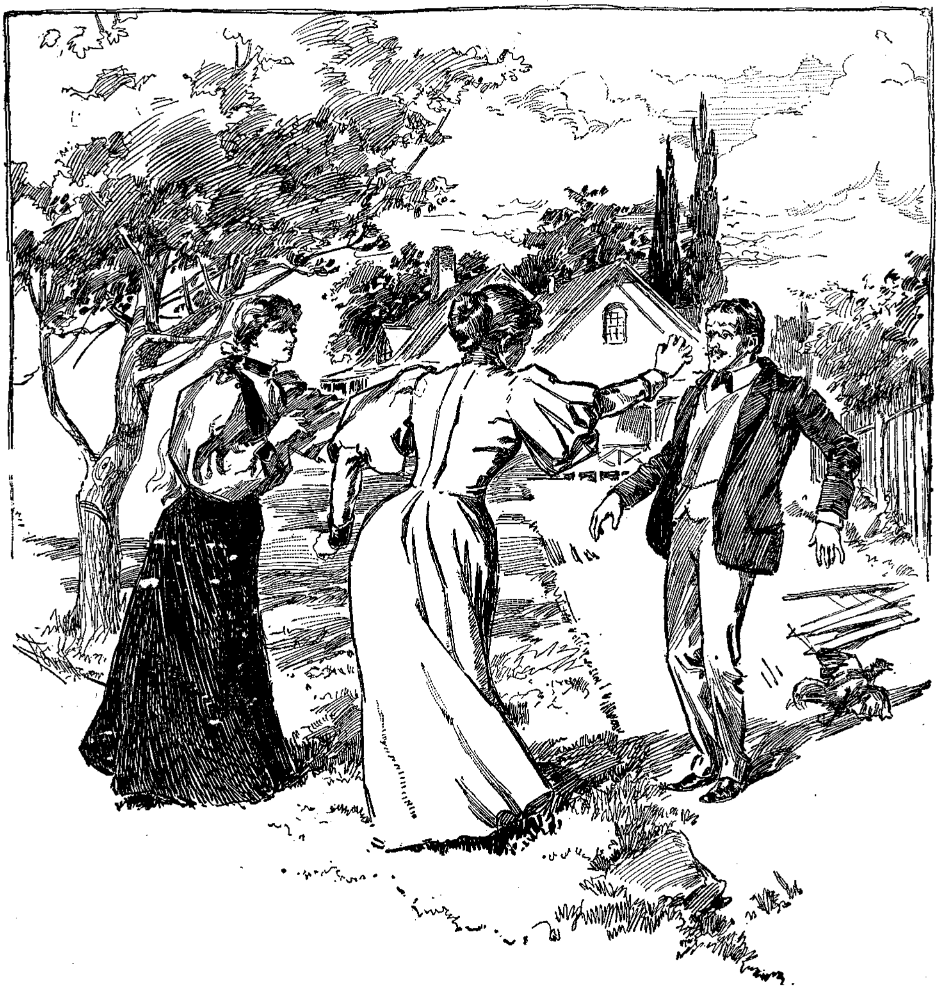
Of course, when I thoroughly understood the state of the case, my first impulse was to spring out of bed, and, as quickly as possible, to get out of that thumping and sliding house; but I restrained myself. The floor might be covered with broken glass, I might not be able to find my clothes in that darkness and in the jumble of furniture at the end of the room, and even if I could dress myself, it would be folly to jump out in the midst of that raging storm into a probable mass of wreckage which I could not see; it would be far better to remain dry and warm under my roof. There was no reason whatever to suppose that the house could go to pieces, or that it would turn over; it must stop some time or other ; and, until it did so, I would be safer in my bed than anywhere else. Therefore in my bed I stayed.

Sitting upright, with my feet pressed against the foot-board, I listened and felt. The noises of the storm, and the cracking and the snapping and grinding before me and under me, still continued, although I sometimes thought that the wind was moderating a little, and that the strange motion was becoming more regular. I believed the house was moving faster than when it first began its strange career, but that it was sliding over a smooth surface. Now I noticed a succession of loud cracks and snaps at the front of the house, and, from the character of the sounds, I concluded that my little front porch, which had been acting as a cutwater at the bow of my shiplike house, had yielded at last to the rough contact with the ground, and would probably soon be torn away. This did not disturb me, for the house must still be firm.

It was not long before I perceived that the slanting of my bed was becoming less and less, and also I was quite sure that the house was moving more slowly. Then the crackings and snappings before my front wall ceased altogether. The bed resumed its ordinary horizontal position, and, although I did not know at what exact moment the house ceased sliding and came to a standstill, I was sure that it had done so. It was resting at last upon a level surface. The room was still perfectly dark, and the storm continued. There was no use for me to get up until daylight came—I could not see what had happened—so I lay back upon my pillow and tried to imagine upon what level portion of my farm I had stranded. While doing this I fell asleep.

When I woke, a little light was stealing into the room through the blinds of my shutters. I quickly slipped out of bed, opened a window, and looked out. Day was just breaking, the rain and wind had ceased, and I could discern objects; but it seemed as if I needed some light in my brain to enable me to comprehend what I saw. My eyes fell upon nothing familiar.

I did not stop to investigate, however, from my window. I found my clothes huddled together with the furniture at the front end of the room, and as soon as I was dressed I went into the hall and then to my front door. I quickly jerked this open, and was about to step outside when, suddenly, I stopped. I was positive that my front porch had been destroyed ; but there I saw a porch, a little lower than mine and a great deal wider, and on the other side of it, not more than eight feet from me, was a window—the window of a house; and on the other side of the window was a face—the face of a young girl! As I stood staring in blank amazement at the house which presented itself at my front door, the face at the window disappeared, and I was left to contemplate the scene by myself. I ran to my back door and threw it open. There I saw, stretching up the fields and far up the hillside,



"'IF YOU HAVE SCRATCHED UP LITTLE SAMUEL!' SHE SCREAMED, PANTING, BUT SHE HAD NOT BREATH ENOUGH TO FINISH THE SENTENCE."

the wide path which my house had made as it came down from its elevated position to the valley beneath, where it had ended its onward career by stopping up against another house. As I looked off the back porch, I saw that the ground still continued to slope, so that if my house had not found in its path another building, it would probably have proceeded somewhat farther on its course. It was lighter, and I saw bushes and fences and little outbuildings—I was in a back yard.

Almost breathless with amazement and consternation, I ran again to the front door. When I reached it I found a young woman standing on the porch of the house before me. I was about to say something—I know not what—when she put her finger on her lips and stepped forward.

"Please don't speak loudly," she said. "I am afraid it will frighten mother; she is asleep yet. I suppose you and your house have been sliding downhill?"

"That is what has happened," said I; "but I cannot understand it; it seems to me the most amazing thing that ever took place on the face of the earth."

"It is very queer," said she; "but hurricanes do blow away houses, and that must have been a hurricane we had last night, for the wind was strong enough to loosen any house. I have often wondered if that house would ever slide downhill."

"My house?"

"Yes," she said. "Soon after it was built I began to think what a nice clean sweep it could make from the place where it seemed to be stuck to the side of the mountain, right down here into the valley."

I could not talk with a girl like this; at least I could not meet her on her own conversational grounds. I was so agitated myself that it seemed unnatural that any one to whom I should speak should not also be agitated.

"Who are you?" I asked, rather brusquely; "at least, to whom does this house belong?"

"This is my mother's house," said she. "My mother is Mrs. Carson. We happen just now to be living here by ourselves, so I cannot call on any man to help you do anything. My brother has always lived with us, but last week he went away."

"You don't seem to be a bit astonished at what has happened," said I.

She was rather a pretty girl; of a cheerful disposition, I should say, for several times she had smiled as she spoke.

"Oh, I am astonished," she answered; "or at least I was, but I have had time enough to get over some of it. It was at least an hour ago when I was awakened by hearing something crack in the yard. I went to a window and looked out, and could just barely see that something like a big building had grown up during the night. Then I watched it, and watched it, until I made out it was a whole house; and after that it was not long before I guessed what had happened. It seemed a simpler thing to me, you know, than it did to you, because I had often thought about it, and probably you never had."

"You are right there," said I earnestly. "It would have been impossible for me to imagine such a thing."

"At first I thought there was nobody in the house," said she; "but when I heard some one moving about, I came down to tell whoever had arrived not to make a noise. I see," she added, with another of her smiles, "that you think I am a very strange person not to be more flurried by what has happened; but really I cannot think of anything else just now except what mother will say and do when she comes down and finds you and your house here at the back door. I am very sure she will not like it."

"Like it!" I exclaimed. "Who on earth could like it?"

"Please speak more gently," she said. "Mother is always a little irritable when her night's rest has been broken, and I would not like to have her wakened up suddenly now. But really, Mr. Warren, I haven't the least idea in the world how she will take this thing. I must go in and be with her when she wakes, so that I can explain just what has happened."

"One moment," I said. "You know my name?"

"Of course I know your name," she answered. "Could that house be up there on the hillside for more than a year without my knowing who lived in it?" With this, she went indoors.

I could not help smiling when I thought of the young lady regretting that there was no man in the house who might help me do something. What could anybody do in a case like this? I turned and went into the house. I entered the various rooms on the lower floor, and saw no signs of any particular damage except that everything movable in each room was jumbled together against the front wall. But when I looked out of the back door, I found that the porch there was a good deal wrecked, which I had not noticed before.

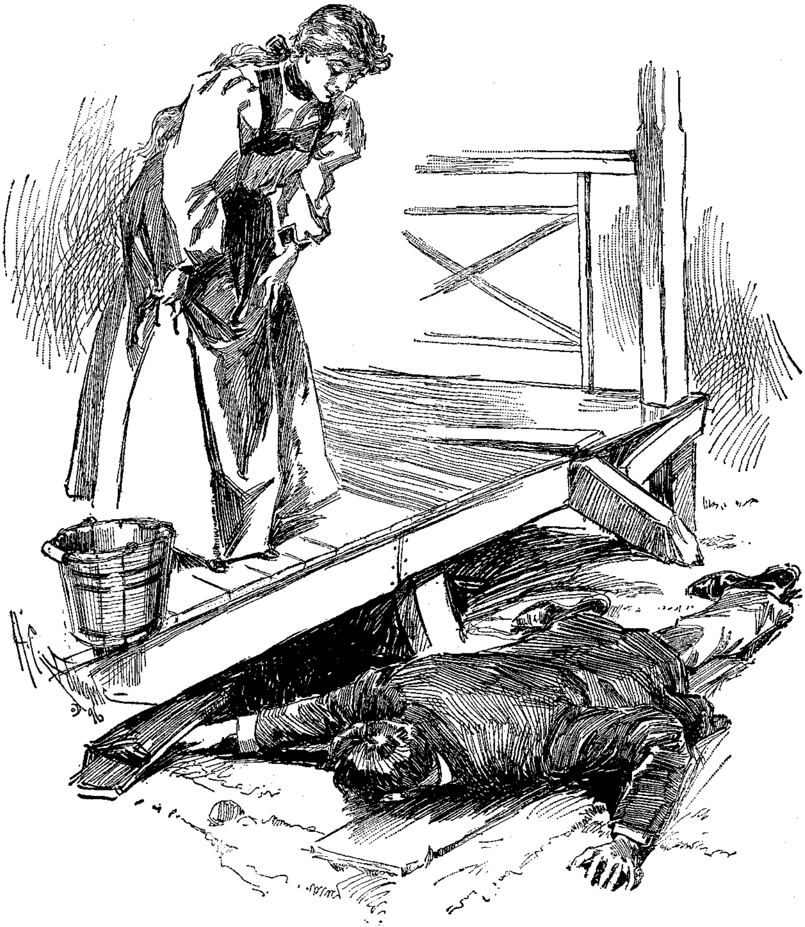
I went upstairs, and found everything pretty much as it was below. Nothing seemed to have been injured except the chimney and the porches. I thanked my stars that I had used hard wood instead of mortar for the ceilings of my rooms.

I was about to go into my bedroom, when I heard a woman scream, and of course I hurried to the front. There on the back porch of her house stood Mrs. Carson. She was a woman of middle age, and, as I glanced at her, I saw where her daughter got her good looks. But the placidity and cheerfulness of the younger face were entirely wanting in the mother. Her eyes sparkled, her cheeks were red, her mouth was partly opened, and it seemed to me that I could almost see that her breath was hot.

"Is this your house?" she cried, the moment her eyes fell upon me; "and what is it doing here?"

I did not immediately answer. I looked at the angry woman, and behind her I saw, through the open door, the daughter crossing the hallway. It was plain that she had decided to let me have it out with her mother without interference. As briefly and as clearly I could, I explained what had happened.

"What is all that to me?" she screamed. "It doesn't matter to me how your house got here. There have been storms ever since the beginning of the world, and I never heard of any of them taking a house into a person's back yard. You ought not to have built your house where any such thing could happen. But all this is



"I . . . BEGAN TO SEARCH FOR THE WELL, AND IT WAS NOT LONG BEFORE I DISCOVERED ITS ROUND, DARK OPENING, . . . UNDER ONE END OF MY PORCH."

nothing to me. I don't understand, now, how your house did get here, and I don't want to understand it. All I want is for you to take it away."

"I will do that, madam, just as soon as I can. You may be very sure I will do that. But—"

"Can you do it now?" she asked. "Can you do it to-day? I don't want a minute lost. I have not been outside to see what damage has been done, but the first thing to do is to take your house away."

"I am going to the town now, madam, to summon assistance."

Mrs. Carson made no answer, but she turned and walked to the end of her porch. There she suddenly gave a scream, which quickly brought her daughter from the house. "Kitty! Kitty!" cried her mother. "Do you know what he has done? He has gone right over my round flower garden; his house is sitting on it this minute!"

"But he could not help it, mother," said Kitty.

"Help it!" exclaimed Mrs. Carson. "I don't want him to help it; what I want—" Suddenly she stopped. Her eyes flashed brighter, and her mouth opened wider. She seemed to have lost the power of speech; but quickly it came back to her. "Little Samuel!" she screamed. "Kitty, do you know I believe he has scratched up little Samuel!"

I looked at her stupefied, without knowing what she was talking about. "Little Samuel!" again screamed Mrs. Carson, and she ran about wildly endeavoring to get off her porch; but my house had demolished her steps, and it blocked up the opening.

"The side door, mother!" said Miss Kitty; and then, as the older woman disappeared into the house with a stifled exclamation, her daughter said to me: "It is my little brother she is thinking about.

He died some years ago and was buried in a small graveyard back of our garden. She thinks your house has gone over it and has scratched him up." Miss Carson now followed her mother, and I jumped over the railings of the porch and ran after them.

As we hurried along by my house and into their garden, which now seemed to be unevenly divided into two parts, scream after scream came from Mrs. Carson as she noticed the absence of sheds, fences, or vegetable beds, which had found themselves in the course of my all-destroying dwelling. Once she turned her head towards me, her face pallid. "If you have scratched up little Samuel!" she screamed, panting, but she had not breath enough to finish the sentence, and continued onward with clenched fists.

But little Samuel was not scratched up. My house had not passed within a hundred feet of his resting-place. Then we turned and went back to the house, or rather to the houses.

It was now well on in the morning, and some of the neighbors had become aware of the strange disaster which had happened to me, although if they had heard the news from Mrs. Carson they might have supposed that it was a disaster which had happened only to her. As they gazed at the two houses so closely jammed together, all of them wondered, some of them even laughed, but not one offered a suggestion which afforded satisfaction to Mrs. Carson or myself. The general opinion was that, now my house was there, it would have to stay there, for there were not enough horses in the State to pull it back up that mountain-side. To be sure, it might possibly be moved off sidewise; but whether it was moved one way or the other, a lot of Mrs. Carson's trees would have to be cut down to let it pass.

"Which shall never happen!" cried that good lady. "If nothing else can be done, it must be taken apart and hauled off in carts; but, no matter how it is managed, it must be moved, and that immediately."

Miss Carson now prevailed upon her mother to go into the house, and I stayed and talked to the men and a few women who had gathered outside.

When they had said all they had to say, and seen all there was to see, these people went home to their breakfasts. I entered my house—not by the front door, for to do that I would have been obliged to trespass upon Mrs. Carson's back porch. I got my hat, and was about to start for the town, when I heard my name called. Turning into the hall, I saw Miss Carson, who was standing at my front door.

"Mr. Warren," said she, "you haven't any way of getting breakfast, have you?"

"Oh, no," said I. "My servants are up there in their cabin, and I suppose they are too much scared to come down. But I am going to town to see what can be done about my house, and will get my breakfast there."

"It's a long way to go without anything to eat," she said, "and we can give you some breakfast. But I want to ask you something. I am in a good deal of perplexity; our two servants are out at the front of the house, but they positively refuse to come in. They are afraid that your house may begin sliding again and crush them all, so I shall have to get breakfast. But what bothers me is trying to find our well. I have been outside, and can see no signs of it."

"Where was your well?" I gasped.

"It ought to be somewhere near the back of your house," she said. "May I go through your hall and look out?"

"Of course you may," I cried, and I preceded her to my back door.

"Now, it seems to me," she said, after surveying the scene of desolation immediately before, and looking from side to side, towards objects which had remained untouched, "that your house has passed directly over our well, and must have carried away the little shed and the pump and everything above ground. I should not wonder a bit," she continued slowly, "if it is under your porch."

I jumped to the ground, for the steps were shattered, and began to search for the well, and it was not long before I discovered its round dark opening, which was, as Miss Carson had imagined, under one end of my porch.

"What can we do?" she asked. "We can't have breakfast or get along at all without water." It was a terribly depressing thing to me to think that I, or rather my house, had given these people so much trouble; but I speedily assured Miss Carson that if she could find a bucket and a rope, which I could lower into the well, I could provide her with water.

She went into her house to see what she could find, and I tore away the broken planks of the porch, so that I could get to the well; and then, when she came with a tin pail and a clothesline, I went to work with great ardor to haul up water and carry it to her back door.

"I don't want mother to find out what has happened to the well," she said; "for she has enough on her mind already."

Mrs. Carson was a woman with some good points in her character. After a time she called to me herself, and told me to come in to breakfast; but during the meal she talked very earnestly to me about the amazing trespass I had committed and about the means which should be taken to repair the damages my house had done to her property. I was as optimistic as I could be, and the young lady spoke very cheerfully and hopefully about the affair, so that we were beginning to get along somewhat pleasantly, when, suddenly, Mrs. Carson sprang to her feet. "Heavens and earth!" she cried, "this house is moving!"

She was not mistaken. I had felt beneath my feet a sudden sharp shock—not severe, but unmistakable. I remembered that both houses stood upon slightly sloping ground; my blood turned cold, my heart stood still—even Miss Carson was pale!

When we had rushed out-of-doors to see what had happened, or what was going to happen, I soon found that we had been needlessly frightened. Some of the broken timbers on which my house had been partially resting had given way, and the front part of the building had slightly descended, jarring, as it did so, the other house, against which it rested. I endeavored to prove to Mrs. Carson that the result was encouraging rather than otherwise, for my house was now more firmly settled than it had been; but she did not value the opinion of a man who did not know enough to put his house in a place where it would be likely to stay, and she could eat no more breakfast, and was even afraid to stay under her own roof until experienced mechanics had been summoned to look into the state of affairs.

I hurried away to the town, and it was not long before several carpenters and masons were on the spot. After a thorough examination, they assured Mrs. Carson that there was no danger, that my house would do no further damage to her premises; but, to make things certain, they would bring some heavy beams and brace the front of my house against her cellar wall. When that should be done it would be impossible for it to move any farther.

"But I don't want it braced!" cried Mrs. Carson. "I want it taken away; I want it out of my back yard!"

The master carpenter was a man of imagination and expedients. "That is quite another thing, ma'am," said he. "We'll fix this gentleman's house so that you needn't be afraid of it; and then when the time comes to move it, there's several ways of doing that. We might rig up a powerful windlass at the top of the hill, and perhaps get a steam-engine to turn it, and we could fasten cables to the house and haul her back to where she belongs."

"And can you take your oaths," cried Mrs. Carson, "that those ropes won't break, and when that house gets half way up the hill, it won't come sliding down ten times faster than it did, and crash into me and mine and everything I own on earth? No, sir! I'll have no house hauled up a hill back of me!"

"Of course," said the carpenter, "it would be a great deal easier to move it on this ground, which is almost level—"

"And cut down my trees to do it! No, sir!"

"Well, then," said he, "there is no way to do but to take it apart and haul it off."

"Which would make an awful time at the back of my house while you were doing it!" exclaimed Mrs. Carson.

I now put in a word. "There's only one thing to do that I can see," I exclaimed. "I will sell it to a match factory. It is almost all wood, and it can be cut up in sections about two inches thick, and then split into matches."

Kitty smiled. "I should like to see them," she said, "taking away the little sticks in wheelbarrows!"

"There is no need of trifling on the subject," said Mrs. Carson. "I have had a great deal to bear, and I must bear it no longer than is necessary. I have just found out that in order to get water out of my own well, I must go to the back porch of a stranger. Such things cannot be endured. If my son George were here, he would tell me what I ought to do. I shall write to him, and see what he advises. I do not mind waiting a little bit, now that I know that you can fix Mr. Warren's house so that it won't move any farther."

Thus the matter was left. My house was braced that afternoon, and towards evening I started to go to a hotel in the town to spend the night.

"No, sir!" said Mrs. Carson. "Do you suppose that I am going to stay here all night with a great empty house jammed up against me, and everybody knowing that it is empty? It will be the same as having thieves in my own house to have them in yours. You have come down here in your property, and you can stay in it and take care of it!"

"I don't object to that in the least," I said. "My two women are here, and I can tell them to attend to my meals. I haven't any chimney, but I suppose they can make a fire some way or other."

"No, sir!" said Mrs. Carson. "I am not going to have any strange servants on my place. I have just been able to prevail upon my own women to go into the house, and I don't want any more trouble; I have had enough already!"

"But, my dear madam," said I, "you don't want me to go to the town, and you won't allow me to have any cooking done here; what am I to do?"

"Well," she said, "you can eat with us. It may be two or three days before I can hear from my son George, and in the meantime you can live in your own house and I will take you to board. That is the best way I can see of managing the thing; but I am very sure I am not going to be left here alone in the dreadful predicament in which you have put me."

We had scarcely finished supper, when Jack Brandiger came to see me. He laughed a good deal about my sudden change of base, but thought, on the whole, my house had made a very successful move; it must be more pleasant in the valley than up on that windy hill. Jack was very much interested in everything, and when Mrs. Carson and her daughter appeared, as we were walking about viewing the scene, I felt myself obliged to introduce him.

"I like those ladies," said he to me afterwards. "I think you have chosen very agreeable neighbors."

"How do you know you like them?" said I. "You had scarcely anything to say to Mrs. Carson."

"No, to be sure," said he; "but I expect I should like her. By the way, do you know how you used to talk to me about coming and living somewhere near you? How would you like me to come and take one of your rooms now? I might cheer you up."

"No," said I firmly. "That cannot be done. As things are now, I have as much as I can do to get along here by myself."

Mrs. Carson did not hear from her son for nearly a week, and then he wrote that he found it almost impossible to give her any advice. He thought it was a very queer state of affairs; he had never heard of anything like it; but he would try and arrange business so that he could come home in a week or two and look into matters.

As I was thus compelled to force myself upon the close neighborhood of Mrs. Carson and her daughter, I endeavored to make things as pleasant as possible. I brought some of my men down out of the vineyard and set them to repairing fences, putting the garden in order, and doing all that I could to remedy the doleful condition of things which I had unwillingly brought into the back yard of this quiet family. I rigged up a pump on my back porch by which the water of the well could be conveniently obtained, and in every way endeavored to repair damages.

But Mrs. Carson never ceased to talk about the unparalleled disaster which had come upon her, and she must have had a great deal of correspondence with her son George, because she gave me frequent messages from him. He could not come on to look into the state of affairs, but he seemed to be giving it a great deal of thought and attention.

Spring weather had come again, and it was very pleasant to help the Carson ladies get their flower garden in order—at least as much as was left of it, for my house was resting upon some of the most important beds. As I was obliged to give up all present idea of doing anything in the way of getting my residence out of a place where it had no business to be, because Mrs. Carson would not consent to any plan which had been suggested, I felt that I was offering some little compensation in beautifying what seemed to be, at that time, my own grounds.

My labors in regard to vines, bushes, and all that sort of thing were generally carried on under direction of Mrs. Carson or her daughter, and as the elderly lady was a very busy housewife, the horticultural work was generally left to Miss Kitty and me.

I liked Miss Kitty; she was a cheerful, whole-souled person, and I sometimes thought that she was not so unwilling to have me for a neighbor as the rest of the family seemed to be; for if I were to judge the disposition of her brother George from what her mother told me about his letters, both he and Mrs. Carson must be making a great many plans to get me off the premises.

Nearly a month had now passed since my house and I made that remarkable morning call upon Mrs. Carson. I was becoming accustomed to my present mode of living, and, so far as I was concerned, it satisfied me very well; I certainly lived a great deal better than when I was depending upon my old negro cook. Miss Kitty seemed to be satisfied with things as they were, and so, in some respects, did her mother; but the latter never ceased to give me extracts from some of her son George's letters, and this was always annoying and worrying to me. Evidently he was not pleased with me as such a close neighbor to his mother; and it was astonishing how many expedients he proposed in order to rid her of my undesirable proximity.

"My son George," said Mrs. Carson one morning, "has been writing to me about jackscrews; he says that the greatest improvements have been made in jackscrews."

"What do you do with them, mother?" asked Miss Kitty.

"You lift houses with them," said she. "He says that in large cities they lift whole blocks of houses with them and build stories underneath. He thinks that we can get rid of our trouble here if we use jackscrews."

"But how does he propose to use them?" I asked.

"Oh, he has a good many plans," answered Mrs. Carson. "He said that he should not wonder if jackscrews could be made large enough to lift your house entirely over mine and set it out in the road, where it could be carried away without interfering with anything, except, of course, vehicles which might be coming along. But he has another plan; that is, to lift my house up and carry it out into the field on the other side of the road, and then your house might be carried along right over the cellar until it got to the road. In that way, he says, the bushes and trees would not have to be interfered with."

"I think Brother George is cracked!" said Kitty.

All this sort of thing worried me very much. My mind was eminently disposed towards peace and tranquillity, but who could be peaceful and tranquil with a prospective jackscrew under the very base of his comfort and happiness? In fact, my house had never been such a happy home as it was at that time; the fact of its unwarranted position upon other people's grounds had ceased to trouble me.

But the coming son George, with his jackscrews, did trouble me very much, and that afternoon I deliberately went into Mrs. Carson's house to look for Kitty. I knew her mother was not at home, for I had seen her go out. When Kitty appeared I asked her to come out on her back porch. "Have you thought of any new plan of moving it?" she said with a smile as we sat down.

"No," said I earnestly; "I have not, and I don't want to think of any plan of moving it. I am tired of seeing it there, I am tired of thinking about moving it away, and I am tired of hearing people talk about moving it. I have not any right to be here, and I am never allowed to forget it. What I want to do is to go entirely away, and leave everything behind me—except one thing."

"And what is that?" asked Kitty.

"You," I answered.

She turned a little pale and did not reply.

"You understand me, Kitty," I said. "There is nothing in the world that I care for but you. What have you to say to me?"

Then came back to her her little smile. "I think it would be very foolish for us to go away," she said.

It was about a quarter of an hour after this when Kitty proposed that we should go out to the front of the house. It would look queer if any of the servants should come by and see us sitting together like that. I had forgotten that there were other people in the world; but I went with her.

We were standing on the front porch, close to each other, and I think we were holding each other's hand, when Mrs. Carson came back. As she approached she looked at us inquiringly, plainly wishing to know why we were standing side by side before her door as if we had some special object in so doing.

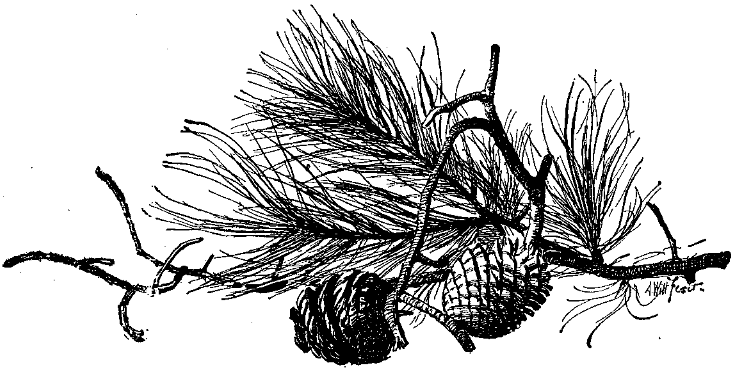
"Well?" said she, as she came up the steps. Of course it was right that I should speak, and, in as few words as possible, I told her what Kitty and I had been saying to each other. I never saw Kitty's mother look so cheerful and so handsome as when she came forward and kissed her daughter and shook hands with me. She seemed so perfectly satisfied that it amazed me. After a little, Kitty left us, and then Mrs. Carson asked me to sit by her on a rustic bench.

"Now," said she, "this will straighten out things in the very best way. When you are married, you and Kitty can live in the back building—for, of course, your house will now be the same thing as a back building—and you can have the second floor. We won't have any separate tables, because it will be a great deal nicer for you and Kitty to live with me, and it will simply be your paying board for two persons instead of one; and you know you can manage your vineyard just as well from the bottom of the hill as from the top. The lower rooms of what used to be your house can be made very pleasant and comfortable for all of us. I have been thinking about the room on the right that you had planned for a parlor, and it will make a lovely sitting-room for us, and that is a thing we have never had, and the room on the other side is just what will suit beautifully for a guest-chamber. The two houses together, with the roof of my back porch properly joined to the front of your house, will make a beautiful and spacious dwelling. And it was fortunate that you painted your house a light yellow; I have often looked at the two together, and thought what a good thing it was that one was not one color and the other another. And as to the pump, it will be very easy now to put a pipe from what used to be your back porch to our kitchen, so that we can get water without being obliged to carry it. Between us we can make all sorts of improvements, and some time I will tell you a good many that I have thought of.

"What used to be your house," she continued, "can be jackscrewed up a little bit and a good foundation put under it; I have inquired about that. Of course it would not have been proper to let you know that I was satisfied with the state of things, but I was satisfied, and there is no use of denying it. As soon as I got over my first scare, after that house came down the hill, and had seen how everything might be arranged to suit all parties, I said to myself: 'What the Lord has joined together, let not man put asunder,' and so, according to my belief, the strongest kind of jackscrews could not put these two houses asunder, any more than they could put you and Kitty asunder, now that you have agreed to take each other for each other's own."

Jack Brandiger came to call that evening, and when he had heard what had happened he whistled a good deal. "You are a funny kind of a fellow," said he. "You go courting like a snail, with your house on your back!"

I think my friend was a little discomfited. "Don't be discouraged, Jack," said I. "You will get a good wife some of these days; that is, if you don't try to slide uphill to find her!"



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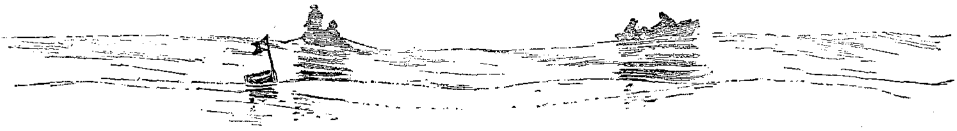

"CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS."

A STORY OF THE GRAND BANKS.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING,

Author of "The Jungle Book," "Barrack-room Ballads," etc.

CHAPTER III.

It was the forty-fathom slumber, that clears the soul and eye and heart, and sends you to breakfast ravening. They emptied a big tin dish of juicy fragments of fish—the blood-ends the cook had collected over night. They cleaned up the plates and pans of the elder mess, who were out fishing, sliced pork for the mid-day meal, swabbed down the foc'sle, filled the lamps, drew coal and water for the cook, and investigated the fore-hold, where the boat's stores were stacked. It was another perfect day—soft, mild, and clear; and Harvey breathed to the very bottom of his lungs.

More schooners had crept up in the night, and the long blue seas were full of sails and dories. Far away on the horizon, the smoke of some liner, her hull invisible, smudged the blue, and to eastward a big ship's top-gallant sails, just lifting, made a square nick in it. Disko Troop was smoking by the roof of the cabin—with one eye on the craft around and the other on the little fly at the mainmast-head.

"When dad kerflummoxs that way," said Dan in a whisper, "he's doin' some high-line thinkin' fer all hands. I'll lay my wage an' share we'll make a berth soon. Dad he knows the cod, an' the fleet they know dad knows. See 'em comin' up one by one, lookin' fer nothin' in particular, o' course, but scrowgin' on us all the time. There's the 'Prince Leboo;' she's a Chat-ham boat. She's crep' up sence last night. An' see that big one with a patch in her foresail an' a new jib. She's the 'Carrie Pitman' from West Chat-ham. She won't keep her canvas long onless her luck's changed since last season. She don't do much 'cep' drift. There ain't an anchor made 'll hold her. . . . When the smoke puffs up in little rings like that, dad's studyin' the fish. Ef we speak to him now, he'll git mad. Las' time I did, he jest took an' hove a boot at me."

Disko Troop stared forward, the pipe between his teeth, with eyes that saw nothing. As his son said, he was studying the fish—pitting his knowledge and experience on the Banks against the roving cod in his own sea. He accepted the presence of the inquisitive schooners on the horizon as a compliment to his powers. But now that it was paid, he wished to draw away and make his berth alone, till it was time to go up to the Virgin and fish in the streets of that roaring town upon the waters. So Disko Troop thought of recent weather, and gales, currents, food supplies, and other domestic arrangements, from the point of view of a twenty-pound cod; was, in fact, for an hour, a cod himself, and looked remarkably like one. Then he removed the pipe from his teeth.

"Dad," said Dan, "we' done our chores. Can't we go over side a piece? It's good catchin' weather."

"Not in that cherry-colored rig ner them ha'af-baked brown shoes. Give him suthin' fit to wear."

"Dad's pleased—that settles it," said Dan, delightfully, dragging Harvey into the cabin, while Troop pitched a key down the steps. "Dad keeps my spare rig where he kin overhaul it, 'cause ma sez I'm keerless." He rummaged through a locker, and in less than three minutes Harvey was adorned with fisherman's rubber boots that came half up to his thigh, a heavy blue jersey well darned on the elbows, a pair of nippers, and a sou'wester.

"Naow ye look somethin' like," said Dan. "Hurry!"

"Keep nigh an' handy," said Troop, "an' don't go visitin' round the fleet. Ef anyone asks you what I'm cal'latin' to do, speak the truth, fer ye don't know."

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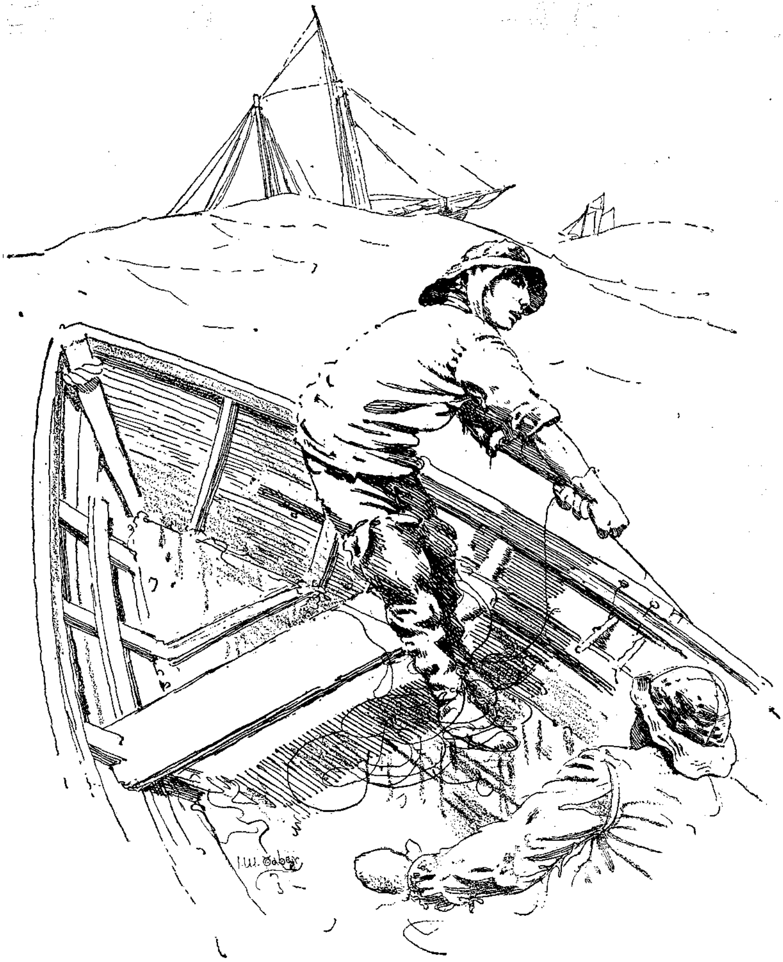


"I'LL LAY MY WAGE AN' SHARE HE'S OVER A HUNDRED."

A little red dory, labelled "Hattie S.," lay astern of the schooner. Dan hauled in the painter, dropped lightly on to the bottom boards, while Harvey tumbled after.

"That's no way o' gettin' into a boat," said Dan. "Ef there wuz any sea you'd go to the bottom, sure. You got to learn to meet her."

Dan fitted the thole pins, took the forward thwart, and watched Harvey's work. The boy had rowed, in a lady-like fashion, on the Adirondack ponds; but there is a difference between squeaking pins and well-balanced rullocks—light sculls and stubby, eight-foot sea oars. They stuck in the gentle swell, and Harvey grunted.

"Short! Row short," said Dan. "Ef you cramp your oar in any kind o' sea you're liable to turn her over. Ain't she a daisy? Mine, too."

The little dory was specklessly clean. In her bows lay a tiny anchor, two jugs of water, and some seventy fathoms of thin, brown dory-roding. A tin dinner-horn rested in cleats just under Harvey's right hand, beside an ugly-looking maul, a short gaff, and a shorter wooden stick. A couple of lines, with very heavy leads and double cod hooks, all neatly coiled on square reels, were stuck in their place by the gunwale.

"Where's the sail and mast?" said Harvey, for his hands were beginning to blister.

Dan chuckled. "Ye don't sail fishin'-dories much. Ye pull; but ye needn't pull so hard. Don't you wish you owned her?"

"Well, I guess my father might give me one or two if I asked 'em," Harvey replied. He had been too busy to think much of his family till then.

"That's so. I forgot your dad's a millionaire. You don't act millionary any, naow. But a dory an' craft an' gear—" Dan spoke as though she were a whaleboat

—"costs a heap. Think your dad 'ud give you one fer—fer a pet?"

"Shouldn't wonder. It would be 'most the only thing I haven't stuck him for."

"Must be an expensive kinder kid to home. Don't slitheroo that way, Harve. Short's the trick, because no sea's ever dead still, an' the swells 'll—"

Crack! The loom of the oar kicked Harvey under the chin, and knocked him backwards.

"That was what I was goin' to say. I hed to learn too, but *I* wasn't more than eight years old when I got my teachin'."

Harvey regained his seat with aching jaws and a frown.

"No good gettin' mad at things, dad says. It's our own fault ef we can't handle 'em, he says. Le's try here. Manuel 'll give us the water."

The "Portugee" was rocking fully a mile away, but when Dan up-ended an oar, he waved his left arm three times.

"Thirty fathom," said Dan, stringing a salt clam on to the hook. "Over with the doughboys. Bait same's I do, Harve, an' don't snarl your reel."

Dan's line was out long before Harvey had mastered the mystery of baiting and heaving out the leads. The dory drifted along easily. It was not worth while to anchor till they were sure of good ground.

"Here we come!" Dan shouted, and a shower of spray rattled on Harvey's shoulders as a big cod flapped and kicked alongside. "Muckle, Harvey, muckle! Under your hand! Quick."

Evidently "muckle" could not be the dinner-horn, so Harvey passed over the maul, and Dan scientifically stunned the fish before he pulled it inboard, and wrenched out the hook with the short wooden stick he called a "gob-stick." Then Harvey felt a tug, and pulled up zealously.

"Why, these are strawberries," he shouted. "Look!"

The hook had fouled among a bunch of strawberries, red on one side and white on the other—perfect reproductions of land fruit, except that there were no leaves, and the stem was all pipy and slimy.

"Don't tech 'em. Slat 'em off. Don't—"

The warning came too late. Harvey had picked them from the hook, and was admiring them.

"Ouch!" he cried, for his fingers throbbed as though he had grasped many nettles.

"Naow ye know what strawberry bottom means. Nothin' 'cep' fish should be teched with the naked fingers, dad says. Slat 'em off agin the gunnel, an' bait up, Harve. Lookin' won't help any. It's all in the wages."

Harvey smiled at the thought of his ten and a half dollars a month, and wondered what his mother would say if she could see him hanging over the edge of a fishing-dory in mid-ocean. She suffered agonies whenever he went out on Saranac Lake; and, by the way, Harvey remembered distinctly that he used to laugh at her anxieties. Suddenly the line flashed through his hand, stinging even through the nippers, the woollen circlets supposed to protect it.

"He's a logy. Give him room accordin' to his strength," cried Dan. "I'll help ye."

"No, you won't," Harvey snapped, as he hung on to the line. "It's my first fish. Is—is it a whale?"

"Halibut, mebbe." Dan peered down into the water alongside and flourished the big "muckle," ready for all chances. Something white and oval flickered and fluttered through the green. "I'll lay my wage an' share he's over a hundred. Are you so everlastin' anxious to land him alone?"

Harvey's knuckles were raw and bleeding where they had been banged against the gunwale; his face was purple-blue between excitement and exertion; he dripped with sweat, and was half-blinded from staring at the circling sunlit ripples about the swiftly moving line. The boys were tired long ere the halibut. He took charge of them and the dory for the next twenty minutes. But the big flat fish was gaffed and hauled in at last.

"Beginner's luck," said Dan, wiping his forehead. "He's all of a hundred."

Harvey looked at the huge gray and mottled creature with unspeakable pride. He had seen halibut many times on marble slabs ashore, but it had never occurred to him to ask how they came there. Now he knew; and every square inch of his body ached with fatigue.

"Ef dad was along," said Dan, hauling up, "he'd read the signs plain 's print. The fish are runnin' smaller an' smaller, an' you've took 'baout as logy a halibut 's we're apt to find this trip. Yesterday's catch—did ye notice it?—was all big fish an' no halibut. Dad, he'd read them signs right off. Dad says everythin' on the Banks is signs, an' can be read wrong er right. Dad's deeper'n the Whale Hole."

Even as he spoke a pistol was fired on the "We're Here," and a potato-basket run up in the fore-rigging.

"What did I say, naow? That's the call fer the whole crowd. Dad's onter something, er he'd never break fishin' this time o' day. Reel up, Harve, an' we'll pull back."

They were to windward of the schooner, just ready to flirt the dory over the still sea, when sounds of woe half a mile off led them to "Pennsylvania," who was careering around a fixed point, for all the world like a gigantic water-bug. The little man backed away and came down again with enormous energy, but at the end of each manœuvre his dory swung round and snubbed herself on her rope.

"We'll hev to help him, er he'll root an' seed here," said Dan.

"What's the matter?" said Harvey. This was a new world, where he could not lay down the law to his elders, but had to ask questions.

"Anchor's fouled. Penn's always losing 'em. Lost two this trip a'ready—on sandy bottom too—an' Dad says next one he loses, sure's fishin', he'll give him the kelleg. That 'ud break Penn's heart."

"What's a 'kelleg'?" said Harvey, who had an idea it might be some kind of marine torture, like keel-hauling.

"Big stone instid of an anchor. You kin see a kelleg ridin' in the bows fur's you can see a dory, an' all the fleet knows what it means. They'd guy him dretful. Penn couldn't stand that no more'n a dog with a dipper to his tail. He's so everlastin' sensitive. Hello, Penn? Stuck again? Don't try any more o' your patents. Come up on her, and keep your rodin' straight up an' down."

"It doesn't move," said the little man, panting. "It doesn't move at all, and, indeed, I tried everything."

"What's all this hurrah's-nest for'ard?" said Dan, pointing to a wild tangle of spare oars and dory-roding, all matted together by the hand of inexperience.

"Oh, that," said Penn proudly, "is a Spanish windlass. Mr. Salters showed me how to make it; but even *that* doesn't move her."

Dan bent low over the gunwale to hide a smile, twitched once or twice on the roding, and, behold, the anchor drew at once.

"Haul up, Penn," he said, laughing, "er she'll git stuck again."

They left him regarding the weed-hung flukes of the little anchor with big, pathetic blue eyes, and thanking them profusely.

"Oh, say, while I think of it, Harve," said Dan, when they were out of ear-shot, "Penn ain't quite all caulked. He ain't nowise dangerous, but his mind's give out. See?"

"Is that so, or is it one of your father's judgments?" Harvey asked as he bent to his oars. He felt he was learning to handle them more easily.

"Dad ain't mistook this time. Penn's a sure 'nuff loony. No, he ain't thet exactly, so much ez a harmless ijjit. It was this way (you're rowin' quite so, Harve), an' I tell you 'cause it's right you orter know. He was a Moravian preacher once. Jacob Boller wuz his name, dad told me, an' he lived with his wife an' four children somewheres out Pennsylvania way. Well, Penn he took his folks along to a Moravian meetin'—camp-meetin' most like—an' they stayed over jest one night in Johnstown. You've heerd talk o' Johnstown?"

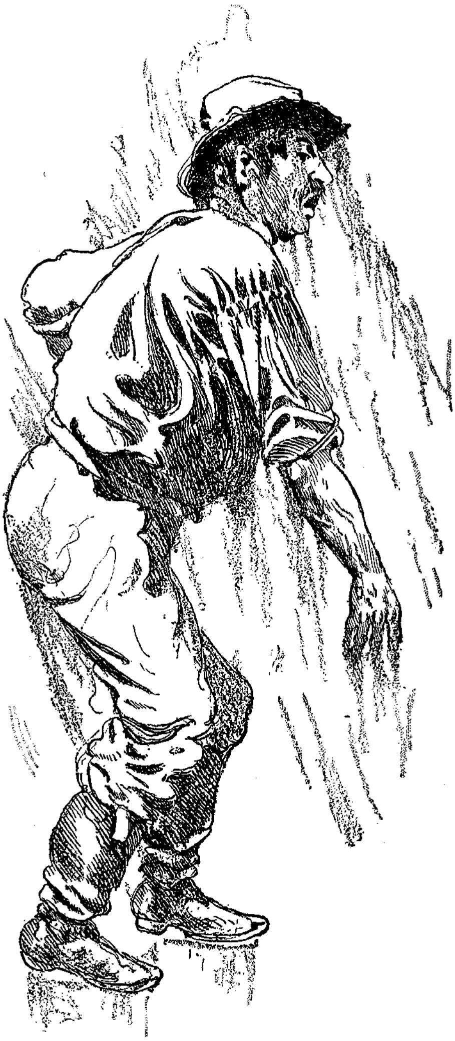
Harvey considered. "Yes, I have. But I don't know why. It sticks in my head same as Ashtabula."

"Both was big accidents—thet's why, Harve. Well, that one night Penn and his folks was to the hotel Johnstown was wiped out. Dam bust an' flooded her, an' the houses struck adrift an' bumped into each other an' sunk. I've seen the pictures, an' they're dretful. Penn, he saw his folks drowned all 'n a heap 'fore he rightly knew what was comin'. His mind give out from that on. He mistrusted somethin' hed happened up to Johnstown, but for the poor life of him he couldn't remember what, an' he jest drifted araound smilin' an' wonderin'. He didn't know what he was, ner yit what he hed bin, an' thet way he run agin Uncle Salters, who was visitin' 'n Allegheny City. Ha'af my mother's folks they're all scattered inside o' Pennsylvania, an' Uncle Salters he visits araound winters. Uncle Salters he kinder adopted Penn, well knowin' what his trouble wuz; an' he brought him East, an' he give him work on his farm."

"Why, I heard him calling Penn a farmer last night when the boats bumped. Is your Uncle Salters a farmer?"

"Farmer!" shouted Dan. "There ain't water enough 'tween here an' Hatt'rus to wash the furrer-mould off'n *his* boots. He's jest everlastin' farmer. Why, Harve, I've seen that man hitch up a bucket, long towards sundown, an' set twiddling the spigot to the scuttle-butt same's ef 'twuz a cow's bag. He's thet much farmer. Well, Penn an' he they ran the farm—up Exeter way, 'twuz. Uncle Salters he sold it this spring to a jay from Boston as wanted to build a haouse fer summer, an' he got a heap for it. Well, them two loonies scratched along till one day Penn's church as he'd belonged to, the Moravians, found out where he wuz drifted an' layin', an' wrote to Uncle Salters.

Never heerd what they said exactly; but Uncle Salters was right mad. He's a 'piscopalian mostly—but he jest let 'em hev it both sides o' the bow, 's if he was a Baptist; an' sez he warn't goin' to give up Penn to any blame Moravian connection in Pennsylvania or anywheres else. Then he come to dad, towin' Penn—thet was two trips back—an' sez he an' Penn must fish a trip for their health. Guess he thought the Moravians wouldn't hunt the Banks fer Jacob Boller. Dad was agreeable, fer Uncle Salters he'd been fishin' off an' on fer thirty years, and he took quarter-share in the 'We're Here'; an' the trip done Penn so much good dad made a habit o' takin' him. Some day, dad sez, he'll remember his wife an' kids *an'* Johnstown, an' then he'll die—dad sez. Don't ye talk abaout Johnstown ner such things to Penn, 'r Uncle Salters he'll heave ye overboard."



"A FEW SECONDS LATER A HISSING WAVE-TOP . . . SMOTE UNCLE SALTERS BETWEEN THE SHOULDERS, AND DRENCHED HIM FROM HEAD TO FOOT."

"Poor Penn," murmured Harvey. "I shouldn't ever have thought Uncle Salters cared for him by the look of 'em together."

"I like Penn, though; we all do," said Dan. "We ought to ha' give him a tow, but I wanted to tell ye first."

They were close to the schooner now, the other boats a little behind them.

"You needn't heave in the dories till after dinner," said Troop from the deck. "We'll dress daown right off. Fix table, boys!"

"Deeper'n the Whale-Deep," said Dan, with a wink, as he set the gear for dressing down. "Look at them boats that hev edged up sence mornin'. They're all waitin' on dad. See 'em, Harve?"

"They are all alike to me." And indeed the nodding schooners around seemed, to a landsman, run from the same mould.

"They ain't, though. That yaller dirty packet with her bowsprit steeved that way, she's the 'Hope of Prague.' Nick Brady's her skipper, the meanest man on the Banks. We'll tell him so when we strike the Main Ledge. 'Way off yander's the 'Day's Eye.' The two Jeraulds own her. She's from Harwich; fastish, too, an' hez good luck; but dad, he'd find fish in a graveyard. Them other three, side along, they're the 'Margie Smith,' 'Rose,' an' 'Edith S. Walen,' all frum home. Guess we'll see the 'Abbie M. Deering' to-morrer, dad, won't we? They're all slippin' over from the shoal o' 'Queereau."

"You won't see many boats to-morrer, Danny." When Troop called his son Danny, it was a sign that the old man was pleased. "Boys, we're too crowded," he went on, addressing the crew as they clambered inboard. "We'll leave 'em to bait big an' catch small." He looked at the catch in the pen, and it was curious to see how little and level the fish ran. Save for Harvey's halibut, there was nothing over fifteen pounds on deck.

"I'm waitin' on the weather," said Troop.

"Ye'll have to make it yourself, Disko, for there's no sign *I* can see," said Long Jack, sweeping the clear horizon.

And yet, half an hour later, as they were dressing down, the Bank fog dropped on them, "between fish and fish," as they say. It drove steadily and in wreaths, curling and smoking along the colorless water. The men stopped dressing down without a word. Long Jack and Uncle Salters slipped the windlass brakes into their sockets, and began to heave up the anchor, the windlass jarring as the wet hempen cable strained on the barrel. Manuel and Tom Platt gave a hand at the last. The anchor came up with a sob, and the riding-sail bellied as Troop steadied her at the wheel. "Up jib and foresail," said he.

"Slip 'em in the smother," shouted Long Jack, making fast the jib-sheet, while the others raised the clacking, rattling rings of the foresail; and the foreboom creaked as the "We're Here" looked up into the wind and dived off into blank, whirling white.

"There's wind behind this fog," said Troop.

It was all wonderful beyond words to Harvey; and the most wonderful part was that he heard no orders except an occasional grunt from Troop, ending with, "That's good, my son!"

"Never seen anchor weighed before?" said Tom Platt, as Harvey gaped at the damp canvas of the foresail.

"No. Where are we going?"

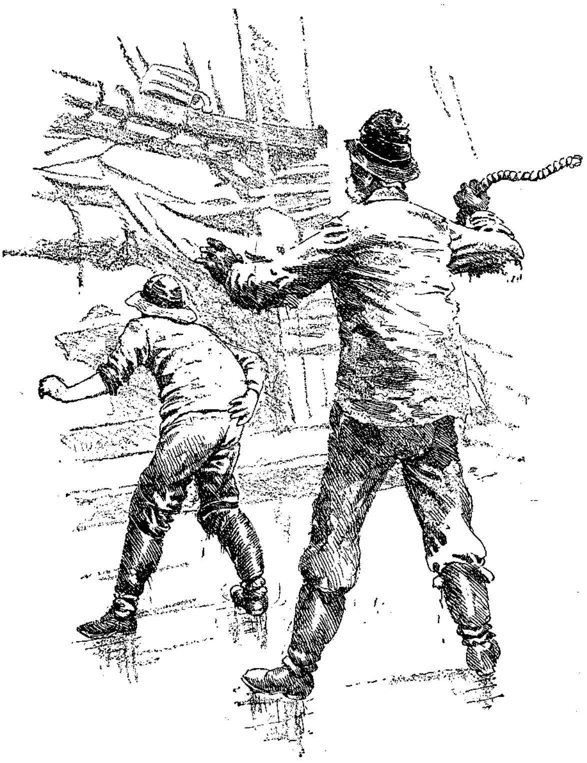
"Fish and make berth, as you'll find out 'fore you've bin a week aboard. It's all new to you, but we never know what may come to us. Now, take me—Tom Platt—*I'd* never ha' thought—"

"It's better than fourteen dollars a month an' a bullet in your belly," said Troop, from the wheel. "Ease your jumbo a grind."

"Dollars an' cents better," returned the man-o'-war's man, doing something to a big jib with a wooden spar tied to it. "But we didn't think o' that when we manned the windlass brakes on the 'Miss Jim Buck,'* outside Beaufort Harbor, with Fort Macon pourin' hot shot at our stern, an' a livin' gale atop of all. Where was you then, Disko?"

"Jest here, or hereabouts," Disko replied, "earnin' my bread on the deep waters, an' dodgin' Reb privateers. Sorry I can't accommodate you with red-hot shot, Tom Platt, but I guess we'll come aout all right on wind 'fore we see Eastern Point."

There was an incessant slapping and chatter at the bows now, varied by a solid thud and a little spout of spray that clattered down on the foc'sle. The rigging dripped clammy drops, and the men lounged along the lee of the house, all but Uncle Salters, who sat stiffly on the main-hatch nursing his stung hands.



"FOR AN HOUR LONG JACK WALKED HIS PREY UP AND DOWN, TEACHING, AS HE SAID, 'THINGS IVRY MAN MUST KNOW, BLIND, DRUNK, OR ASLEEP.'"

"Guess she'd carry stays'le," said Disko, rolling one eye at his brother.

"Guess she wouldn't to any sorter profit. What's the sense o' wastin' canvas?" the farmer-sailor replied.

The wheel twitched almost imperceptibly in Disko's hands. A few seconds later a hissing wave-top slashed diagonally across the boat, smote Uncle Salters between the shoulders, and drenched him from head to foot. He rose sputtering, and went forward only to catch another.

"See dad chase him all around the deck," said Dan. "Uncle Salters he thinks his quarter share's our canvas. Dad's put this duckin' act up on him two trips runnin'. Hi! That found him where he feeds." Uncle Salters had taken refuge by the foremast, but a wave slapped him over the knees. Disko's face was as blank as the circle of the wheel.

"Guess she'd lie easier under stays'le, Salters," said Disko, as though he had seen nothing.

"Set your old kite, then," roared the victim through a cloud of spray; "only don't lay it to me if anything happens. Penn, you go below right off an' git your coffee. You ought to hev more sense than to bum araound on deck this weather."

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* The "Gemsbok," U. S. N.?

"Now they'll swill coffee an' play checkers till the cows come home," said Dan, as Uncle Salters hustled Penn into the fore-cabin. "Look's to me like's if we'd all be doin' so fer a spell. There's nothin' in creation deader-limpsey-idler 'n a Banker when she ain't on fish."

"I'm glad ye spoke, Danny," cried Long Jack, who had been casting round the boat in search of amusement. "I'd clear forgot we'd a passenger under that T-wharf hat. There's no idleness for thim that don't know their ropes. Pass him along, Tom Platt, an' we'll larn him."

"'Tain't my trick this time," grinned Dan. "You've got to go it alone. Dad learned *me* with a rope's end."

For an hour Long Jack walked his prey up and down, teaching, as he said, "things ivry man must know, blind, drunk, or asleep." There is not much gear to a seventy-ton schooner with a stump foremast, but Long Jack had a gift of expression. When he wished to draw Harvey's attention to the peak halyards, he dug his knuckles into the back of the boy's neck and kept him at gaze for half a minute. He emphasized the difference between fore and aft generally by rubbing Harvey's nose along a few feet of the boom, and the lead of each rope was fixed in Harvey's mind by the end of the rope itself.

The lesson would have been easier had the deck been at all free; but there appeared to be a place for everything except a man. Forward lay the windlass and its tackle, with the chain and hemp cables, all very unpleasant to trip over; the foc'sle stove-pipe, and the gurry-butts by the foc'sle hatch to hold the fish-livers. Aft of these the fore-boom and booby of the main hatch took all the deck that was not needed for the pumps and dressing-pens. Then came the nests of dories lashed to ring-bolts by the quarter-deck; the house, with tubs and things lashed all around it; and the sixty-foot main-boom in her crutch, splitting things lengthwise, to duck and dodge under every time. It was like trying to dance in a ship-chandler's store; the store itself dancing to no known step.

Tom Platt, of course, could not keep his oar out of the business, but ranged alongside with enormous and unnecessary descriptions of sails and spars on the old "Ohio."

"Niver mind fwhat he says; attend to me, Innocince. Tom Platt, this bally-hoo's not the 'Ohio,' an' you're mixin' the bhoy bad."

"He'll be ruined for life, beginnin' on a fore-an'-after this way," Tom Platt pleaded. "Give him a chance to know a few leadin' principles. Sailin's an art, Harvey, as I'd show you if I had ye in the fore-top o' the—"

"I know ut. Ye'd talk him dead an' cowld. Silince, Tom Platt! Now, after all I've said, how'd you reef the foresail, Harve? Take your time."

"Haul that in," said Harvey, pointing to leeward.

"Fwhat? The North Atlantuc?"

"No, the boom. Then run that rope you showed me back there—"

"That's no way," Tom Platt burst in.

"Quiet! He's larnin', an' has not the names good yet. Go on, Harve."

"Oh, it's the reef-pennant. I'd hook the tackle on to the reef-pennant, and then let down—"

"Lower the sail, child! Lower!" said Tom Platt, in a professional agony.

"Lower the throat and peak halyards," Harvey went on. Those names stuck in his head.

"Lay your hand on thim," said Long Jack.

Harvey obeyed. "Lower till that rope-loop—on the after-leach—kris—no, it's cringle—till the cringle was down on the boom. Then I'd tie her up the way you said, and then I'd hoist up the peak and throat halyards again."

"You've forgot to pass the tack-earing, but wid time and help ye'll larn. There's good and just reason for ivry rope aboard, or else 'twould be overboard. D'ye follow me? 'Tis dollars an' cents I'm puttin' into your pocket, ye skinny little supercargo, so that fwhin ye've filled out ye can ship from Boston to Cuba an' tell thim Long Jack larned you. Now I'll chase ye around a piece, callin' the ropes, an' you'll lay your hand on thim as I call."

He began, and Harvey, who was feeling rather tired, walked slowly to the rope named. A rope's end licked round his ribs, and nearly knocked the breath out of him.

"When you own a boat," said Tom Platt, with severe eyes, "you can walk. Till then, take all orders at the run. Once more—to make sure!"

Harvey was in a glow with the exercise, and this last cut warmed him thoroughly. Now, he was a singularly smart boy, the son of a very clever man and a very sensitive woman, with a fine resolute temper that systematic spoiling had nearly turned to mulish obstinacy. He looked at the other men, and saw that even Dan did not smile. It was evidently all in the day's work, though it hurt abominably. So he swallowed the hint with a gulp and a gasp and a grin. The same smartness that led him to take such advantage of his mother made him very sure that no one on the boat, except, maybe, Penn, would stand the least nonsense. One learns a great deal from a mere tone. Long Jack called over half a dozen more ropes, and Harvey danced over the deck like an eel at ebb tide, one eye on Tom Platt.

"Ver' good. Ver' good done," said Manuel. "After supper I show you a little schooner I make, with all her ropes. So we shall learn."

"Fust-class fer—a passenger," said Dan. "Dad he's jest allowed you'll be wuth your salt maybe 'fore you're drownded. Thet's a heap fer dad. I'll learn you more our next watch together."

"Taller!" grunted Disko, peering through the fog as it smoked over the bows. There was nothing to be seen ten feet beyond the surging jib-boom, while alongside came the endless procession of solemn, pale waves whispering and lipping one to the other.

"Now I'll learn you something Long Jack can't," shouted Tom Platt, as from a locker by the stern he produced a battered deep-sea lead hollowed at one end, smeared the hollow from a saucer full of mutton tallow, and went forward. "I'll learn you how to fly the blue pigeon. Shooo!"

Disko did something to the wheel that checked the schooner's way, while Manuel, with Harvey to help (and a proud boy was Harvey), let down the jib in a lump on the boom. The lead sung a deep droning song as Tom Platt whirled it round and round.

"Go ahead, man," said Long Jack, impatiently. "We're not drawin' twenty-five feet off Fire Island in a fog. There's no trick to ut."

"Don't be jealous, Galway." The released lead plopped into the sea far ahead as the schooner surged slowly forward.

"Soundin' *is* a trick, though," said Dan, "when your dipsey lead's all the eye you're like to hev for a week. What d'you make it, dad?"

Disko's face relaxed. His skill and honor were involved in the march he had stolen on the rest of the fleet. "Sixty, mebbe—ef I'm any judge," he replied, with a glance at the tiny compass in the window of the house.

"Sixty," sung out Tom Platt, hauling in great wet coils.

The schooner gathered way again. "Heave!" said Disko, after a quarter of an hour.

"What d'you make it?" Dan whispered, and he looked at Harvey proudly. But Harvey was too proud of his own performances to be impressed just then.

"Fifty," said the father. "I mistrust we're right over the nick o' Green Bank on old Sixty-Fifty."

"Fifty," roared Tom Platt. They could scarcely see him through the fog. "She's bust within a yard—like the shells at Fort Macon."

"Bait up, Harve," said Dan, diving for a line on the reel.

The schooner seemed to be straying promiscuously through the smother, her headsail banging wildly. The men waited and looked at the boys.

"Heugh!" Dan's lines twitched on the scored and scarred rail. "Now haow in thunder did dad know? Help us here, Harve. It's a big un. Poke-hooked, too." They hauled together, and landed a goggle-eyed twenty-pound cod who had taken the bait right into his stomach.

"Why, he's all covered with little crabs," cried Harvey, turning him over.

"By the great hook-block, they're lousy already," said Long Jack. "Disko, ye kape your spare eyes under the keel."

Splash went the anchor, and they all heaved over the lines, each man taking his own place at the bulwarks.

"Are they good to eat?" Harvey panted, as he lugged in another crab-covered cod.

"Sure. When they're lousy it's a sign they've all been herdin' together by the thousand, and when they take the bait that way they're hungry. Never mind how the bait sets. They'll bite on the bare hook."

"Say, this is great," Harvey cried, as the fish came in gasping and splashing—nearly all poke-hooked, as Dan had said. "Why can't we always fish from the boat instead of from the dories?"

"Allus can, till we begin to dress down. Efter thet, the heads and offals 'ud scare the fish to Fundy. Boat fishin' ain't reckoned progressive, though, unless ye know as much as dad knows. Guess we'll run aout a trawl to-night. Harder on the back, this, than from the dory, ain't it?"

It was rather back-breaking work, for in a dory the weight of a cod is water-borne till the last minute, and you are, so to speak, abreast of him; but the few feet of a schooner's freeboard make so much extra dead hauling, and stooping over the bulwarks cramps the stomach. But it was wild and furious sport so long as it lasted; and a big pile lay aboard when the fish ceased biting.

"Where's Penn and Uncle Salters?" Harvey asked, slapping the slime off his oilskins, and reeling up the line in careful imitation of the others.

"Git's coffee and see."

Under the yellow glare of the lamp on the pawl-post, the foc'sle table down and opened, utterly unconscious of fish or weather, sat the two men, a checker-board between them, Uncle Salters snarling at Penn's every move.

"What's the matter naow?" said the former, as Harvey, one hand in the leather loop at the head of the ladder, hung shouting to the cook.

"Big fish and lousy—heaps and heaps," Harvey replied, quoting Long Jack. "How's the game?"

Little Penn's jaw dropped. "'Tweren't none o' his fault," snapped Uncle Salters. "Penn's deef."

"Checkers, weren't it?" said Dan, as Harvey staggered aft with the steaming coffee in a tin pail. "That let's us out o' cleanin' up to-night. Dad's a jest man. They'll have to do it."

"An' two young fellers I know 'll bait up a tub or so o' trawl, while they're cleanin'," said Disko, lashing the wheel to his taste.

"Um! Guess I'd ruther clean up, dad."

"Don't doubt it. Ye wunt, though. Dress down! Dress down! Penn'll pitch while you two bait up."

"Why in thunder didn't them blame boys tell us you'd struck on?" said Uncle Salters, shuffling to his place at the table. "This knife's gum-blunt, Dan."

"Ef stickin' out cable don't wake ye, guess you'd better hire a boy o' your own," said Dan, muddling about in the dusk for the tubs full of trawl-line lashed to windward of the house. "O Harve, don't ye want to slip down an' git's bait?"

"Bait as we are," said Disko. "I mistrust shag-fishin' will pay better, ez things go."

That meant the boys would bait with selected offal of the cod as the fish were cleaned—an improvement on paddling barehanded in the little bait-barrels. The tubs were full of neatly coiled line, carrying a big hook each few feet; and the testing and baiting of every single hook, with the stowage of the baited line, so that it shall run clear, is a scientific business. Dan managed it in the dark, without looking, while Harvey caught his fingers on the barbs and bewailed his fate. But the hooks flew through Dan's fingers like tatting on an old maid's lap. "I helped bait up trawl ashore 'fore I could well walk," he said. "But it's a putterin' job all the same. O dad!" This shouted towards the hatch, where Disko and Tom Platt were salting. "How many skates you reckon we'll need?"

"'Baout three. Hurry!"

"There's three hundred fathom to each tub," Dan explained; "mor'n enough to lay out to-night. Ouch! 'Slipped up there, I did." He stuck his finger in his mouth. "I tell you, Harve, there ain't money in Gloucester 'ud hire me to ship on a reg'lar trawler. It may be progressive, but, barrin' that, it's the putterinest, slimjammest business top o' the earth."

"I don't know what this is, if 'tisn't regular trawling," said Harvey sulkily. "My fingers are all scratched to frazzles."

"Pshaw! This is jest one o' dad's blame experiments. He don't trawl 'less there's mighty good reason fer it. Dad knows. Thet's why he's baitin' ez he is. We'll hev her saggin' full when we take her up er we won't see a fin."

Penn and Uncle Salters cleaned up as Disko had ordained, but the boys profited little. No sooner were the tubs furnished than Tom Platt and Long Jack, who had been exploring the inside of a dory with a lantern, snatched them away, loaded up the tubs and some small, painted trawl-buoys, and hove the boat overboard into what Harvey regarded as an exceedingly rough sea. "They'll be drowned. Why, the dory's loaded like a freight-car," he cried.

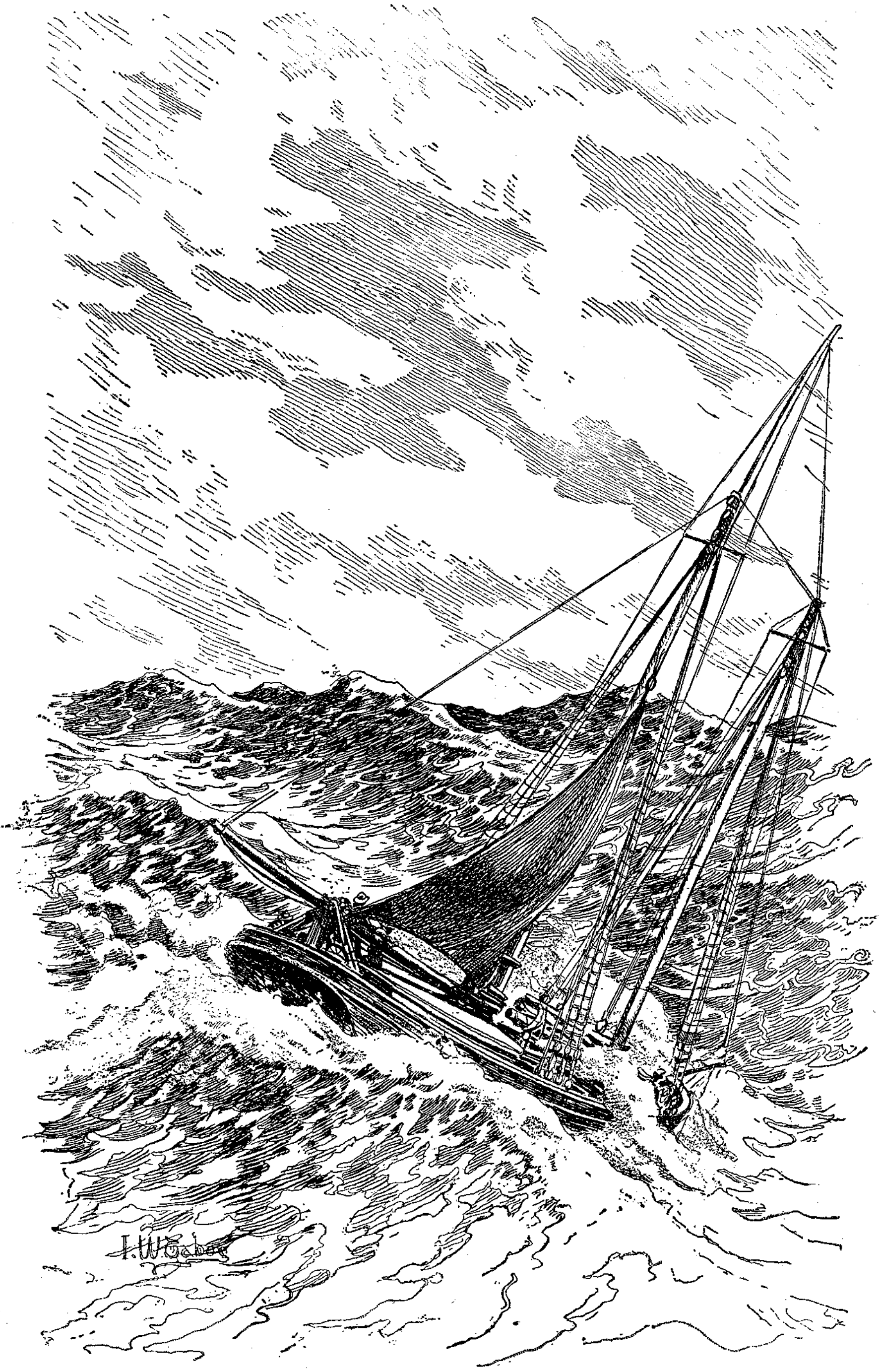
"We'll be back," said Long Jack, "an' in case you not be lookin' for us, we'll lay into you both if the trawl's snarled."

The dory surged up on the crest of a wave, and just when it seemed impossible that she could avoid smashing against the schooner's side, slid over the ridge, and was swallowed up in the damp dusk.

"Take hold here, an' keep ringin' steady," said Dan, passing Harvey the lanyard of a bell that hung just behind the windlass.

Harvey rang lustily, for he felt two lives depended on him. But Disko in the cabin, scrawling in the log-book, did not look like a murderer, and when he went to supper he even smiled dryly at the anxious Harvey.

"*This* ain't no weather," said Dan. "Why, you an' me could set thet trawl! They've only gone out jest far 'nough so's not to foul our cable. They don't need no bell, reelly."



"IT WAS THICK WEATHER OUTSIDE, WITH A RISING WIND. . . . THE NOSING BOWS SLAPPED AND SCUFFLED WITH THE SEAS."

“Clang ! cling ! clang !” Harvey kept it up, varied with occasional rub-a-dubs, for another half-hour. There was a bellow and a bump alongside. Manuel and Dan raced to the hooks of the dory-tackle ; Long Jack and Tom Platt arrived on deck together, it seemed, one-half the North Atlantic at their backs, and the dory followed them in the air, landing with a clatter.

“Nary snarl,” said Tom Platt as he dripped. “Danny, you'll do yet.”

“The pleasure av your comp'ny to the banquit,” said Long Jack, squelching the water from his boots as he capered like an elephant and stuck an oil-skinned arm into Harvey's face. “We do be condescending to honor the second half wid our presence.” And off they all four rolled to supper, where Harvey stuffed himself to the brim on fish-chowder and fried pies, and fell fast asleep just as Manuel produced from a locker a lovely two-foot model of the “Lucy Holmes,” his first boat, and was going to show Harvey the ropes. He never even twiddled his fingers as Penn pushed him into his bunk.

“It must be a sad thing—a very sad thing,” said Penn, watching the boy's face, “for his mother and his father, who think he is dead. To lose a child—to lose a man-child !”

“Get out o' this, Penn,” said Dan. “Go aft and finish your game with Uncle Salters. Tell dad I'll stand Harve's watch ef he don't keer. He's played aout.”

“Ver' good boy,” said Manuel, slipping out of his boots and disappearing into the black shadows of the lower bunk. “Expec' he make good man, Danny. I no see he is any so mad as your parpa he says. Eh, wha—at ?”

Dan chuckled, but the chuckle ended in a snore.

It was thick weather outside, with a rising wind, and the elder men stretched their watches. The hours struck clear in the cabin ; the nosing bows slapped and scuffled with the seas ; the foc'sle stove-pipe hissed and sputtered as the spray caught it; and the boys slept on, while Disko, Long Jack, Tom Platt, and Uncle Salters, each in turn, stumped aft to look at the wheel, forward to see that the anchor held, or to veer out a little more cable against chafing, with a glance at the dim anchor-light between each round.

(*To be continued.*)

OF THIS GENERATION.

By Henry Seton Merriman,

Author of “The Sowers,” “Flotsam,” etc.

THE Grand Hotel at Zell-am-Zee has, as many know, a garden bordered by the lake, where in the very necessary shade of lilac trees contemplative Austrians sit at small tables and consume the deep-colored beer, so called, of Munich.

Among these, and within sound of their sober exclamations of wonderment at the beauty of the prospect, sat a young Englishman, gracefully idle, and wearing with a becoming indifference a most trying headcovering at that time fashionable and still known at Cambridge as a “beast” hat. He was watching the approach of a countrywoman—young, wholesome, sunburnt, and energetic—who had just emerged from the door of the hotel.

The Englishman was startlingly clean, with thin soft hair carefully brushed back from a bland forehead. His face was narrow, with a prominent nose, suggesting the frequent use of soap and water. The countenance was expressive of one dominant quality, as nearly all countenances are if studied with understanding, and that nothing less than the desire to be instantly and persistently agreeable. Ladies given to the exercise of that species of hospitality which has for its aim the bringing together of young people, and for its end the hope that some of these may elect to remain together till death do them release, invariably secured Algernon Augustus Passavant. Algernon, it appeared, made things go. Some very young girls thought him stupid, and did not always understand his humor. They thought that he lacked poetry and was uninteresting. His hair, in fact, was too thin and too short. The more elderly sirens engaged in the pursuit of eligible junior attachés, kept an eye on Passavant as a sheep dog

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keeps an eye upon the shepherd. A few mistaken mammas set little traps for him, and he made himself invariably agreeable to the bait, without being hooked.

Passavant had seen two ambassadors come to and go from Vienna, where he held office. And a third—a power in Europe—in bed in the best bedroom of the Grand Hotel at Zell-am-Zee—seemed at this time about to receive a call to a higher court from whence no despatches are delivered.

On the nearer approach of his countrywoman, Passavant stood up, raised his hat, and drew forward an iron chair.

"Those flowers," he said, gravely pointing to some fronds in the girl's hand, "do not grow wild in this part of the world. But so long as you were not observed—"

"I gathered them right up there," answered Miss Britten, with all the careless confidence of her generation, pointing toward the mountains with her parasol.

"As a nation we are inclined to think that if we only climb high enough we rise above the law. There is a villa just above the spot where you—stole those flowers."

"I never saw it."

"No—but it was there."

The girl laughed. She was no longer quite youthful, and had that air of capability which is a characteristic of the day. She had obviously tried most things—except love, *bien entendu*. The universal young person has usually missed that, and fills up the blank with the current amusements in their due course, prosecuting them with a skill worthy of a higher object than the mere killing of time.

"And as I came down," she continued, "a queer thing happened to me."

Passavant looked gravely at her. The modern knight errant is a young woman, and she seeks adventures, for the most part, in continental hotels or on board the great steamers. Passavant thought that Miss Britten was too good for that sort of adventure, and his face being eminently guileless, did not express that thought.

"I was mistaken for some one else," she said; "for Miss Burdon, the ambassador's daughter."

"Ah, I have twice been mistaken for some one else. Once it was for a bookstall man, when, with great presence of mind, I sold a penny newspaper. The second time I was mistaken for Mr. Lincoln or Mr. Bennett, I never ascertained which, while I was standing bareheaded in the shop waiting for my hat to be ironed. I took it as a compliment. They make excellent hats. By whom were you mistaken for Miss Burdon?"

"By a German gentleman who must have followed me up the hill. I met him when I turned back. He asked me the way out; then asked me whether he was mistaken in supposing that I was Miss Burdon. I thought I told him he was, but he seems to have understood me to say that I *was* Miss Burdon."

Passavant's attention, which had been centred on a free-hand design executed in gravel with a walking-stick, was suddenly aroused.

"Ah," he said, "and this German gentleman is still under the impression that you are Miss Burdon?"

"Yes," answered Miss Britten.

Passavant reflected, with his light-blue eyes fixed on a small girl half-concealed behind a huge mug of beer.

"Ah! Your boxes were marked with a large 'B.' I noticed it myself. Miss Burdon was expected yesterday, but did not come. She sent a telegram to say that she was detained at Vienna by the illness of her mother."

"Then you know the ambassador?" suggested Miss Britten, who had an exalted idea of the diplomatic service.

"I am his domestic chaplain," returned Algernon Augustus Passavant with solemnity. "It is my privilege to comfort his last moments."

Miss Britten laughed, and then looked grave again.

"Is he so very ill?"

"Very," answered Passavant abstractedly.

"But why is his health so important?" inquired Miss Britten, who was intelligent, and therefore inquisitive. "No one speaks of anything else—all Europe seems to have its attention fixed on Zell-am-Zee."

"Ah, that is a long story. But who has displayed this enormous interest in Lord Burdon's life—your German friend, I suppose?"

"Well, yes. He made inquiries."

"Hm—yes. A man with a mild gray eye and a beautiful crop of hair—speaks English well?"

"Yes; that describes him."

Passavant nodded his head with an air of abstraction which had frequently been accounted to him for foolishness. Miss Britten looked at him with shrewd, calculating eyes, such as one would expect in a girl who is cleverer than her parents and kindly tolerant of their ignorance of the world.

"Do you know this Miss Burdon—but of course you do," she said.

"She is my cousin."

"Then Lord Burdon is your uncle."

"Precisely, and my badge of respectability. He has made me—well—what you see. Irreproachable. He sort of adopted me—years ago, when I was a youth—in the mahogany age, early Victorian, you know."

He sighed, and dusted the toe of his narrow boot with his glove.

"Is Lord Burdon such a very important person?" asked Miss Britten.

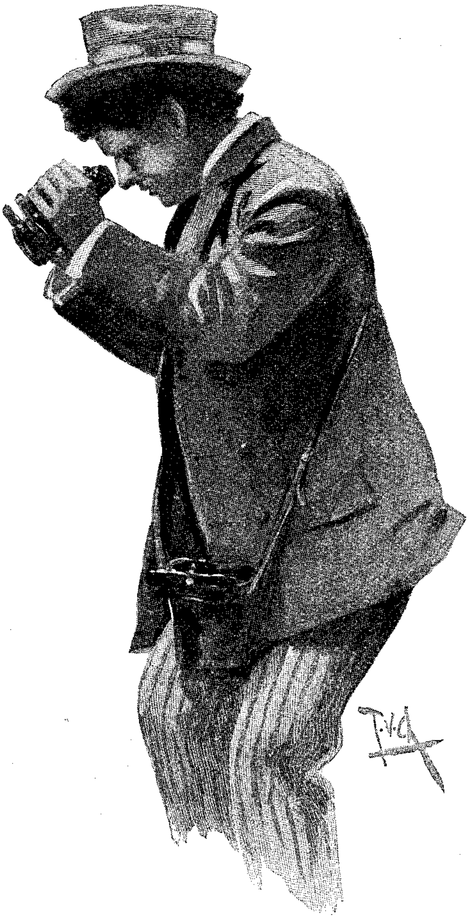
"Next to myself he is at once the hope and despair of Europe. He knows so much to the discredit of his neighbor—the surest means to success."

Passavant rose.

"We are observed," he said, "by the lady who travels with you. What is her name—Smale, is it not? I hope she is not a relation. She has been watching us from her bedroom window for some time, and now, having pinned her veil round her hat—ought she not to wear bonnets, by the way, at her time of life?—she is coming down to interrupt. She thinks I am not respectable—probably because I wear patent leather shoes. Will you tell her I do it in order to save the expense of rewarding the hotel boots? Tell her I have a real lord for an uncle, and teach in the Sunday-school attached to the British Embassy at Vienna. Tell her I am respectable, Miss Britten. And—if you will allow me to suggest it—you might let the German gentleman continue to think that you are Miss Burdon. It may be amusing—and don't let him get into conversation with Miss Smale. Here she comes. She is surprised and hurt to see you talking to a young man—she belongs to that period."

"What is Miss Burdon's Christian name, and what are her tastes?" asked Miss Britten, with her energetic laugh.

"Alice; musical," he answered, and wandered away beneath the lilac trees.


THE GERMAN GENTLEMAN WITH THE FIELD-GLASSES.

During the next two days Europe continued, as Miss Britten had jestingly said, to watch Zell-am-Zee. Lord Burdon's illness was, in fact, most ill-timed. A conference of the Powers had been summoned to meet at Vienna for the purpose of amicably dividing a territory as large as the British Isles.

"It is to be a raffle," explained Passavant to Miss Britten in a moment of expansion, "a sort of lucky bag; but Lord Burdon tied up the packages, so they want to keep his hand out of the bag if possible."

The representatives of certain other countries were at this time endeavoring to exclude Lord Burdon from the conference by the simple means of refusing to delay their sitting any longer. They were so kind as to name another noble lord as a suitable substitute for the sick man—said noble lord being well known for the length of his descent and the shortness of his comprehension. In the mean time, the representatives exchanged formal calls at Vienna and displayed an astonishing amount of brotherly love. A German newspaper, however, with singularly little tact, suddenly blurted out its opinion, that Lord Burdon's illness was a ruse to gain time, and that England expected important despatches by a certain steamer which could not reach

Southampton before the end of the week. The writer of the article thought it likely that his lordship would be better on Monday.

Passavant smiled as he read this journal, and then wrote out a bulletin which he posted to Vienna. There are cross-roads in a man's career where it is woefully easy to take a wrong turning, and Passavant had awaited his promotion through long, uneventful years. He had improved upon his slight acquaintance with Miss Britten, and sat next to her at table d'hôte. Miss Smale, whose watchfulness over her neighbor's morals was frequently interrupted by a poignant anxiety respecting her own health, was fortunately stung by a wasp at this time, and retired to her own apartment. The wasp, it appears, stung her on the nose while she was eating its peach.

"It was certain to happen, sooner or later," commented Passavant; "she eats peaches all day."

There were, however, other ladies who were duly scandalized at this time by the behavior of Mr. Passavant and Miss Britten.

"He is only amusing himself with her," said some.

"She is making a fool of him," laughed the rest. And the German gentleman, who was always endeavoring to get speech with Miss Britten and was invariably frustrated just in time by Passavant, scowled over his soup-spoon with such ardor that he spilt more *potage-à-la-jardinière* than usual.

"Tell them," said Passavant to Miss Britten one evening, "that Lord Burdon is better, and will probably take the air in a bath-chair to-morrow. His lordship would like you to walk by the side of the chair."

The next day Passavant's servant and Lord Burdon's confidential valet took Lord Burdon out for a solemn promenade in the sun, with the hood of the lined chair drawn over him to protect his ancient head from the heat of the day. Miss Britten walked by the side of the chair and stooped to arrange the patient's cushions from time to time with a most touching filial devotion.

The newspapers of Europe, and more especially those of Germany, took due note of these facts. They reported that Lord Burdon, attended by his devoted daughter, the Honorable Alice Burdon, was now convalescent at Zell-am-Zee. His lordship had, however, been forbidden to attend to his official duties, and did not even receive his usual correspondence. Under these circumstances, it was now certain that England would not be represented at the International Conference by her ambassador to the court of Austria. And the joy of the journals was but ill-concealed.

The affable gentleman who had accosted Miss Britten continued to enjoy the incomparable views obtainable on the surrounding mountains, and in order to lose nothing of their beauty, carried a pair of field-glasses slung across his shoulders with all the dash of a city clerk at a suburban race-meeting. He was in the habit of sitting for hours on the vine-clad slopes above the village, looking down through his binoculars at the Grand Hotel and its shady garden. Passavant, from his window in the bedroom adjoining Lord Burdon's private salon, looked up frequently and saw the German gentleman concealed like that small man Zaccheus among the tree-tops.

Thus the week drew toward its close, and the great and good journals contradicted each other daily, while a certain steamer pounded up Channel, and a brown-faced little man sat in one of its deck cabins writing out vast reports on Colonial Office stationery, and cursing between times the slowness of the engines. Then it was decided by the Powers that the conference could no longer be delayed, but must take place on the following Monday, Lord Burdon or no Lord Burdon. And "Ignotus," and "Paterfamilias," and "True Briton" wrote to the "Times," naming substitutes who were either impossible, absent, or dead. And Algernon Augustus Passavant sat gravely and wrote bulletins for the newspapers.

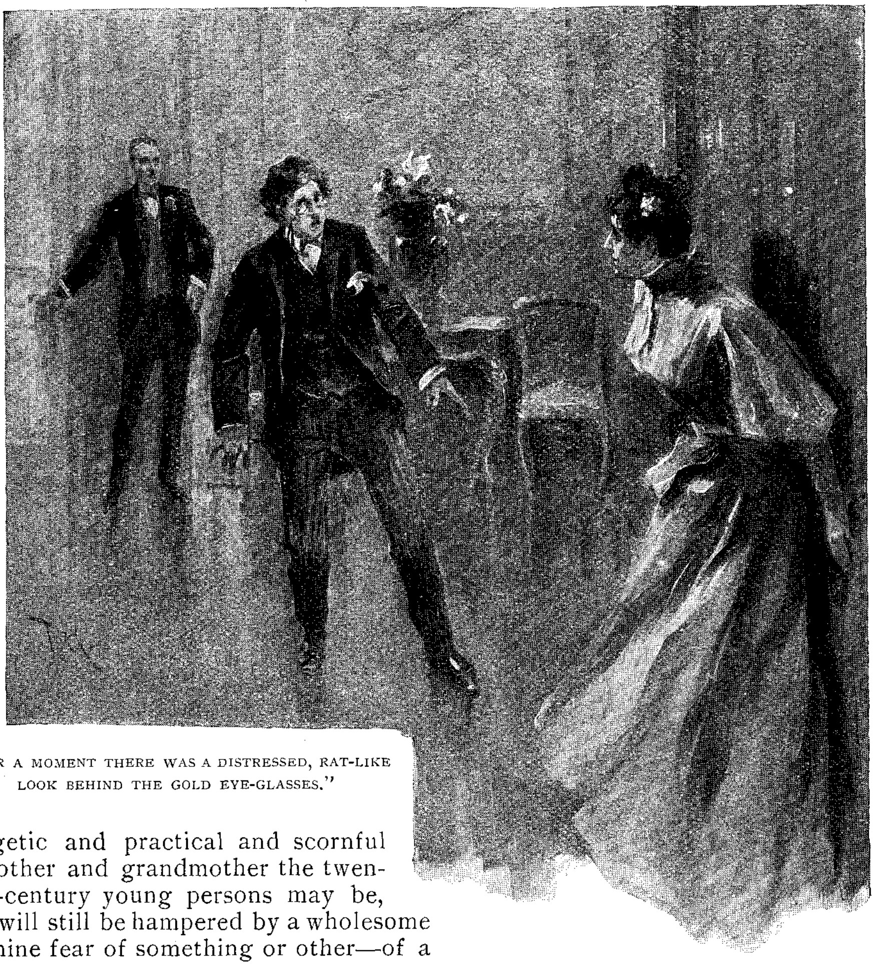
"All lies," commented Miss Britten one day. They had grown singularly familiar, as people do who possess in common some knowledge desired of others.

"*Jeux de mots*, we call them," replied Passavant, with his boyish smile.

It was on the Saturday night that the small comedy for the moment threatened to turn to drama. It was, in fact, after ten o'clock that Miss Britten sought Passavant where he sat under the lilac trees smoking. For a moment he looked surprised, then noted that her face was white.

"What is it?" he asked curtly.

"There is some one unscrewing the lock on the door of communication between my room and the next," answered she unsteadily. However modern, however



"FOR A MOMENT THERE WAS A DISTRESSED, RAT-LIKE LOOK BEHIND THE GOLD EYE-GLASSES."

energetic and practical and scornful of mother and grandmother the twentieth-century young persons may be, they will still be hampered by a wholesome feminine fear of something or other—of a burglar, for instance, or a mouse, or the Hereafter.

"But there is a bolt," said Passavant, with apparent heartlessness.

"It has been drawn back."

"And you did not dare to push it forward again."

"No," confessed Miss Britten.

"I am glad of that. I feared that you were afraid of nothing. Have you the key of your salon?"

She looked at him. The moonlight filtering through the trees showed his face to be as bland and pleasant as usual. She handed him the key.

"If I may suggest that you go to Miss Smale's room for a moment," he said, as they walked toward the house together, "just to see how the sting on her nose is progressing. Give me ten minutes."

"What are you going to do?" she asked.

"The room next to yours is Lord Burdon's salon. Some one has got locked in there by mistake, Miss Britten. A man of resource—he is unscrewing the lock in order to effect his escape through the neighboring salon, which he can see through the keyhole to be deserted. You probably never go in there at night."

"Never—I forgot something this evening and went to get it. What are you going to do?"

She repeated the question rather anxiously, and Passavant, noting the tone of her voice, paused for a moment, looking up to the moon with a mildly speculative eye.

"Mine are the ways of peace," he said.

"But it is useless to run risks," said Miss Britten angrily. "Send the hotel porter."

"No—this is a delicate matter."

And Passavant laughed softly.

"Theft," muttered Miss Britten with a deep scorn.

"They call it journalism," explained Passavant. He ran swiftly and silently upstairs, and Miss Britten followed him.

She saw Passavant take the key of Lord

Burdon's private salon from his pocket and open the door of that mystic apartment. She heard the click of the electric-light button, and was on the threshold of the room before the light leaped into life. She saw a dark form vanish into the room beyond,—her own private salon, where Passavant immediately followed into the darkness, unarmed. She had time to think that he was brave, at all events, as she closed the door behind her and stood with her back against it. There came from the room the sound of hurrying feet and overthrown furniture. In a moment the German gentleman who had been so affable on every occasion came stumblingly out into the brilliantly lighted room. His face fell when he saw the closed door with Lilian Britten standing before it. He turned on his heel—another closed door with Passavant in front of it. For a moment there was a distressed, rat-like look behind the gold eye-glasses.

"Ah," said the journalist.

"Yes," answered Passavant, "caught."

The man looked from one to the other and bit his lip. The cruel electric light shone down on his twitching gray face.

"But I will let you go," said Passavant, almost kindly, "because it suits my purpose. You have suited my purpose most excellently all along."

"Ah, yes!" said the journalist, with a sickly smile. "You think yourself very clever—you and Miss Burdon."

"There is no Miss Burdon in this hotel. There never has been," said Passavant.

The German shrugged his shoulders and looked at Miss Britten, who had flushed suddenly. He was about to say something, and had a spiteful air.

"Be careful!" said Passavant, sharply, and the other changed his mind.

"However," he said carelessly, "Lord Burdon is ill in that room, so your purpose is frustrated."

"Pardon me, Lord Burdon is now travelling from Southampton to Vienna, where he will arrive on Monday morning, in time to attend the International Conference."

"But I saw him taking the air in his bath-chair."

"Myself," explained Passavant suavely. "I am not strong," he paused and gave the conventional chest cough, "and Miss Britten was kind enough to speak to me in my—perambulator. You cannot have seen very plainly through your field-glasses from the hillside."

"And the Conference was delayed—"

"By me," explained Passavant blandly. "I only issued bulletins of his lordship's health on receipt of my daily telegram from him in England. You supplied the rest—the local color, I think you call it. Burdon was really very unwell—but not too ill to travel—you understand."

"You are very clever," muttered the journalist sarcastically.

Passavant bowed.

"Considering that these rifled drawers and dishevelled bureaus do not look well, I would suggest that you take from your room such light luggage as you may require, and—er—well, are called suddenly away. I will put this room tidy before the hotel servants see it."

He went toward the door, from which Miss Britten had now stood aside, and opened it. The German passed out, and Passavant followed him.

"By the way," he said at the head of the stairs, with his sudden smile. "Shall we agree to forget this little affair? After all, it was with both of us merely a matter of business." He held out his hand. The German looked at it, and then took the thin fingers in his great grasp, swallowing some obstruction in his throat the while. They both turned at the rustle of a dress and saw Miss Britten pass upstairs to her room.

It being Sunday, the beer-garden was fuller than usual the next day, and Miss Smale read at her open window a book which could only have been devotional, so stiff was her attitude. She was obviously conscious of putting to shame the whole beer-drinking Austrian nation. Miss Britten, with the intelligent and inquiring enterprise of her generation, attended a Roman Catholic service in the little church near the lake. It was glaringly hot, and there are few warmer spots in Europe than Zell-am-Zee. Miss Britten retired to her own room after luncheon, and Algernon Augustus Passavant smoked gloomy cigarettes in the verandah.

After table d'hôte, which Miss Smale attended under visible compulsion and with a protestant appetite, the visitors sought the garden. Passavant took a walking-stick, called his dog, and set off rather ostentatiously for a walk. He turned back, however, before he had been gone ten minutes, and rather neatly caught Miss Britten in her favorite chair under the lilac tree nearest to the lake. Night was just falling, and a full moon sailing amid fleecy clouds cast a silver shaft across the lake to the very wall of the hotel garden. Passavant brought a chair, picked up in passing, and sat quietly down beside Miss Britten, which set more than one head to wag. Miss Britten had a book in her hand, but it was now too dark to read. She, however, after a side glance at her companion—opened the volume and fixed her eyes upon the page.

"Miss Britten."

"Yes," answered that young lady, without any encouragement in her voice. If Passavant had made a jest then—even a mild one—she would have hated him. But Passavant was not inclined to be humorous at that moment.

"I go to Vienna to-morrow morning," he said.

"Oh."

"At five-thirty."

"Indeed."

"Yes, Miss Britten," said Passavant.

"And I am glad to have this opportunity of thanking you for your assistance. We—we tricked Europe, and that is not so easily done as one would imagine. This success may make a difference to my unimportant career."

She was sitting a little in front of him, and was conscious of his steady gaze. He spoke lightly, but there was a ring of anxiety in his voice.

"I was honest with *you* at any rate," he added bluntly. "And I have done something that I have never done before."

"Indeed."

"Yes—I have fallen in love, Miss Britten," and Passavant caught his breath. Miss Britten liked him for it. She looked, over her book, across the moonlit water shimmering at their feet. Not only did she detect the little catch of the breath, but also a note in Passavant's quiet voice which suddenly opened up a new world to her—a world which had hitherto been shut off, and around which she had bicycled, and ridden, and danced, and otherwise travelled vainly all her life.

"I am thirty-one," he went on, "and too old to change my mind now. But I am deadly poor, Miss Britten."

She turned, looked at him slowly, and gave a queer little laugh which suddenly threw open the gates of Eden for Algernon Augustus Passavant.

THE INQUISITION.

By William Canton.

I woke at dead of night;
The room was still as death;
All in the dark I saw a sight
Which made me catch my breath.

Although she slumbered near,
The silence hung so deep
I leaned above her crib to hear
If it were death or sleep.

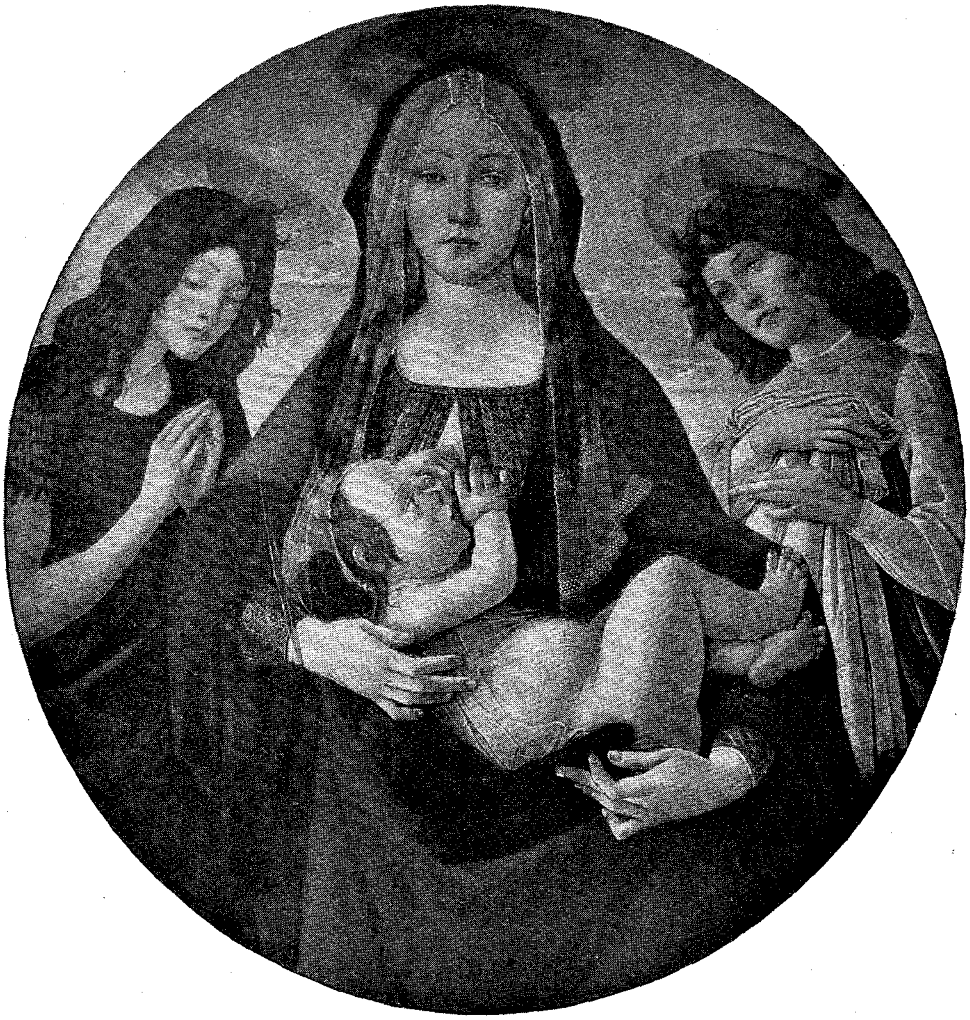
As low—all quick—I leant,
Two large eyes thrust me back;
Dark eyes—too wise—which gazed intent;
Blue eyes transformed to black.

Heavens! how those steadfast eyes
Their eerie vigil kept!
Was this some angel in disguise
Who searched us while we slept;

Who winnow'd every sin,
Who tracked each slip and fall,
One of God's spies—not Babykin,
Not Babykin at all?

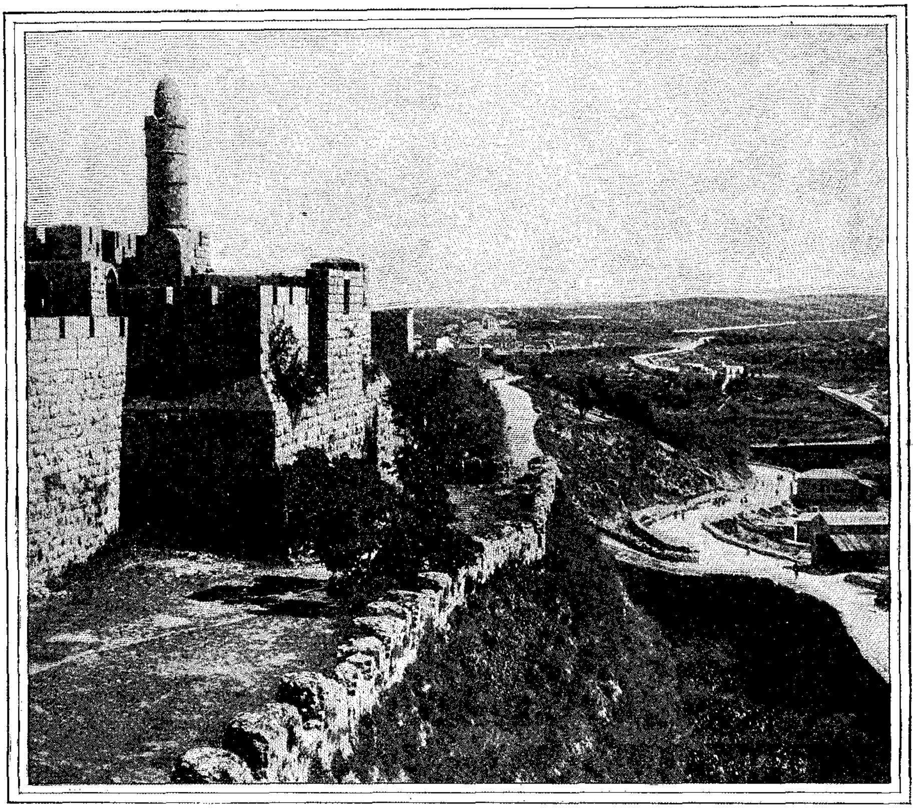
Day came with golden air;
She caught the beams and smiled;
No masked inquisitor was there,
Only a babbling child!

From "W. V. Her Book," by William Canton; Stone & Kimball, publishers, New York. By special permission.



VIRGIN AND CHILD, SAINT JOHN THE BAPTIST, AND AN ANGEL.

From a painting now in the National Gallery, London. The painting is commonly credited to Sandro Botticelli (born at Florence, 1447; died there, 1515); but some of the authorities hold that it is more probably the work of one of Botticelli's students, done, possibly, from a cartoon by the master. Whether Botticelli's or not, there is agreement that it is entirely worthy of him; and it is one of the celebrated Madonnas. Reproduced by permission of Braun, Clement & Co.



THE TOWER OF DAVID AND THE ROAD TO BETHLEHEM.

The Tower of David is on the left as one leaves Jerusalem by the Jaffa Gate for Bethlehem. The road to Bethlehem is shown winding away on the right.

BETHLEHEM.

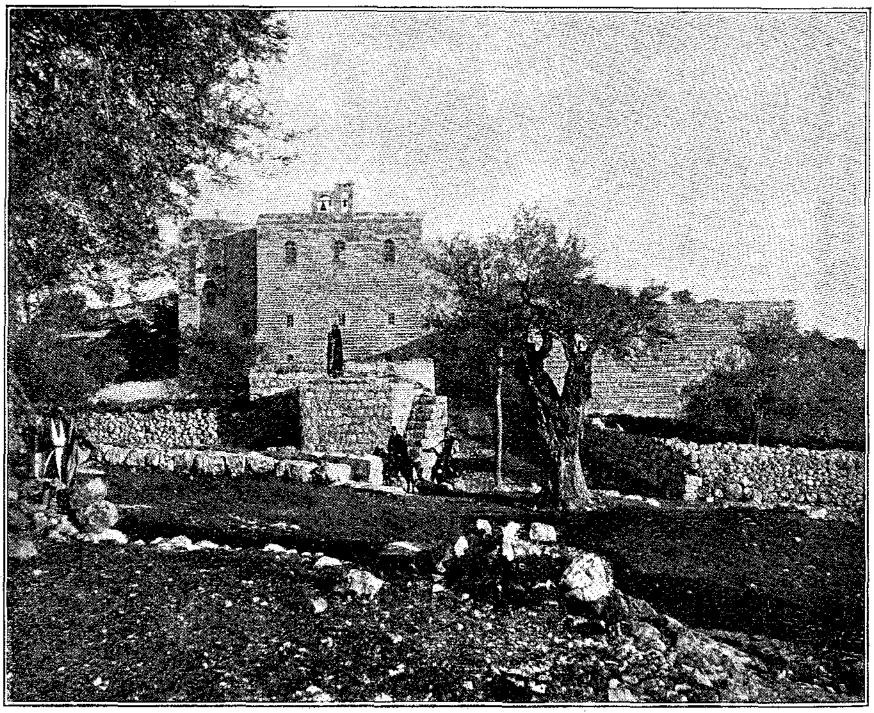
By S. S. McClure.

Illustrated from photographs taken under the direction of the writer expressly for McClure's Magazine.

BETHLEHEM lies six miles almost directly south of Jerusalem. One of the few macadamized roads in Palestine runs from Jerusalem through Bethlehem to Hebron—about twenty-five miles in all. It is one of the oldest and most historic routes in the world. Abraham made journeys, back and forth, over it between lands northeast of Palestine and Hebron, where he lived many years. The Mohammedans call Hebron, El Khalil, which means "the friend," because Abraham was called "The friend of God." Between Jerusalem and Bethlehem the road lies mainly on a cultivated plateau in the midst of the hills of Judea.

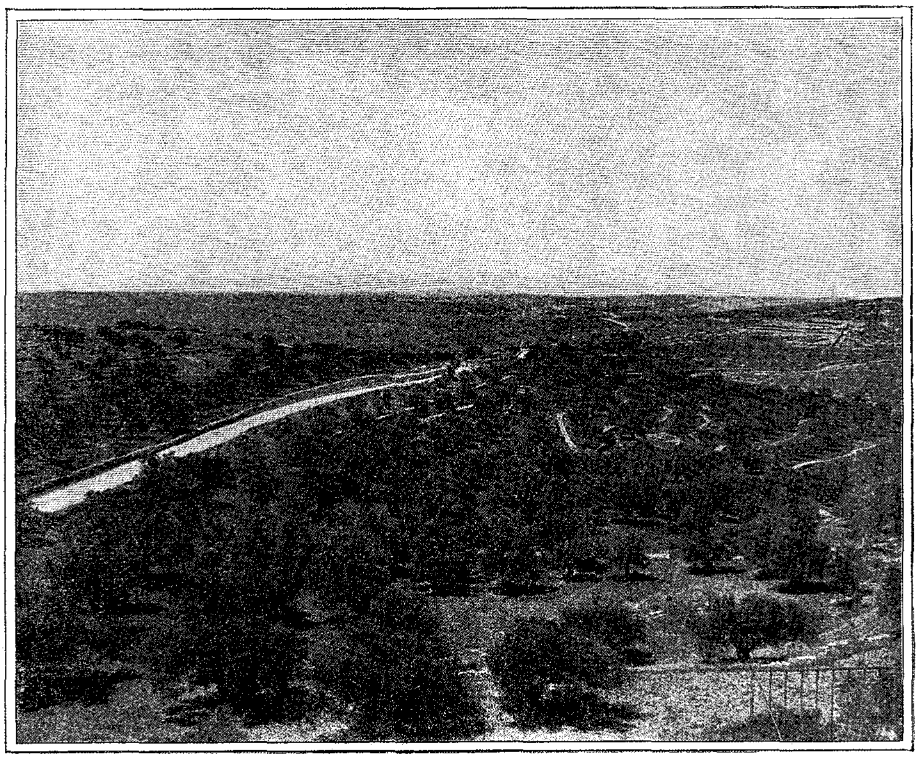
The easiest way to go from Jerusalem to Bethlehem is by carriage, but as I was planning a long tour in Palestine, from Jerusalem to Damascus and thence by Baalbeck to Beyrout—a fifteen days' journey that must be made on horseback—I determined to overcome as far as possible the disadvantage of twenty years of a horseless life by making my short journeys around Jerusalem on horseback. I was accompanied by Jussuf, a dragoman, who, after the manner of his kind, rode a gayly caparisoned animal.

Less than a mile from Bethlehem, and immediately on the roadside, one comes upon a striking and pathetic memorial of the early times—the tomb of Rachel. Jacob had slowly made his way southward, stopping a long time at Shechem, a place about two days' journey north of Jerusalem, sacrificing at Bethel, a place about half a day's



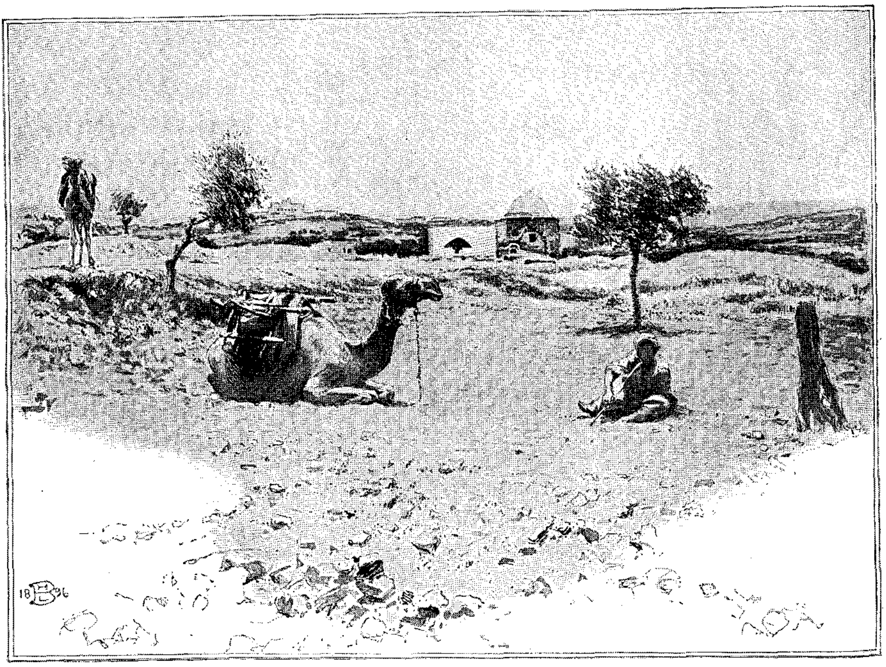
THE CONVENT OF ST. ELIAS.

This convent is about four miles from Jerusalem, on the Bethlehem road, and about two miles from Bethlehem.



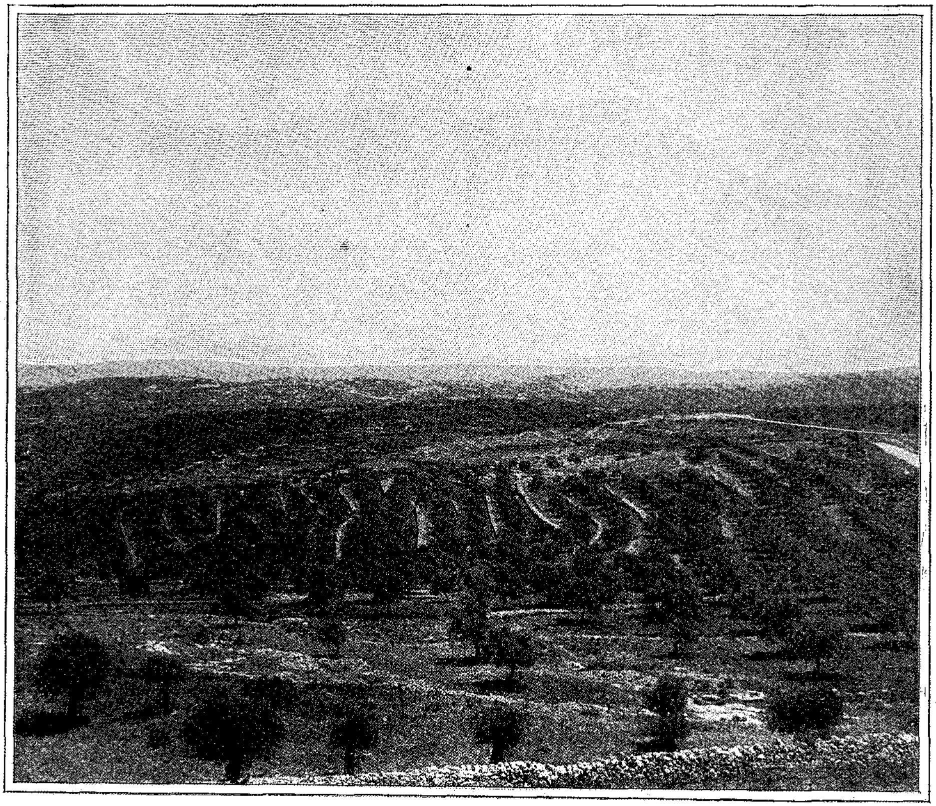
VIEW LOOKING TOWARDS JERUSALEM FROM THE ROOF OF THE CONVENT OF ST. ELIAS.

The tower shown in the distance on the right is on the Mount of Olives, and Jerusalem lies about a mile east of it.



THE TOMB OF RACHEL, ON THE ROAD FROM JERUSALEM TO BETHLEHEM, ABOUT HALF A MILE FROM BETHLEHEM.

Drawn from a photograph taken for McClure's Magazine.



VIEW FROM THE CONVENT OF ST. ELIAS, LOOKING TOWARDS BETHLEHEM, WHICH IS ABOUT TWO MILES DISTANT. OLIVE ORCHARDS IN THE FOREGROUND.

From a photograph taken for McClure's Magazine.

AN ARAB MERCHANT OF BETHLEHEM ON HIS DONKEY.

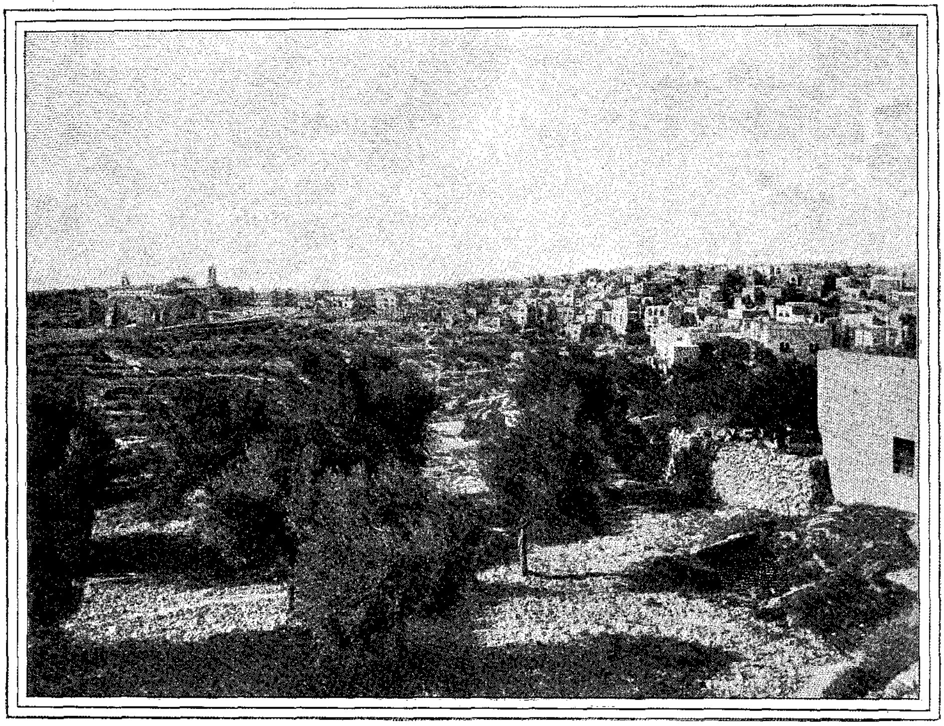
journey north of Jerusalem, and had nearly reached Bethlehem, when his beloved wife Rachel was overtaken with child-labor and died in giving birth to Benjamin. The account in the Bible is brief, but it is not difficult, standing on the spot, to realize the tragedy of four thousand years ago.

Bethlehem is the centre of one of the most pleasing and fertile regions in Palestine, and is probably one of the oldest towns in the East. It is the scene of the story of Ruth. Just across the hills and the Dead Sea, to the southeast, is Moab, and there Naomi and her husband and two sons went from Bethlehem during a famine. Her husband died, as well as her two sons, who had married daughters of the land of Moab. She determined to return to her own country, and one of her daughters-in-law, Ruth, insisted on accompanying her. If the story of Ruth is unfamiliar to any of my readers, now is a good time to read one of the masterpieces of the world's literature. Ruth, soon after she came to Bethlehem, married a kinsman, Boaz, evidently the foremost man of the place; and, although Ruth was a Moabitess, she was destined to be the mother of kings, and to be a part of the most important genealogy in human history. David was her great-grandson.

On these hills and in these valleys David watched the flocks of his father Jesse. His love for this part of Judea, arising both from the fascination of its scenery and from his constant outdoor life, is evidenced by many words and acts of his later life. In whatever direction one looks, one sees scenes made famous by David's deeds. Fifteen or twenty miles to the west, across the hills, in the Valley of Elah, the armies of the Israelites and Philistines were drawn up in battle array. David was sent by his father with provisions for his brothers. When he arrived the people were excited by the daily challenge of a great Philistine warrior named Goliath, who came from a town about six miles west of the battlefield. David, though a mere stripling and not a man at arms, said: "Who is this uncircumcised Philistine that he should defy the armies of the living God?" He accepted the challenge, and slew the Philistine.

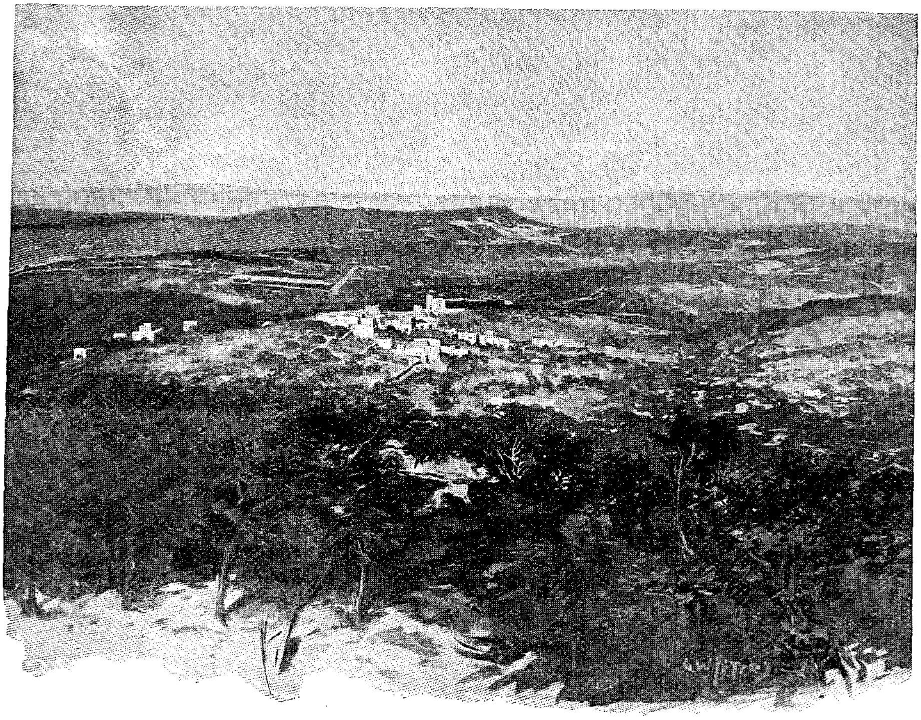
Twelve or fifteen miles to the southwest of Bethlehem tradition locates the Cave of Adullam. David, with a few brave followers, was entrenched in this cave when

A YOUNG WOMAN OF BETHLEHEM.



GENERAL VIEW OF BETHLEHEM FROM DAVID'S WELL.

MARKET PLACE, BETHLEHEM.



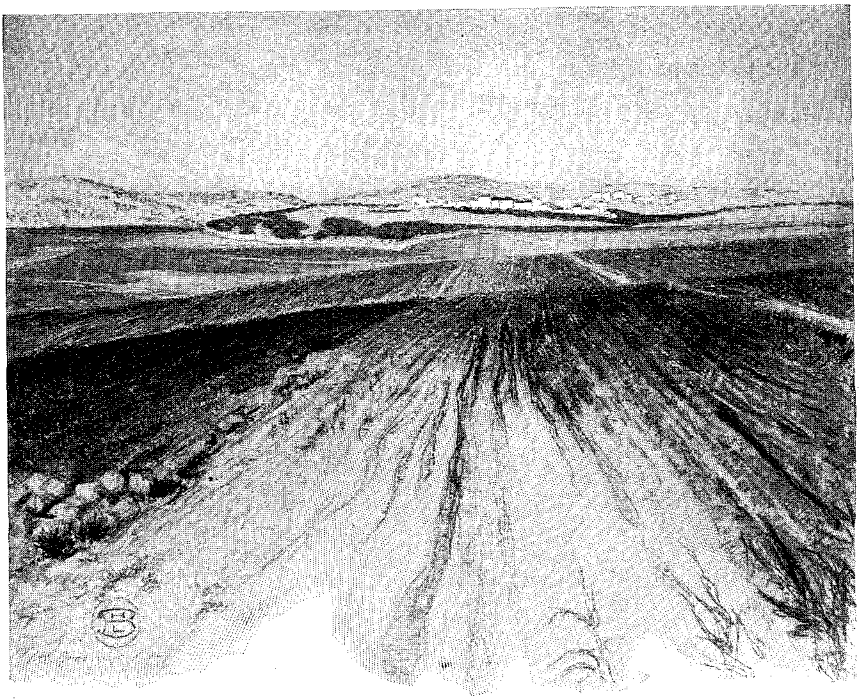
VIEW OVERLOOKING BETHLEHEM TOWARD THE FIELDS OF THE SHEPHERDS.
Drawn from a photograph taken for McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

Bethlehem was in the hands of the Philistines. He expressed an eager desire for a drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem, and three of his bravest warriors made their way through the forces of the enemy and secured the coveted water.

YOUNG GIRLS OF BETHLEHEM.

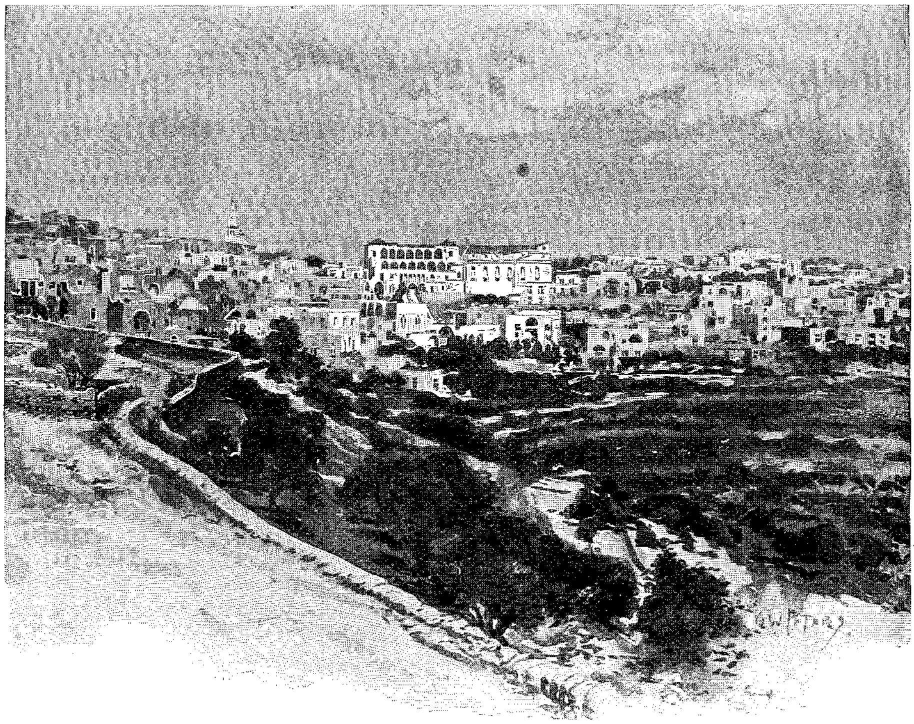
Much of the story of David's life is interwoven with this locality. But it is not interest in David especially that attracts the eyes of the world to Bethlehem. Centuries after David's time—centuries during which Greece waxed and waned, and a new nation, founded long after David's death, became mistress of the world, with the land of Israel for one of its provinces—the emperor of Rome had issued a decree that all peoples under his rule should be taxed; and because David had been born in Bethlehem, and because Joseph and Mary were of his lineage, nearly two thousand years after the fatal journey of Rachel and a thousand years after David's time, Mary, the mother of Jesus, passed down this same highway, having journeyed from Nazareth, through Shechem, past Shiloh, through Bethel and past Jerusalem—a four days' journey—since "all went to be taxed, everyone into his own city."

The recorded circumstances of the birth of Jesus are very meagre; yet one cannot pass over the very route traversed four thousand years ago by Rachel and nearly two thousand years ago by Mary, both travelling in much the same way, and both enduring much the same suffering, without filling out the picture. Speaking of the manner of the birth of our Lord, Dr. Stalker says:



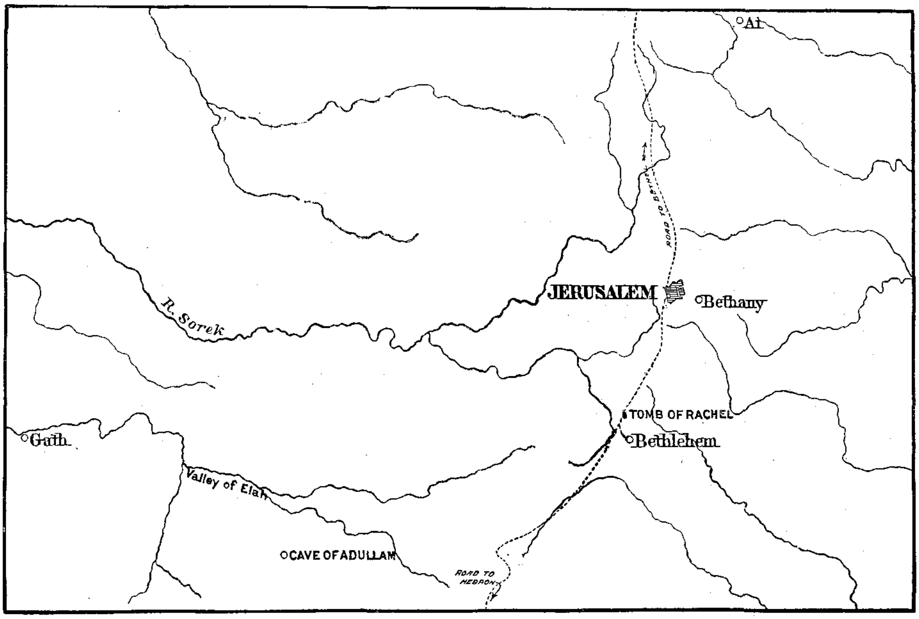
FIELDS OF THE SHEPHERDS, WITH BETHLEHEM IN THE DISTANCE.

Drawn from a photograph taken for McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.



VIEW OF BETHLEHEM FROM THE CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY.

Drawn from a photograph taken for McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.



MAP SHOWING THE POINTS MENTIONED IN THE ARTICLE.

"No friendly house opened its door to receive them, and they were fain to clear for their lodging a corner of the inn-yard, else occupied by the beasts of the numerous travellers. There, that very night, she brought forth her first-born Son; and because there was neither womanly hand to assist her, nor couch to receive Him, she wrapped Him in swaddling-clothes and laid Him in a manger.

"Such was the manner of the birth of Jesus. I never felt the full pathos of the scene, till, standing one day in a room of an old inn in the market-town of Eisleben, in Central Germany, I was told that on that very spot, four centuries ago, amidst the noise of a market-day and the bustle of a public-house, the wife of the poor miner, Hans Luther, who happened to be there on business, being surprised like Mary with sudden distress, brought forth in sorrow and poverty the child who was to become Martin Luther, the hero of the Reformation and the maker of modern Europe."

I went to Bethlehem several times, returning usually towards dusk. I constantly met the "Bethlehem men," as they are called—mechanics, masons, carpenters, laborers—returning on foot from their long and hard day's work in Jerusalem. The hours of labor in the East are from sunrise to sunset; and these men would leave Bethlehem early in the morning, and, after walking the six miles to their daily task, work all day, and walk back at dusk to their late and scanty supper. The younger men looked worn out; the older men seemed to have lost all strength, and their eyes frequently looked dull and almost glazed.

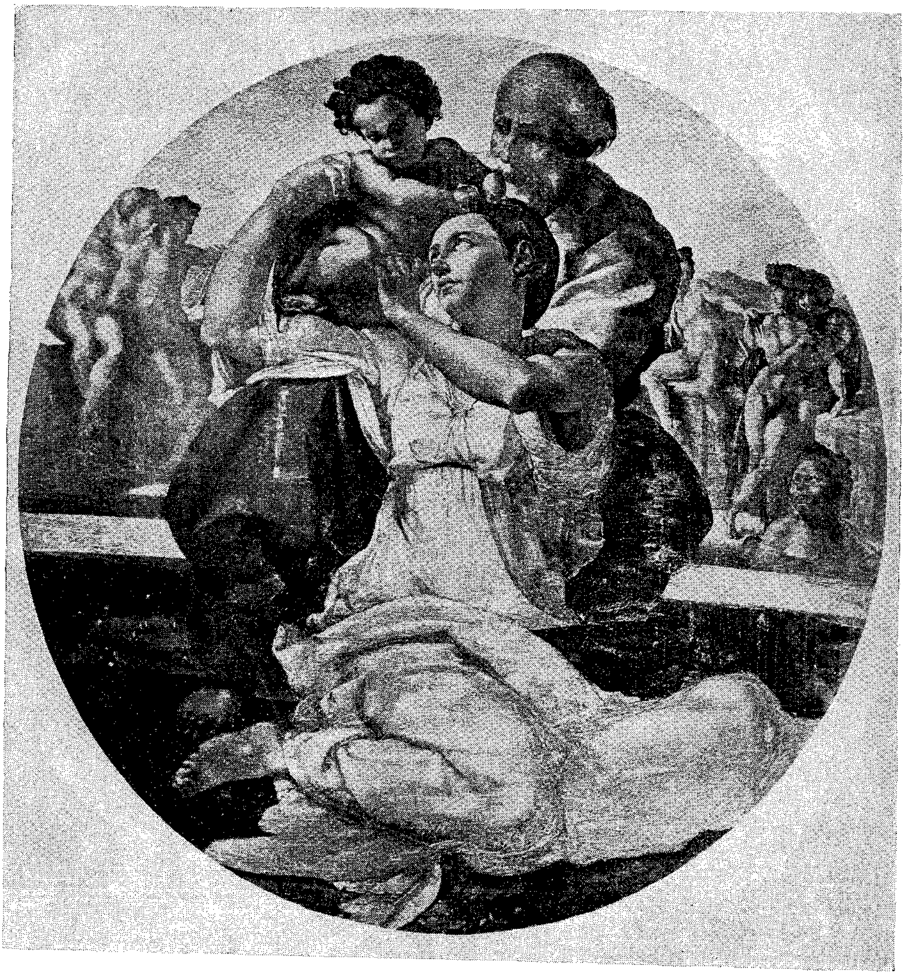
I was invited to visit a family in Bethlehem. Their home was on the second floor of a building. It consisted of a single room, about fifteen feet square, with a concrete floor, and not a single article of furniture save a tiny charcoal stove. It was clean; there were plenty of windows;

BETHLEHEM WOMEN.

and the window-sills were low and broad and were used instead of chairs. There were little cupboards built in the walls, which held the food and the few dishes. At one side of the room was a larger recess, perhaps two feet deep, three feet high, and six feet long. Here were piled blankets, rugs, and quilts, neatly folded. At night the rugs were spread on the floor and the family slept on them, using the blankets and quilts for covering. On great occasions a little circular table, about three feet across and one foot high, was used as a dining-table.

In all the vineyards and fields around Bethlehem are towers—circular structures with an elevated floor inside—which are occupied by the owner or his servants, to guard the fruit or crops at night, reminding one of the parable of the "householder which planted a vineyard, and hedged it round about, and digged a wine-press in it, and built a tower."

I have not mentioned the Church of the Nativity, nor given any pictures of the place where it is claimed that Jesus was born. No one can tell the place; but the hills and mountains and valleys and fields; the sun, the sky, the air; the distant view of the mountains of Moab across the Dead Sea—these have remained; and it is enough to feel that Rachel and David and Mary and Jesus and John saw them, just as we see them now.



VIRGIN AND CHILD. (MICHAEL ANGELO.)

EDITORIAL NOTES.

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE AND YOUNGER READERS.

It has been well said that any book that could be read with interest by young readers would be found equally interesting to older readers. The editors of McClure's Magazine believe that they have established the converse of this proposition; and they wish to call the attention of parents to the value of this magazine as interesting and instructive reading for their children. Mr. Kipling's serial story will be found of especial interest to the boys and girls of America. It is written, in a certain sense, expressly for them, just as the Jungle stories were written for them. It is Mr. Kipling's first long story for younger readers. At the same time we venture to say that the story will be none the less interesting to our grown-up readers.

Again, Mr. Garland's articles on the early life of General Grant might very appropriately have appeared in a magazine devoted to young people. Practical and yet picturesque articles on such subjects as flying-machines, balloons, submarine boats, and fast railroading, which are appearing in McClure's from time to time, and articles like the one on Dr. Nansen in the present number, are, we have reason to believe, read as eagerly by the young as by the old. In fact, if an article on exploration, adventure, or scientific discovery is sufficiently clear to be enjoyed by the average adult reader, it will be found attractive to the bright boy or girl. The extraordinary series of portraits of Franklin, Hamilton, Washington, Webster, and the other great Americans, which is to begin in the January number, will be found not only interesting to young people, but instructive to a degree. In no better way can the personality and services of the great patriots of our country be brought to the minds of American youth.

It is, indeed, our constant aim, inasmuch as we have a magazine that almost any one can afford to buy, to so conduct McClure's as to render it of great service to our younger readers. We want it to be, to every family, an uplifting force.

MISS TARBELL'S LIFE OF LINCOLN.

Miss Tarbell's next paper will be entitled "The Election of Lincoln to the Presidency." It will be published in the February or March number. In her last two papers, "The Lincoln-Douglas Debate" and "The Nomination of Lincoln," Miss Tarbell shows with what force and brilliancy she may be expected to deal with the story of Lincoln as the great War President. In preparing the new series of articles Miss Tarbell will not only make a careful study of material in America, including recollections of living men and women, but she will make a special study abroad of the foreign diplomatic relations of the United States during the Civil War, and utilize such material as pertains directly to Lincoln. This series of papers will be preëminently a study of the man Lincoln from his inauguration in March, 1861, to his death in April, 1865. It will follow him day by day in cabinet meetings, public receptions, and private interviews, picturing his daily life at the White House and at the Soldiers' Home, and in his formal visiting of the departments and the camps, the battlefields, and the hospitals. It will show him the real head of the government, exercising to the fullest the powers the Constitution gave him; the commander-in-chief of the army, providing money and men, making and unmaking generals, directing military manœuvres; the counsellor and final authority of every member of his cabinet and of the government. The extraordinary relations of sympathy and confidence which existed between Lincoln and the people of the North during the war; the faith in his honesty and good intentions which developed in the South, in the same period, will be depicted. Throughout the entire series, the reader will be kept at the side of the great War President, viewing events through his eyes.

SEVERAL MAGAZINES IN ONE.

McClure's Magazine is not a Magazine of Fiction, and yet the greatest of living masters of fiction contribute to its pages.

It is not a Magazine of American History and Biography, and yet its lives of Lincoln and Grant, and the series of short biographies of Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton, Jackson, Webster, and others which will appear month by month during 1897, and its papers of reminiscence by men who have helped make history, and its gallery of American portraiture, would almost entitle it to that name.

It is not a Magazine of Popular Science, and yet its contributions in this field give it almost a unique position as an expositor of scientific discoveries, exploration, new inventions, etc.

It is not a magazine of light reading, and yet it is above all a magazine of entertainment. It does not claim to be an Art Magazine, and yet every number contains pictures which not to possess makes one poorer.

It is so cheap in price that the annual subscription is merely nominal, and yet it maintains the highest standards in literature and art, in exposition and discussion.

It is not a Religious Magazine, and yet no Christian family but will find it helpful.

It is not a Youth's Magazine, but it would be hard to imagine the intelligent boy or girl who would not find it interesting from cover to cover.